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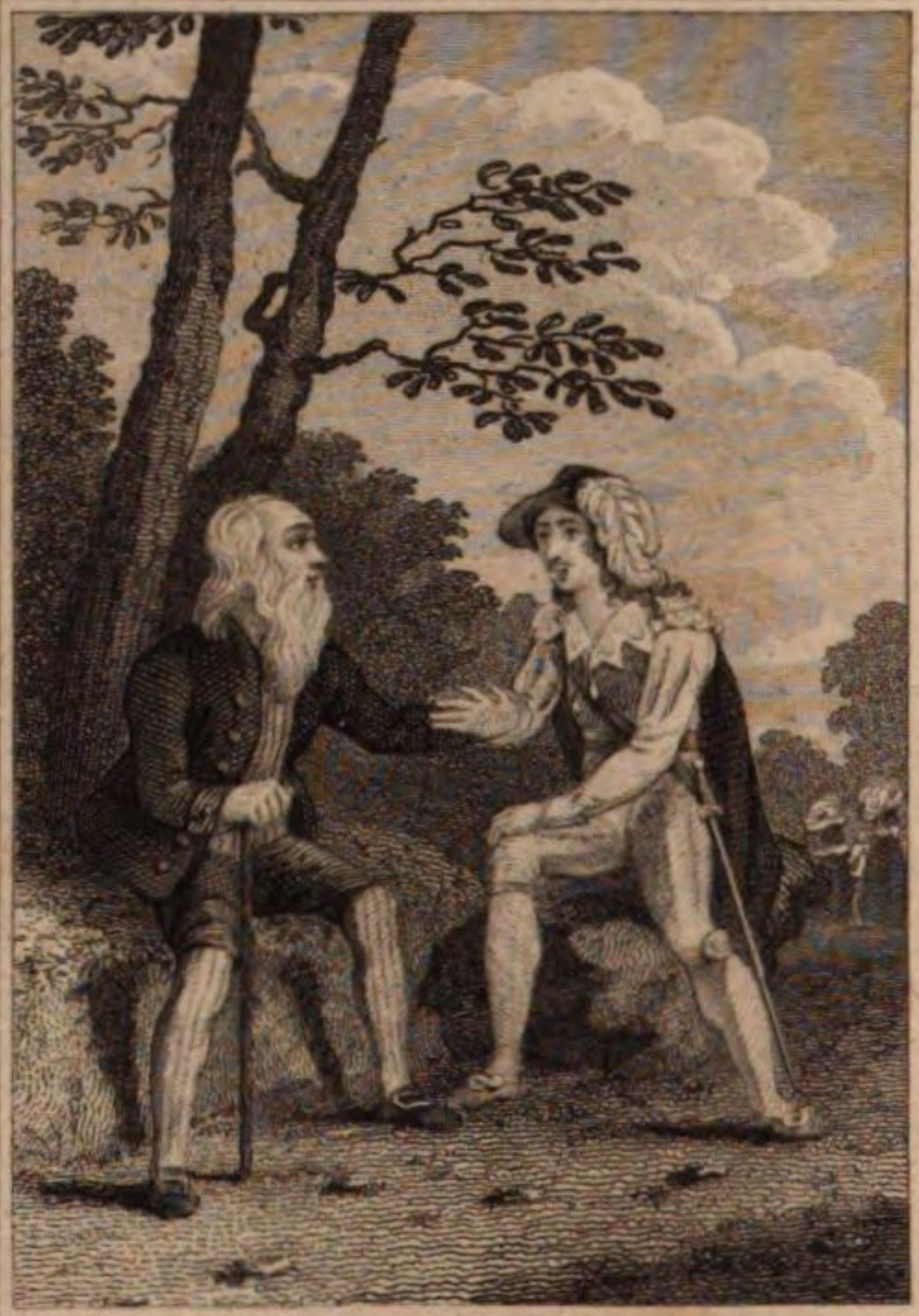

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

THE

POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE;

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

LONDON

Tho.s Allman 42 Holborn Hill.

1837.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE REVEREND GEORGE COLERIDGE, OF OTTERY ST. MARY, DEVON.

Notus in fratres animi paterni.
Hor. Carm. Lib. II. 2.

A blessed lot hath he, who having past
His youth and early manhood in the stir
And turmoil of the world, retreats at length,
With cares that move, not agitate the heart.
To the same dwelling where his father dwelt;
And haply views his tottering little ones
Embrace those aged knees, and climb that lap,
On which first kneeling his own infancy
Lisp'd its brief prayer. Such, O my earliest friend!
Thy lot, and such thy brothers too enjoy.
At distance did ye climb life's upland road,
Yet cheer'd and cheering: now fraternal love
Hath drawn you to one centre. Be your days
Holy, and blest and blessing may ye live!

To me th' Eternal Wisdom hath dispens'd
A different fortune and more different mind—
Me from the spot where first I sprang to light,
Too soon transplanted, ere my soul had fix'd
Its first domestic loves; and hence through life
Chasing chance started friendships. A brief while

Some have preserv'd me from life's pelting ills;
But, like a tree with leaves of feeble stem,
If the clouds lasted, or a sudden breeze
Ruffled the boughs, they on my head at once
Dropt the collected shower: and some most false,
False and fair-foliag'd as the manchineel,
Have tempted me to slumber in their shade
E'en mid the storm; then breathing subtlest
damps,
Mix'd their own venom with the rain from heaven,
That I woke poison'd! But, all praise to Him
Who gives us all things, more have yielded me
Permanent shelter: and beside one friend,
Beneath th' impervious covert of one oak,
I've rais'd a lowly shed, and know the names
Of husband and of father; nor unhearing
Of that divine and nightly-whispering voice,
Which from my childhood to maturer years
Spake to me of predestinated wreaths,
Bright with no fading colours!

Yet at times
My soul is sad, that I have roam'd through life
Still most a stranger, most with naked heart
At mine own home and birth-place: chiefly then,
When I remember thee, my earliest friend!
Thee, who didst watch my boy-hood and my
youth;
Didst trace my wanderings with a father's eye;
And boding evil, yet still hoping good,
Rebuk'd each fault and wept o'er all my woes,
Who counts the beating of the lonely heart,
That Being knows how I have lov'd thee ever,
Lov'd as a brother, as a son rever'd thee!

O 'tis to me an ever-new delight.
My eager eye glist'ning with mem'ry's tear,
To talk of thee and thine; or when the blast
Of the shrill winter, rattling our rude sash,
Endears the cleanly hearth and social bowl;
Or when, as now, on some delicious eve,
We in our sweet sequester'd orchard-plot
Sit on the tree crook'd earth-ward; whose old boughs,
That hang above us in an arborous roof,
Stirr'd by the faint gale of departing May
Send their loose blossoms slanting o'er our heads!

Nor dost not *thou* sometimes recall those hours,
When with the joy of hope thou gav'st thine ear
To my wild firstling lays? Since then my song
Hath sounded deeper notes, such as beseems
Or that sad wisdom, folly leaves behind,
Or the high raptures of prophetic faith,
Or such, as tun'd to these tumultuous times,
Cope with the tempest's swell!

These various songs,
Which I have fram'd in many a various mood,
Accept my brother! and (for some perchance
Will strike discordant on thy milder mind)
If aught of error or intemperate truth
Should meet thine ear, think thou that riper age
Will calm it down, and let thy love forgive it!

S. T. COLERIDGE.

May 26th, 1797.
Nether-Stowey, Somerset.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

COMPOSITIONS resembling those of the present volume are not unfrequently condemned for their querulous egotism. But egotism is to be condemned then only when it offends against time and place, as in a history or an epic poem. To censure it in a monody or sonnot is almost as absurd as to dislike a circle for being round. Why then write sonnets or monodies? Because they give me pleasure when perhaps nothing else could. After the more violent emotions of sorrow, the mind demands amusement, and can find it in employment alone; but full of its late sufferings, it can endure no employment not in some measure connected with them. Forcibly to turn away our attention to general subjects is a painful and most often an unavailing effort:

> "But O! how grateful to a wounded heart
> The tale of misery to impart—
> From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
> And raise esteem upon the base of woe!"
>
> *Shaw.*

The communicativeness of our nature leads us to describe our own sorrows; in the endeavour to describe them, intellectual activity is exerted; and from intellectual activity there results a pleasure, which is gradually associated, and mingles as a corrective, with the painful subject

of the description. "True!" (it may be answered) "but how are the Public interested in your sorrows, or your description?" We are forever attributing personal unities to imaginary aggregates.—What is the Public, but a term for a number of scattered individuals? Of whom as many will be interested in these sorrows, as have experienced the same, or similar.

"Holy be the lay
Which mourning soothes the mourner on his way."

If I could judge of others by myself, I should not hesitate to affirm, that the most interesting passages in our most interesting poems are those in which the author developes his own feelings. The sweet voice of Cona* never sounds so sweetly as when it speaks of itself; and I should almost suspect that man of an unkindly heart, who could read the opening of the third book of *The Paradise Lost* without peculiar emotion. By a law of our nature, he, who labours under a strong feeling, is impelled to seek for sympathy; but a poet's feelings are all strong.—*Quicquid amet valde amat*.—Akenside therefore speaks with philosophical accuracy, when he classes love and poetry, as producing the same effects:

"Love and the wish of poets when their tongue
Would teach to others' bosoms, what so charms
Their own."

Pleasures of Imagination.

There is one species of egotism which is truly disgusting; not that which leads us to communicate our feelings to others, but that which would reduce the feelings of others to an identity with

* Ossian.

our own. The Atheist, who exclaims, "pshaw!" when he glances his eye on the praises of Deity, is an egotist: an old man, when he speaks contemptuously of love-verses, is an egotist: and the sleek favourites of fortune are egotists, when they condemn all "melancholy, discontented" verses. Surely, it would be candid not merely to ask whether the poem pleases ourselves, but to consider whether or no there may not be others, to whom it is well calculated to give an innocent pleasure.

I shall only add, that each of my readers will, I hope, remember, that these poems on various subjects, which he reads at one time, and under the influence of one set of feelings, were written at different times, and prompted by very different feelings; and therefore that the supposed inferiority of one poem to another may sometimes be owing to the temper of mind, in which he happens to peruse it.

S. T. C.

PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

I RETURN my acknowledgments to the different Reviewers for the assistance which they have afforded me, in detecting my poetic deficiencies. I have endeavoured to avail myself of their remarks: one third of the former volume I have omitted, and the imperfections of the republished part must be considered as errors of taste, not faults of carelessness. My poems have been rightly charged with a profusion of double epithets, and a general turgidness. I have pruned the double epithets with no sparing hand; and used my best efforts to tame the swell and glitter both of thought and diction. This latter fault, however, had insinuated itself into my *Religious Musings* with such intricacy of union, that sometimes I have omitted to disentangle the weed, from the fear of snapping the flower. A third and heavier accusation has been brought against me, that of obscurity; but not, I think, with equal justice. An author is obscure, when his conceptions are dim and imperfect, and his language incorrect, or unappropriate, or involved. A poem that abounds in allusions, like the *Bard* of Gray, or one that impersonates high and abstract truths, like Collin's *Ode on the Poetical Character*—claims not to be popular—but should be acquitted of obscurity. The deficiency is in the reader. But this is a charge which every poet, whose imagination is warm and rapid, must expect from his *contemporaries*.

Milton did not escape it; and it was adduced with virulence against Gray and Collins. We now hear no more of it; not that their poems are better understood at present, than they were at their first publication; but their fame is established; and a critic would accuse himself of frigidity or inattention, who should profess not to understand them. But a living writer is yet *sub judice;* and if we cannot follow his conceptions or enter into his feelings, it is more consoling to our pride to consider him as lost beneath, than as soaring above, us. If any man expect from my poems the same easiness of style which he admires in a drinking-song, for him I have not written. *Intelligibilia, non intellectum adfero.*

I expect neither profit nor general fame by my writings; and I consider myself as having been amply repayed without either. Poetry has been to me its own "exceeding great reward;" it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.

There were inserted in my former edition, a few sonnets of my friend and old school-fellow, CHARLES LAMB. He has now communicated to me a complete Collection of all his Poems; *quæ qui non prorsus amet, illum omnes et Virtutes et Veneres odore.* With respect to my own share of the volume, I have omitted a third of the former edition, and added almost an equal number.

S. T. C.

Stowey, May, 1797.

ODE ON THE DEPARTING YEAR.*

Ἰοὺ, ἰοὺ, ὦ ὦ κακά.
Ὑπ' αὖ μὲ δεινὸς ὀρθομαντείας πόνος
Στροβεῖ, ταράσσων φροιμίοις ἐφημίοις.
* * * * * * *
Τὸ μέλλον ἥξει. Καὶ οὐ μ' ἐν τάχει παρὼν
Ἄγαν γ' ἀληθόμαντιν οἰκτείρας ἐρεῖς.

Æschy. Agamem. 1225.

ARGUMENT.

THE Ode commences with an address to the Divine Providence, that regulates with one vast harmony all the events of time however calamitous some of them may appear to mortals. The second Strophe calls on men to suspend their private joys and sorrows, and devote them, for a while, to the service of human nature in general. The first epode speaks of the Empress of Russia, who died of an apoplexy on the 17th of November, 1796, having just concluded a subsidiary treaty with the Kings combined against France. The first and second Antistrophe describes the image of the departing year, &c., as in a vision. The second epode prophecies in anguish of spirit, the downfall of this country,

STROPHE I.

SPIRIT! who sweepest the wild harp of Time,
It is most hard with an untroubled ear
Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear!
Yet, mine eye fix'd on heaven's unchanging clime,
Long had I listened, free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness, and a bowed mind:
When lo! far onwards waving on the wind
I saw the skirts of the DEPARTING YEAR!
Starting from my silent sadness
Then with no unholy madness,

* This Ode was written on the 24th, 25th, and 26th days of December, 1793: and published separately on the last day of the year.

Ere yet the enter'd cloud forbade my sight,
I rais'd the impetuous song, and solemniz'd his
flight.

STROPHE II.

Hither from the recent tomb,
From the prison's direr gloom,
From poverty's heart-wasting languish,
From distemper's midnight anguish:
Or where his too bright torches blending,
Love illumines manhood's maze;
Or where o'er cradled infants bending
Hope has fix'd her wishful gaze:
Hither, in perplexed dance,
Ye Woes, and young-ey'd Joys advance!
By Time's wild harp, and by the hand
Whose indefatigable sweep
Forbids its fateful strings to sleep,
I bid you haste, a mix'd tumultuous band;
From every private hour,
And each domestic hearth,
Haste for one solemn hour;
And with a loud and yet a louder voice,
O'er Nature struggling in portentous birth,
Weep and rejoice!
Still echoes the dread name that o'er the earth
Let slip the storm, and woke the brood of hell;
And now advance in saintly jubilee
Justice and Truth! they, too, have heard the spell,
They, too, obey thy name! divinest Liberty!

EPODE I.

I mark'd Ambition in his war-array!
I heard the mailed Monarch's troublous cry—

"Ah! wherefore does the Northern Conqueress
stay!
Groans not her chariot o'er its onward way?"
Fly; mailed monarch, fly!
Stunn'd by death's "twice mortal" mace,
No more on murder's lurid face
The insatiate hag shall gloat with drunken eye!
Manes of the unnumber'd slain!
Ye that gasp'd on Warsaw's plain!
Ye that erst at Ismail's tower,
When human ruin chok'd the streams,
Fell in conquest's glutted hour,
Mid women's shrieks and infants' screams!
Whose shrieks, whose screams were vain to stir
Loud-laughing red-eyed Massacre!
Spirits of th' uncoffin'd slain,
Sudden blasts of triumph swelling,
Oft, at night, in misty train,
Rush around her narrow dwelling!
Th' exterminating fiend is fled—
(Foul her life, and dark her doom)
Mighty army of the dead
Dance, like death-fires, round her tomb!
Then with prophetic song relate,
Each some sceptred murderer's fate!

ANTISTROPHE I.

Departing Year! 'twas on no earthly shore
My soul beheld thy vision! Where alone,
Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy throne,
Aye Memory sits; there, garmented with gore,
With many an unimaginable groan
Thou stored'st thy sad hours! Silence ensued,
Deep silence o'er th' ethereal multitude,

Whose wreathed locks with snow-white glories
shone
Then, his eye wild ardours glancing,
From the choired gods advancing,
The Spirit of the Earth made reverence meet,
And stood up beautiful before the cloudy seat!

ANTISTROPHE II.

On every harp, on every tongue,
While the mute enchantment hung;
Like midnight from a thunder-cloud,
Spake the sudden Spirit loud—
"Thou in stormy blackness throning
Love and uncreated light,
By the Earth's unsolaced groaning,
Seize thy terrors, Arm of might!
By Belgium's corse-impeded flood!
By Vendées's steaming brother's blood!
By Peace with proffer'd insult scar'd
Mask'd hate and envying scorn!
By years of havoc yet unborn!
And hunger's bosom to the frost-winds bar'd!
But chief by Afric's wrongs,
Strange, horrible, and foul!
By what deep guilt belongs
To the deaf Senate, 'full of gifts and lies!'
By wealth's insensate laugh! by torture's
howl!
Avenger, rise!
For ever shall the bloody Island scowl!
For aye, unbroken, shall her cruel bow
Shoot famine's arrows o'er thy ravag'd world?
Hark! how wide Nature joins her groans below!
Rise, God of Nature, rise! Ah why those bolts
unhurl'd?"

EPODE II.

The voice had ceas'd, the phantoms fled!
Yet still I gasp'd and reel'd with dread.
And ever, when the dream of night
Renews the vision to my sight,
Cold sweat-damps gather on my limbs;
  My ears throb hot; my eye-balls start;
My brain with horrid tumult swims;
  Wild is the tempest of my heart;
    And my thick and struggling breath
    Imitates the toil of death!
No stranger agony confounds
  The soldier on the war-field spread.
When all foredone with toils and wounds,
  Death-like he dozes among heaps of dead!
(The strife is o'er, the day-light fled,
  And the night-wind clamours hoarse!
See! the startful wretch's head
  Lies pillow'd on a brother's corse!)

O doom'd to fall, enslav'd and vile,
O Albion! O my mother Isle!
Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers;
Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
  Echo to the bleat of flocks;
(Those grassy hills, those glittering dells
  Proudly ramparted with rocks)
    And Ocean 'mid his uproar wild
    Speaks safety to his island child,
Hence for many a fearless age
  Has social quiet lov'd thy shore;
Nor ever sworded foeman's rage
  Or sack'd thy towers, or stain'd thy fields with
    gore,

Disclaim'd of heaven! mad av'rice at thy side
At coward distance, yet with kindling pride—
Safe 'mid thy herds and corn fields thou hast stood,
And join'd the yell of famine and of blood!
All nations curse thee; and with eager wond'ring
Shall hear Destruction, like a vulture, scream!
Strange-eyed Destruction, who with many a dream
Of central fires thro' nether seas upthund'ring
Soothes her fierce solitude; yet, as she lies
By livid fount, or roar of blazing stream,
If ever to her lidless dragon-eyes,
O Albion! thy predestin'd ruins rise,
The fiend-hag on her perilous couch doth leap,
Mutt'ring distemper'd triumph in her charmed sleep.

Away, my soul, away!
In vain, in vain, the birds of warning sing—
And hark! I hear the famish'd brood of prey
Flap their lank pennons on the groaning wind!
Away, my soul, away!
I, unpartaking of the evil thing,
With daily prayer, and daily toil
Soliciting for food my scanty soil,
Have wail'd my country with a loud lament.
Now I recentre my immortal mind
In the deep sabbath of blest self-content;
Cleans'd from the fears and anguish that bedim
God's image, sister of the Seraphim.

MONODY ON THE
DEATH OF CHATTERTON.

When faint and sad o'er Sorrow's desart wild
Slow journeys onward poor Misfortune's child;

When fades each lovely form by fancy dress'd,
And inly pines the self-consuming breast;
(No scourge of scorpions in thy right arm dread,
No helmet terrors nodding o'er thy head,)
Assume, O Death! the cherub wings of Peace,
And bid the heart-sick wanderer's anguish cease!

Thee, CHATTERTON! yon unblest stones protect
From want, and the bleak freezings of neglect!
Escap'd the sore wounds of affliction's rod
Meek at the throne of mercy, and of God,
Perchance, thou raisest high th' enraptur'd hymn
Amid the blaze of Seraphim!

Yet oft ('tis nature's call)
I weep, that heaven-born genius so should fall;
And oft, in fancy's saddest hour, my soul
Averted shudders at the poison'd bowl.
Now groans my sickening heart, as still I view
Thy corse of livid hue:
And now a flash of indignation high
Darts thro' the tear, that glistens in mine eye!

Is this the land of song-ennobled line?
Is this the land, where Genius ne'er in vain
Pour'd forth his lofty strain?
Ah me! yet Spenser gentlest bard divine,
Beneath chill disappointment's shade,
His weary limbs in lonely anguish lay'd:
And o'er her darling dead
Pity hopeless hung her head,
While "mid the pelting of that merciless storm,
Sunk to the cold earth Otway's famish'd form!

Sublime of thought, and confident of fame,
From vales where Avon winds the Minstrel* came.

* Avon, a river near Bristol, the birth-place of Chatterton

Light-hearted youth! he hastes along,
And meditates the future song,
How dauntless Ælla fray'd the Dacyan foes;
See, as floating high in air
Glitter the sunny visions fair,
His eyes dance rapture, and his bosom glows!

Yes! clad in nature's rich array,
And bright in all her tender hues,
Sweet tree of hope! thou loveliest child of spring,
Most fair didst thou disclose thine early bloom,
Loading the west-winds with its soft perfume!
And fancy, elfin form of gorgeous wing,
On every blossom hung her fostering dews,
That, changeful, wanton'd to the orient day!
But soon upon thy poor unshelter'd head
Did penury her sickly mildew shed.
And soon the scathing Light'ning bade thee stand
In frowning horror o'er the blighted land!

Ah! where are fled the charms of vernal Grace,
And Joy's wild gleams, light-flashing o'er thy face?
Youth of tumultuous soul, and haggard eye!
Thy wasted form, thy hurried steps I view,
On thy cold forehead starts the anguish'd dew:
And dreadful was that bosom-rending sigh!
Such were the struggles of the gloomy hour,
When Care, of wither'd brow,
Prepar'd the poison's power:
Already to thy lips was rais'd the bowl,
When near thee stood Affection meek
(Her bosom bare, and wildly pale her cheek)
Thy sullen gaze she bade thee roll
On scenes that well might melt thy soul;

Thy native cot she flash'd upon thy view,
Thy native cot, where still, at close of day,
Peace smiling sate, and listen'd to thy lay;
Thy Sister's shrieks she bade thee hear,
And mark thy Mother's tear;
See, see her breast's convulsive throe,
Her silent agony of woe!
Ah! dash the poison'd chalice from thy hand!
And thou had'st dash'd it, at her soft command,
But that Despair and Indignation rose,
And told again the story of thy woes;
Told the keen insult of th' unfeeling heart;
The dread dependence on the low-born mind;
Told every pang, with which thy soul must smart,
Neglect, and grinning Scorn, and Want combin'd!
Recoiling quick, thou bad'st the friend of pain
Roll the black tide of Death thro' every freezing vein!

Ye woods! that wave o'er Avon's rocky steep,
To Fancy's ear sweet is your murm'ring deep!
For *here* she loves the cypress wreath to weave;
Watching, with wistful eye, the sad'ning tints of eve.
Here, far from men, amid this pathless grove,
In solemn thought the Minstrel wont to rove,
Like star-beam on the slow sequester'd tide
Lone-glittering, thro' the high tree branching wide.
And here, in Inspiration's eager hour,
When most the big soul feels the mad'ning pow'r,
These wilds, these caverns roaming o'er,
Round which the screaming sea-gulls soar,

With wild unequal steps he pass'd along,
Oft pouring on the winds a broken song:
Anon, upon some rough rock's fearful brow
Would pause abrupt—and gaze upon the waves
below.

Poor Chatterton! *he* sorrows for thy fate
Who would have prais'd and lov'd thee, ere too
late.

Poor Chatterton! farewell! of darkest hues
This chaplet cast I on thy unshap'd tomb;
But dare no longer on the sad theme muse,
Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom.
For oh! big gall-drops, shook from Folly's wing,
Have blacken'd the fair promise of my spring;
And the stern Fate transpierc'd with viewless dart
The last pale Hope, that shiver'd at my heart!

Hence, gloomy thoughts! no more my soul shall
dwell
On joys that were! No more endure to weigh
The shame and anguish of the evil day,
Wisely forgetful! O'er the ocean swell
Sublime of Hope I seek the cottag'd dell,
Where Virtue calm with careless step may stray;
And, dancing to the moon-light roundelay,
The wizard Passions weave a holy spell!

O Chatterton! that thou wert yet alive!
Sure thou wouldst spread the canvass to the
gale,
And love, with us, the tinkling team to drive
O'er peaceful Freedom's undivided dale;
And we, at sober eve, would round thee throng,
Hanging, enraptur'd, on thy stately song!

And greet with smiles the young-eyed Poesy
All deftly mask'd, as hoar Antiquity.

Alas vain Fantasies! the fleeting brood
Of Woe self-solac'd in her dreamy mood!
Yet will I love to follow the sweet dream,
Where Susquehannah pours his untam'd stream;
And on some hill, whose forest-frowning side
Waves o'er the murmurs of his calmer tide,
Will raise a solemn Cenotaph to thee,
Sweet Harper of time-shrouded Minstrelsy!
And there, sooth'd sadly by the dirgeful wind,
Muse on the sore ills I had left behind.

SONGS OF THE PIXIES.

The Pixies, in the superstition of Devonshire, are a race of beings invisibly small, and harmless or friendly to man. At a small distance from a village in that county, half way up a wood-covered hill, is an excavation, called the Pixies' Parlour. The roots of old trees form its ceiling; and on its sides are innumerable cyphers, among which the author discovered his own cypher and those of his brothers, cut by the hand of their childhood. At the foot of the hill flows the river Otter. To this place the author conducted a party of young ladies, during the summer months of the year 1793, one of whom, of stature elegantly small, and of complexion colourless yet clear, was proclaimed the Fairy Queen, on which occasion, and at which time, the following irregular ode was written.

I.

Whom the untaught Shepherds call
Pixies in their madrigal,
Fancy's children, here we dwell:
Welcome, Ladies! to our cell.
Here the wren of softest note
Builds its nest and warbles well;
Here the blackbird strains his throat:
Welcome, Ladies! to our cell.

II.

When fades the moon all shadowy pale,
And scuds the cloud before the gale,
Ere Morn with living gems bedight
Streaks the East with purple light,
We sip the furze-flower's fragrant dews
Clad in robes of rainbow hues
Richer than the deepen'd bloom
That glows on Summer's scented plume:
Or sport amid the rosy gleam,
Sooth'd by the distant tinkling team.
While lusty Labour scouting sorrow
Bids the Dame a glad good morrow,
Who jogs th' accustom'd road along,
And paces cheery to her cheering song,

III.

But not our filmy pinion
We scorch amid the blaze of day,
When Noontide's fiery-tressed minion
Flashes the fervid ray.
Aye, from the sultry heat
We to the cave retreat.
O'ercanopied by huge roots intertwin'd
With wildest texture, blacken'd o'er with age:
Round them their mantle green the ivies bind,
Beneath whose foliage pale
Fann'd by the unfrequent gale

IV.

We shield us from the Tyrant's mid-day rage.
Thither, while the murm'ring throng
Of wild bees hum their drowsy song,
By Indolence and Fancy brought,
A youthful Bard, "unknown to Fame,"
Woos the Queen of Solemn Thought,

And heaves the gentle mis'ry of a sigh,
Gazing with tearful eye,
As round our sandy grot appear
Many a rudely sculptur'd name
To pensive Mem'ry dear!
Weaving gay dreams of sunny-tinctur'd hue
We glance before his view:
O'er his hush'd soul our soothing witch'ries shed
And twine our fairy garlands round his head.

v.

When Evening's dusky car,
Crown'd with her dewy star,
Steals o'er the fading sky in shadowy flight;
On leaves of aspen trees
We tremble to the breeze,
Veil'd from the grosser ken of mortal sight.
Or, haply, at the visionary hour,
Along our wild sequester'd walk,
We listen to th' enamour'd rustic's talk;
Heave with the heavings of the maiden's breast,
Where young-eyed Loves have built their turtle nest;
Or, guide of soul-subduing power,
Th' electric flash, that from the melting eye
Darts the fond question and the soft reply.

vi.

Or thro' the mystic ringlets of the vale
We flash our fairy feet in gamesome prank;
Or, silent-sandal'd, pay our defter court
Circling the Spirit of the Western Gale,
Where, wearied with his flower-caressing sport,
Supine he slumbers on a violet bank;

Then with quaint music hymn the parting gleam,
By lonely Otter's sleep-persuading stream,
Or where his wave with loud unquiet song,
Dash'd o'er the rocky channel, froths along;
Or where his silver water's smooth'd to rest,
The tall tree's shadow sleeps upon his breast.

VII.

Hence! thou lingerer Light!
Eve saddens into Night.
Mother of wildly-working dreams! we view
The sombre hours, that round thee stand,
With down-cast eyes (a duteous band!)
Their dark robes dripping with the heavy dew.
Sorceress of the ebon throne!
Thy power the Pixies own,
When round thy raven brow
Heaven's lucent roses glow,
And clouds, in wat'ry colours drest,
Float in light drapery o'er thy sable vest;
What time the pale moon sheds a softer ray,
Mellowing the woods beneath its pensive beam:
For 'mid the quiv'ring light 'tis ours to play,
Aye dancing to the cadence of the stream.

VIII.

Welcome, Ladies! to the cell,
Where the blameless Pixies dwell.
But thou, sweet Nymph! proclaim'd our Fairy Queen,
With what obeisance meet
Thy presence shall we greet?
For lo! attendant on thy steps are seen
Graceful Ease in artless stole.
And white-rob'd Purity of soul,

With Honour's softer mien :
Mirth of the loosely-flowing hair,
And meek ey'd Pity eloquently fair,
Whose tearful cheeks are lovely to the view,
As snow-drop wet with dew.

IX.

Unboastful Maid ! tho' now the Lily pale
Transparent grace thy beauties meek ;
Yet ere again along th' impurpling vale,
The purpling vale and elfin-haunted grove,
Young Zephyr his fresh flowers profusely throws,
We'll tinge with livelier hues thy cheek ;
And, haply, from the nectar-breathing Rose
Extract a blush for Love !

THE ROSE.

As late each flower that sweetest blows
I pluck'd, the Garden's pride !
Within the petals of a Rose
A sleeping Love I spied.

Around his brows a beamy wreath
Of many a lucent hue ;
All purple glow'd his cheek beneath,
Inebriate with dew.

I softly seiz'd th' unguarded Power,
Nor scar'd his balmy rest ;
And plac'd him, cag'd within the flower,
On spotless Sara's breast.

But when unweeting of the guile
Awoke the pris'ner sweet,
He struggled to escape awhile
And stamp'd his fairy feet.

Ah! soon the soul-entrancing sight
Subdued th' impatient boy!
He gaz'd! he thrill'd with deep delight!
Then clapp'd his wings for joy.

And oh! he cried—"Of magic kind
What charms this Throne endear!
Some other Love let Venus find—
I'll fix *my* empire here."

THE KISS.

One kiss, dear Maid! I said and sigh'd—
Your scorn the little boon denied.
Ah why refuse the blameless bliss?
Can danger lurk within a kiss?

Yon viewless Wand'rer of the vale,
The Spirit of the Western Gale,
At Morning's break, at Evening's close
Inhales the sweetness of the Rose,
And hovers o'er th' uninjur'd Bloom
Sighing back the soft perfume.
Vigour to the Zephyr's wing
Her nectar-breathing Kisses fling;
And He the glitter of the Dew
Scatters on the Rose's hue.
Bashful lo! she bends her head,
And darts a blush of deeper Red!

Too well those lovely lips disclose
The Triumphs of the op'ning Rose:
O fair! O graceful! bid them prove
As passive to the breath of Love.
In tender accents, faint and low,
Well-pleas'd I hear the whisper'd "No!"

The whisper'd "No"——how little meant!
Sweet Falsehood, that endears Consent!
For on those lovely lips the while
Dawns the soft relenting smile,
And tempts with feign'd dissuasion coy
The gentle violence of Joy.

TO A YOUNG ASS.

ITS MOTHER BEING TETHERED NEAR IT.

Poor little Foal of an oppressed Race!
I love the languid Patience of thy face:
And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,
And clap thy ragged Coat, and pat thy head.
But what thy dulled Spirits hath dismay'd,
That never thou dost sport along the glade?
And (most unlike the nature of things young)
That earthward still thy moveless head is hung?
Do thy prophetic Fears anticipate,
Meek Child of Misery! thy future fate?—
The starving meal, and all the thousand aches
"Which patient Merit of the Unworthy takes?"
Or is thy sad heart thrill'd with filial pain
To see thy wretched Mother's shorten'd Chain?
And truly, very piteous is her Lot——
Chain'd to a Log within a narrow spot
Where the close-eaten Grass is scarcely seen,
While sweet around her waves the tempting Green!
Poor Ass! thy Master should have learnt to shew
Pity—best taught by fellowship of woe!
For much I fear me, that he lives, like thee,
Half-famish'd in a land of Luxury!

How askingly its footsteps hither bend!
It seems to say, "And have I then one Friend?"
Innocent Foal! thou poor despis'd Forlorn!
I hail thee Brother—spite of the fool's scorn!
And fain would take thee with me, in the Dell
Of peace and mild Equality to dwell,
Where Toil shall call the charmer Health his Bride,
And Laughter tickle Plenty's ribless side!
How thou wouldst toss thy heels in gamesome play,
And frisk about as Lamb or Kitten gay!
Yea! and more musically sweet to me
Thy dissonant harsh Bray of Joy would be,
Than warbled Melodies that soothe to rest
The aching of pale Fashion's vacant breast!

DOMESTIC PEACE.

Tell me, on what holy ground
May Domestic Peace be found?
Halcyon Daughter of the skies,
Far on fearful wings she flies,
From the pomp of sceptred State,
From the Rebel's noisy hate.
In a cottag'd vale She dwells
List'ning to the Sabbath bells!
Still around her steps are seen
Spotless Honour's meeker mien,
Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow smiling through her tears,
And conscious of the past employ
Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

THE SIGH.

When Youth his fairy reign began
Ere Sorrow had proclaim'd me man;
While Peace the present hour beguil'd,
And all the lovely Prospect smil'd:
Then, Mary! 'mid my lightsome glee
I heav'd the painless Sigh for thee.
And when, along the waves of woe,
My harass'd Heart was doom'd to know
The frantic Burst of Outrage keen,
And the slow Pang that knaws unseen;
Then shipwreck'd on Life's stormy sea
I heav'd an anguish'd Sigh for thee!
But soon Reflection's power imprest
A stiller sadness on my breast;
And sickly Hope with waning eye
Was well content to droop and die:
I yielded to the stern decree,
Yet heav'd a languid Sigh for thee!
And tho' in distant climes to roam,
A wanderer from my native home,
I fain would soothe the sense of Care
And lull to sleep the Joys, that were!
Thy Image may not banish'd be—
Still, Mary! still I sigh for thee.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Ere Sin could blight or Sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to Heaven convey'd
And bade it blossom there.

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE KING'S ARMS, ROSS, FORMERLY THE HOUSE OF THE "MAN OF ROSS."

Richer than Miser o'er his countless hoards,
Nobler than Kings, or king-polluted Lords,
Here dwelt the Man of Ross! O Trav'ller, hear!
Departed Merit claims a reverent tear.
Beneath this roof if thy cheer'd moments pass,
Fill to the good man's name one grateful glass:
To higher zest shall Mem'ry wake thy soul,
And Virtue mingle in th' ennobled bowl.
Friend to the Friendless, to the sick man health,
With Generous joy he view'd his modest wealth;
He hears the widow's heaven-breath'd prayer of praise,
He marks the shelter'd orphan's tearful gaze,
Or where the sorrow-shrivel'd captive lay,
Pours the bright blaze of Freedom's noon-tide ray.
But if, like me, thro' life's distressful scene
Lonely and sad thy pilgrimage hath been;
And if, thy breast with heart-sick anguish fraught,
Thou journeyest onward tempest-toss'd in thought;
Here cheat thy cares! in generous visions melt,
And dream of Goodness, thou hast never felt.

LINES

TO A BEAUTIFUL SPRING IN A VILLAGE.

Once more, sweet Stream! with slow foot wand'ring near
thy milky waters cold and clear.

Escap'd the flashing of the noontide hours,
With one fresh garland of Pierian flowers
(Ere from thy zephyr-haunted brink I turn)
My languid hand shall wreath thy mossy urn.
For not thro' pathless grove with murmur rude
Thou soothest the sad wood-nymph, Solitude:
Nor thine unseen in cavern depths to well,
The Hermit-Fountain of some dripping cell!
Pride of the Vale! thy useful streams supply
The scatter'd cots and peaceful hamlet nigh.
The elfin tribe around thy friendly banks
With infant uproar and soul-soothing pranks,
Releas'd from school, their little hearts at rest,
Launch paper navies on thy waveless breast.
The rustic here at eve with pensive look
Whistling lorn ditties leans upon his crook,
Or starting pauses with hope-mingled dread
To list the much-lov'd maid's accustom'd tread:
She, vainly mindful of her dame's command,
Loiters, the long-fill'd pitcher in her hand.
Unboasted Stream! thy fount with pebbled falls
The faded form of past delight recalls,
What time the morning sun of Hope arose,
And all was joy; save when another's woes
A transient gloom upon my soul imprest,
Like passing clouds impictur'd on thy breast.
Life's current then ran sparkling to the noon
Or silv'ry stole beneath the pensive Moon.
Ah! now it works rude brakes and thorns among,
Or, o'er the rough rock bursts and foams along!

LINES ON A FRIEND,

WHO DIED OF A FRENZY FEVER, INDUCED BY CALUMNIOUS REPORTS.

EDMUND! thy grave with aching eye I scan,
And inly groan for Heaven's poor outcast—Man!
'Tis tempest all or gloom: in early youth,
If gifted with the Ithuriel lance of Truth
We force to start amid her feign'd caress,
Vice, siren-hag! in native ugliness,
A brother's fate will haply rouse the tear,
And on we go in heaviness and fear!
But if our fond hearts call to Pleasure's bower
Some pigmy Folly in a careless hour,
The faithless guest shall stamp th' enchanted ground,
And mingled forms of Mis'ry rise around:
Heart-fretting Fear, with pallid look aghast,
That courts the future woe to hide the past;
Remorse, the poison'd arrow in his side;
And loud lewd Mirth, to Anguish close allied:
Till Frenzy, fierce-eyed child of moping pain,
Darts her hot lightning flash athwart the brain.

Rest, injur'd shade! Shall Slander squatting near,
Spit her cold venom in a dead man's ear?
'Twas thine to feel the sympathetic glow
In Merit's joy, and Poverty's meek woe;
Thine all, that cheer the moment as it flies,
The *zoneless* Cares, and smiling Courtesies.
Nurs'd in thy heart the firmer Virtues grew,
And in thy heart they wither'd! Such chill dew
Wan Indolence on each young blossom shed;
And Vanity her filmy net-work spread,

With eye that roll'd around in asking gaze,
And tongue that traffick'd in the trade of praise.
Thy follies such! the hard world mark'd them well—
Were they more wise, the proud who never fell?
Rest, injur'd shade! the poor man's grateful prayer
On heaven-ward wing thy wounded soul shall bear.
As oft at twilight gloom thy grave I pass,
And sit me down upon its recent grass,
With introverted eye I comtemplate
Similitude of soul, perhaps of—Fate!
To me hath Heaven with bounteous hand assign'd
Energic Reason and a shaping mind,
The daring ken of Truth, the Patriot's part,
And Pity's sigh, that breathes the gentle heart.
Sloth-jaundic'd all! and from my graspless hand
Drop Friendship's precious pearls, like hour-glass sand.
I weep, yet stoop not! the faint anguish flows,
A dreamy pang in Morning's fev'rish doze.
Is this pil'd earth our Being's passless mound?
Tell me, cold grave! is Death with poppies crown'd?
Tir'd Centinel! 'mid fitful starts I nod,
And fain would sleep, though pillow'd on a clod!

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH A POEM ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Much on my early youth I love to dwell,
Ere yet I bade that friendly dome farewell,

Where first, beneath the echoing cloisters pale,
I heard of guilt and wonder'd at the tale!
Yet tho' the hours flew by on careless wing,
Full heavily of sorrow would I sing.
Aye as the star of evening flung its beam
In broken radiance on the wavy stream,
My soul, amid the pensive twilight gloom,
Mourn'd with the breeze, O Lee Boo! * o'er thy tomb:
Where'er I wander'd, Pity still was near,
Breath'd from the heart and glisten'd in the tear:
No knell that toll'd, but fill'd my anxious eye,
And suff'ring Nature wept that one should die! †

Thus to sad sympathies I sooth'd my breast,
Calm as the rainbow in the weeping West:
When slumb'ring Freedom rous'd by high Disdain
With giant fury burst her triple chain!
Fierce on her front the blasting Dog-star glow'd;
Her Banners, like a midnight Meteor, flow'd;
Amid the yelling of the storm-rent skies
She came, and scatter'd battles from her eyes!
Then exultation wak'd the patriot fire
And swept with wilder hand th' Alcœn lyre:
Red from the Tyrant's wound I shook the lance,
And strode in joy the reeking plains of France!

Fall'n is th' oppressor, friendless, ghastly, low,
And my heart aches, tho' Mercy struck the blow.

* Lee Boo, the son of Abba Thule, Prince of the Pelew Islands, came over to England with Captain Wilson, died of the small-pox, and is buried in Greenwich Churchyard. See Keate's Account.

† Southey's Retrospect.

With wearied thought once more I seek the shade,
Where peaceful Virtue weaves the Myrtle braid.
And O! if Eyes, whose holy glances roll,
Swift messengers, and eloquent of soul;
If Smiles more winning, and a gentler Mien
Than the love-wilder'd Maniac's brain hath seen
Shaping celestial forms in vacant air,
If these demand th' empassion'd Poet's care—
If Mirth, and soften'd Sense, and Wit refin'd,
The blameless features of a lovely mind;
Then haply shall my trembling hand assign
No fading wreath to Beauty's saintly shrine.
Nor Sara! thou these early flowers refuse—
Ne'er lurk'd the snake beneath their simple hues:
No purple bloom the Child of Nature brings
From Flatt'ry's night-shade: as he feels, he sings.

TO A FRIEND,

TOGETHER WITH AN UNFINISHED POEM.

THUS far my scanty brain hath built the rhyme
Elaborate and swelling: yet the heart
Not owns it. From thy spirit-breathing powers
I ask not now, my friend! the aiding verse,
Tedious to thee, and from thy anxious thought
Of dissonant mood. In fancy (well I know)
From business wand'ring far and local cares,
Thou creepest round a dear-lov'd Sister's bed
With noiseless step, and watchest the faint look,
Soothing each pang with fond solicitude,
And tenderest tones medicinal of love.
I too a Sister had, an only Sister——
She lov'd me dearly, and I doted on her!

To her I pour'd forth all my puny sorrows,
(As a sick Patient in his Nurse's arms)
And of the heart those hidden maladies
That shrink asham'd from even Friendship's eye.
O! I have woke at midnight, and have wept,
Because she was not!—Cheerily, dear Charles!
Thou thy best friend shall cherish many a year:
Such warm presages feel I of high Hope.
For not uninterested the dear maid
I've view'd, her soul affectionate yet wise,
Her polish'd wit as mild as lambent glories
That play around a sainted infant's head.
He knows (the Spirit that in secret sees,
Of whose omniscient and all spreading Love
Aught to implore were impotence of mind)
That my mute thoughts are sad before his throne,
Prepar'd, when he his healing ray vouchsafes,
To pour forth thanksgiving with lifted heart,
And praise Him Gracious with a Brother's Joy!

SONNETS,

ATTEMPTED IN THE MANNER OF THE

REV. W. L. BOWLES

Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem
Quod te imitari aveo. LUCRET.

SONNET I.

My heart has thank'd thee, Bowles! for those soft strains
Whose sadness soothes me, like the murmuring
Of wild-bees in the sunny showers of spring!
For hence not callous to the mourner's pains
Thro' Youth's gay prime and thornless paths I went:

And when the darker day of life began,
And I did roam, a thought-bewilder'd man!
Their mild and manliest melancholy lent
A mingled charm, which oft the pang consign'd
To slumber, tho' the big tear it renew'd:
Bidding such strange mysterious pleasure brood
Over the wavy and tumultuous mind,
As made the soul enamour'd of her woe
No common praise, dear Bard! to thee I owe!

SONNET II.

ON A DISCOVERY MADE TOO LATE.

Thou bleedest, my poor Heart! and thy distress
Reas'ning I ponder with a scornful smile
And probe thy sore wound sternly, tho' the while
Swoln be mine eye and dim with heaviness.
Why didst thou listen to Hope's whisper bland?
Or list'ning, why forget the healing tale,
When Jealousy with fev'rish fancies pale
Jarr'd thy fine fibres with a maniac's hand?
Faint was that Hope, and rayless!—Yet 'twas fair
And sooth'd with many a dream the hour of rest;
Thou shouldst have loved it most, when most
oppress'd,
And nurs'd it with an agony of Care,
Even as a Mother her sweet infant heir,
That wan and sickly droops upon her breast!

SONNET III.

Thou gentle Look, that didst my soul beguile,
Why hast thou left me? Still in some fond dream
Revisit my sad heart, auspicious Smile!
As falls on closing flowers the lunar beam:

What time, in sickly mood, at parting day
I lay me down and think of happier years;
Of Joys, that glimmer'd in Hope's twilight ray
Then left me darkling in a vale of tears.
O pleasant days of Hope—for ever flown!
Could I recall you!—But that thought is vain.
Availeth not Persuasion's sweetest tone
To lure the fleet-wing'd Travellers back again:
Yet fair, tho' faint, their images shall gleam
Like the bright Rainbow on an evening stream.

SONNET IV.

TO THE RIVER OTTER.

Dear native Brook! wild Streamlet of the West!
How many various-faded years have past,
What blissful and what anguish'd hours, since last
I skimm'd the smooth thin stone along thy breast,
Numbering its light leaps! Yet so deep imprest
Sink the sweet scenes of Childhood, that mine eyes
I never shut amid the sunny blaze,
But straight with all their tints thy waters rise,
Thy crossing plank, thy margin's willowy maze,
And bedded sand that, vein'd with various dies,
Gleam'd thro' thy bright transparence to the gaze!
Visions of Childhood! oft have ye beguil'd
Lone Manhood's cares, yet waking fondest sighs,
Ah! that once more I were a careless Child!

SONNET V.

Composed while climbing the left ascent of Brockley Coomb, in the county of Somerset, May, 1795.

WITH many a pause and oft reverted eye
I climb the Coomb's ascent: sweet songsters near
Warble in shade their wild-wood melody:
Far off th' unvarying Cuckoo soothes my ear.
Up scour the startling stragglers of the Flock
That on green plots o'er precipices browze:
From the forc'd fissures of the naked rock
The Yew tree bursts! beneath its dark green boughs
('Mid which the May-thorn blends its blossoms white)
Where broad smooth stones jut out in mossy seats,
I rest.—And now have gain'd the topmost site.
Ah! what a luxury of landscape meets
My gaze! Proud Towers, and Cots more dear to me;
Elm-shadow'd Fields, and prospect-bounding Sea!
Deep sighs my lonely heart: I drop the tear:
Enchanting spot! O were my Sara here!

SONNET VI.

SWEET Mercy! how my very heart has bled
To see thee, poor Old Man! and thy grey hairs
Hoar with the snowy blast; while no one cares
To clothe thy shrivell'd limbs and palsied head.
My father! throw away this tatter'd vest
That mocks thy shiv'ring! take my garment—use
A young man's arm! I'll melt these frozen dews

That hang from thy white beard and numb thy
breast.
My Sara too shall tend thee, like a Child:
And thou shalt talk, in our fire side's recess,
Of purple Pride, that scowls on Wretchedness.—
He did not scowl, the Galilæan mild,
Who met the Lazar turn'd from rich man's doors,
And call'd him Friend, and wept upon his sores!

SONNET VII.

Pale Roamer, thro' the Night! thou poor
Forlorn!
Remorse that man on his death-bed possess,
Who in the credulous hour of tenderness
Betray'd, then cast thee forth to Want and Scorn.
The world is pityless; the Chaste one's pride,
Mimic of Virtue, scowls on thy distress:
Thy Loves and they, that envied thee, deride:
And vice alone will shelter Wretchedness!
O! I am sad to think that there should be
Cold-bosom'd lewd ones, who endure to place
Foul offerings on the shrine of Misery,
And force from Famine the caress of Love!
May he shed healing on thy sore disgrace,
He, the great Comforter that rules above!

SONNET VIII.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROBBERS."

Schiller! that hour I would have wish'd to die,
If thro' the shudd'ring midnight I had sent
From the dark Dungeon of the Tower time-rent

That fearful voice, a famish'd Father's cry—
That in no after moment aught less vast
Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout
Black Horror scream'd, and all her *goblin rout*
From the more with'ring scene diminish'd past.
Ah! Bard tremendous in sublimity!
Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood,
Wand'ring at eve with finely frenzied eye
Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood!
Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood,
Then weep aloud in a wild ecstasy!

SONNET IX.

Composed on a journey Homeward: the Author having received intelligence of the birth of a Son, Sept. 1796.

Oft o'er my brain does that strange fancy roll
Which makes the present (while the flash doth last)
Seem a mere semblance of some unknown past,
Mix'd with such feelings as perplex the soul
Self-question'd in her sleep: and some have said
We liv'd, ere yet this fleshy robe we wore.
O my sweet Baby! when I reach my door,
If heavy looks should tell me, thou wert dead
(As sometimes, thro' excess of hope, I fear)
I think that I should struggle to believe
Thou wert a Spirit, to this nether sphere
Sentenc'd for some more venial crime to grieve;
Didst scream, then spring to meet Heaven's quick reprieve,
While we wept idly o'er thy little bier!

SONNET X.

TO A FRIEND, WHO ASKED HOW I FELT, WHEN THE NURSE FIRST PRESENTED MY INFANT TO ME.

CHARLES! my slow heart was only sad, when first
I scann'd that face of feeble infancy:
For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst
All I had been, and all my babe might be;
But when I saw it on its Mother's arm,
And hanging at her bosom (she the while
Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile)
Then I was thrill'd and melted, and most warm
Impress'd a Father's kiss: and all beguil'd
Of dark remembrance, and presageful fear
I seem'd to see an Angel's form appear.—
'Twas even thine, beloved Woman mild!
So for the Mother's sake the Child was dear,
And dearer was the Mother for the Child.

REFLECTIONS

ON HAVING LEFT A PLACE OF RETIREMENT.

Sermoni propriora.—HOR.

Low was our pretty Cot: our tallest Rose
Peep'd at the chamber-window. We could hear
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The Sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our Myrtles blossom'd; and across the porch
Thick Jasmins twin'd: the little landscape round
Was green and woody and refresh'd the eye.
It was a spot, which you might aptly call
The Valley of Seclusion! Once I saw
(Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness)

A wealthy son of Commerce saunter by,
Bristowa's citizen: Methought, it calm'd
His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse
With wiser feelings: for he paus'd, and look'd
With a pleas'd sadness, and gaz'd all around,
Then eyed our cottage, and gaz'd round again,
And sigh'd, and said, it was a blessed place,
And we were blessed. Oft with patient ear
Long-listening to the viewless sky-lark's note
(Viewless, or haply for a moment seen
Gleaming on sunny wing) in whisper'd tones
I've said to my Beloved, "Such, sweet Girl!
The inobtrusive song of Happiness—
Unearthly minstrelsy! then only heard
When the soul seeks to hear; when all is hush'd
And the Heart listens:"

But the time, when first
From that low Dell steep up the stony Mount
I climb'd with perilous toil and reach'd the top,
O what a goodly scene; Here the bleak Mount,
The bare bleak Mountain speckled thin with sheep;
Grey Clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields;
And River, now with bushy rocks o'erbrow'd
Now winding bright and full, with naked banks;
And Seats, and Lawns, the Abbey, and the Wood,
And Cots, and Hamlets, and faint City-spire:
The Channel there, the Islands and white Sails,
Dim Coasts, and cloud-like Hills, and shoreless Ocean—
It seem'd like Omnipresence! God, methought,
Had built him there a Temple; the whole World

Seem'd imag'd in its vast circumference.
No wish profan'd my overwhelmed Heart.
Blest hour! It was a Luxury—to be!

Ah, quiet Dell! dear Cot! and Mount sublime!
I was constrain'd to quit you. Was it right,
While my unnumber'd Brethren toil'd and bled,
That I should dream away the trusted Hours
On rose-leaf Beds pamp'ring the coward Heart
With feelings all too delicate for use?
Sweet is the Tear that from some Howard's eye
Drops on the cheek of one, he lifts from earth:
And He, that works me good with unmov'd face,
Does it but half: he chills me while he aids,
My Benefactor, not my Brother Man!
Yet even this, this cold Beneficence
Seizes my Praise, when I reflect on those,
The sluggard Pity's vision-weaving Tribe!
Who sigh for Wretchedness, yet shun the
Wretched,
Nursing in some delicious solitude
Their slothful loves and dainty Sympathies!
I therefore go, and join head, heart, and hand,
Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight
Of Science, Freedom, and the Truth in Christ.
Yet oft when after honourable toil
Rests the tir'd mind, and waking loves to dream,
My Spirit shall revisit thee, dear Cot!
Thy Jasmin and thy window-peeping Rose,
And Myrtles fearless of the mild sea-air.
And I shall sigh fond wishes—sweet Abode!
Ah—had none greater! And that all had such!
It might be so—but the time is not yet.
Speed it, O Father! Let thy Kingdom come!

ODE TO SARA,

Written at Shurton Bars, near Bridgwater, Sept. 1795, in answer to a Letter from Bristol.

[The first Stanza alludes to a Passage in the Letter.]

Nor travels my meand'ring eye
The starry wilderness on high;
  Nor now with curious sight
I mark the glow-worm, as I pass,
Move with "green radiance" thro' the grass,
  An Emerald of Light.

O ever-present to my view!
My wafted spirit is with you,
  And soothes your boding fears:
I see you all oppress'd with gloom
Sit lonely in that cheerless room—
  Ah me! You are in tears!

Beloved Woman! did you fly
Chill'd Friendship's dark disliking eye,
  Or Mirth's untimely din?
With cruel weight these trifles press
A temper sore with Tenderness,
  When aches the void within.

But why with sable wand unbless'd
Should Fancy rouse within my breast
  Dim-visag'd shapes of Dread?
Untenanting its beauteous clay
My Sara's soul has wing'd its way,
  And hovers round my head!

I felt it prompt the tender Dream,
When slowly sunk the day's last gleam;
  You rous'd each gentler sense,

As sighing o'er the Blossom's bloom,
Meek Evening wakes its soft perfume
With viewless influence.

And hark, my Love! The sea-breeze moans
Thro' yon reft house! O'er rolling stones
With broad impetuous sweep,
The fast encroaching tides supply
The silence of the cloudless sky
With mimic thunders deep.

Dark-red'ning from the channel'd Isle*
(Where stands one solitary pile
Unslated by the blast)
The Watchfire, like a sullen star,
Twinkles to many a dozing Tar
Rude-cradled on the mast.

Ev'n there—beneath that light-house tower—
In the tumultuous evil hour
Ere Peace with Sara came,
Time was, I should have thought it sweet
To count the echoing of my feet,
And watch the troubled flame.

And there in black and jaundic'd fit,
A sad gloom-pamper'd Man to sit,
And listen to the roar:
When mountain Surges bellowing deep
With an uncouth monster-leap
Plung'd foaming on the shore.

Then by the Lightning's blaze to mark
Some toiling tempest-shatter'd bark;
Her vain distress-guns hear:

* The Holmes, in the Bristol Channel.

And when a second sheet of light
Flash'd o'er the blackness of the night—
  To see no Vessel there!

But Fancy now more gaily sings;
Or if awhile she droop her wings,
  As sky-larks 'mid the corn,
On summer fields she grounds her breast:
Th' oblivious Poppy o'er her nest
  Nods, till returning morn.

O mark those smiling tears, that swell
The open'd Rose! From heaven they fell,
  And with the sun-beam blend;
Blest visitations from above:
Such are the tender woes of Love
  Fost'ring the heart, they bend!

When stormy Midnight howling round
Beats on our roof with clatt'ring sound,
  To me your arms you'll stretch:
Great God! you'll say—To us so kind,
O shelter from this loud bleak wind
  The houseless, friendless wretch!

The tears that tremble down your cheek,
Shall bathe my kisses chaste and meek
  In Pity's dew divine;
And from your heart the sighs that steal
Shall make your rising bosom feel
  The answ'ring swell of mine!

How oft, my Love! with shapings sweet
I paint the moment, we shall meet!
  With eager speed I dart——
I seize you in the vacant air,
And fancy, with a Husband's care
  I press you to my heart!

'Tis said, on Summer's evening hour
Flashes the golden-colour'd flower
A fair electric flame:
And so shall flash my love-charg'd eye
When all the heart's big ecstasy
Shoots rapid thro' the frame!

COMPOSED AT CLEVEDON,

SOMERSETSHIRE.

My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclin'd
Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet it is
To sit beside our cot, our cot o'ergrown
With white-flower'd Jasmin, and the broad-leav'd Myrtle,
(Meet emblems they of Innocence and Love!)
And watch the clouds, that late were rich with light,
Slow sad'ning round, and mark the star of eve
Serenely brilliant (such should wisdom be)
Shine opposite! How exquisite the scents
Snatch'd from yon bean-field! and the world so hush'd!
The stilly murmur of the distant Sea
Tells us of Silence. And that simplest Lute
Plac'd length-ways in the clasping casement, hark!
How by the desultory breeze caress'd,
Like some coy Maid half-yielding to her Lover,
It pours such sweet upbraidings, as must needs
Tempt to repeat the wrong! and now its strings
Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes
Over delicious surges sink and rise

Such a soft floating witchery of sound
As twilight Elfins make, when they at eve
Voyage on gentle gales from Fairy Land,
Where Melodies, round honey-dropping flowers
Footless and wild, like birds of Paradise,
Nor pause nor perch, hov'ring on untam'd wing.
And thus, my Love; as on the midway slope
Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at noon,
Whilst thro' my half-clos'd eyelids I behold
The sunbeams dance, like diamonds, on the main,
And tranquil muse upon tranquillity;
Full many a thought uncall'd and undetain'd,
And many idle flitting phantasies,
Traverse my indolent and passive brain,
As wild and various as the random gales
That swell or flutter on this subject Lute!
And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic Harps diversely fram'd,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual Breeze,
At once the Soul of each, and God of all?—
But thy more serious eye a mild reproof
Darts, O beloved Woman! nor such thoughts
Dim and unhallow'd dost thou not reject,
And biddest me walk humbly with my God.
Meek Daughter in the Family of Christ,
Well hast thou said and holily disprais'd
These shapings of the unregenerate mind,
Bubbles that glitter as they rise and break
On vain Philosophy's aye-babbling spring.
For never guiltless may I speak of Him,
Th' Incomprehensible! save when with awe
I praise him, and with Faith that inly feels;
Who with his saving mercies heal'd me,

A sinful and most miserable man
Wilder'd and dark, and gave me to possess
Peace, and this Cot, and Thee, heart-honour'd
Maid!

TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN,

WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD KNOWN IN THE DAYS OF HER INNOCENCE.

Myrtle leaf, that ill besped
Pinest in the gladsome ray,
Soil'd beneath the common tread
Far from thy protecting spray!

When the Rustic o'er his sheaf
Caroll'd in the yellow vale,
Sad, I saw thee, headless leaf!
Love the dalliance of the gale.

Lightly didst thou, foolish thing!
Heave and flutter to his sighs,
While the Flatt'rer on his wing
Woo'd and whisper'd thee to rise.

Gaily from thy mother stalk
Wert thou danc'd and wafted high;
Soon on this unshelter'd walk
Flung to fade, to rot, and die!

LINES,

ON OBSERVING A BLOSSOM ON THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY 1796, WRITTEN NEAR SHEFFIELD.

Sweet Flower! that peeping from thy russet stem,
Unfoldest timidly (for in strange sort

This dark, frieze-coated, hoarse, teeth-chattering
Month
Hath borrow'd Zephyr's voice, and gaz'd upon
thee
With blue voluptuous eye) alas poor Flower!
These are but flatteries of the faithless Year.
Perchance escap'd its unknown polar cave
Ev'n now the keen North-East is on its way,
Flower, that must perish! shall I liken thee
To some sweet Girl of too, too rapid growth,
Nipp'd by Consumption 'mid untimely charms?
Or to Bristowa's * Bard, the wond'rous boy!
And Amaranth, which Earth scarce seem'd to
own,
Blooming 'mid poverty's drear wintry waste,
Till Disappointment came and pelting Wrong
Beat it to earth! Or with indignant grief
Shall I compare thee to poor Poland's hope,
Bright flower of hope kill'd in the opening bud?
Farewell, sweet Blossom! better fate be thine
And mock my boding! dim similitudes
Weaving in moral strains, I've stol'n one hour
From black anxiety that gnaws my heart
For her who droops far off on a sick bed:
And the warm wooing of this sunny day
Tremble along my frame, and harmonize
Th' attemper'd brain, that e'en the saddest
thoughts
Mix with some sweet sensations, like harsh tunes
Play'd deftly on a soft-ton'd instrument.

* Chatterton

THE HOUR

WHEN WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

COMPOSED DURING ILLNESS, AND IN ABSENCE.

Dim Hour! that sleep'st on pillowing clouds afar,
O rise and yoke the Turtles to thy car!
Bend o'er the traces, blame each lingering Dove,
And give me to the bosom of my Love!
My gentle Love, caressing and caress'd,
With heaving heart shall cradle me to rest;
Shed the warm tear-drop from her smiling eyes,
Lull with fond woe, and med'cine me with sighs.
While finely-flushing float her kisses meek,
Like melted rubies o'er my pallid cheek.
Chill'd by the night, the drooping Rose of May
Mourns the long absence of the lovely Day;
Young Day returning at her promis'd hour
Weeps o'er the sorrows of her fav'rite Flower:
Weeps the soft dew, the balmy gale she sighs,
And darts a trembling lustre from her eyes.
New life and joy th' expanding flow'ret feels:
His pitying Mistress mourns, and mourning heals!

TO C. LLOYD,

ON HIS PROPOSING TO DOMESTICATE WITH THE AUTHOR.

A Mount, not wearisome and bare and steep,
But a green Mountain variously up-pil'd,
Where o'er the jutting rocks soft mosses creep
Or colour'd lichens with slow oozing weep;
Where cypress and the darker yew start wild;

And mid the summer torrent's gentle dash,
Dance brighten'd the red clusters of the ash;
Beneath whose boughs, by stilly sounds beguil'd,
Calm Pensiveness might muse herself to sleep:
Till haply startled by some fleecy dam,
That rustling on the bushy cliff above
With melancholy bleat of anxious love
Made meek inquiry for her wand'ring lamb:
Such a green Mountain 'twere most sweet to climb,
E'en while the bosom ach'd with loneliness—
How heavenly sweet, if some dear Friend should bless
Th' advent'rous toil, and up the path sublime
Now lead, now follow: the glad landscape round
Wide and more wide, increasing without bound!
O then 'twere loveliest sympathy, to mark
The berries of the half up-rooted ash
Dripping and bright; and list the torrent's dash—
Beneath the cypress or the yew more dark,
Seated at ease, on some smooth mossy rock;
In social silence now, and now t'unlock
The treasur'd heart; arm link'd in friendly arm,
Save if the one, his muse's witching charm
Mutt'ring brow-bent, at unwatch'd distance lag;
Till high o'er head his beck'ning Friend appears,
And from the forehead of the topmost crag
Shouts eagerly: for haply there uprears
That shadowing Pine its old romantic limbs,
Which latest shall detain th' enamour'd sight
Seen from below, when Eve the valley dims,
Ting'd yellow with the rich departing light;
And haply, basin'd in some unsunn'd cleft,
A beauteous spring, the rock's collected tears,

Sleeps shelter'd there, scarce wrinkled by the
gale!
Together thus, the world's vain turmoil left,
Stretch'd on the crag, and shadow'd by the pine,
And bending o'er the clear delicious fount,
Ah, dearest Lloyd! it were a lot divine
To cheat our noons in moralizing mood,
While west-winds fann'd our temples toil-bedew'd,
Then downwards slope, oft-pausing, from the
mount,
To some low mansion in some woody dale,
Where smiling with blue eye Domestic Bliss
Gives this the husband's, that the brother's kiss!

Thus rudely vers'd in allegoric lore,
The hill of knowledge I essay'd to trace;
That verd'rous hill with many a resting place,
And many a stream, whose warbling waters pour
To glad, and fertilize the subject plains;
That hill with secret springs, and nooks untrod,
And many a fancy-bless'd and holy sod,
Where inspiration, his diviner strains
Low-murm'ring, lay; and startling from the rocks
Stiff evergreens, whose spreading foliage mocks
Want's barren soil, and the bleak frosts of age,
And mad oppression's thunder-clasping-rage!
O meek retiring Spirit! we will climb,
Cheering and cheer'd, this lovely hill sublime;
And from the stirring world uplifted high
(Whose noises faintly wafted on the wind
To quiet musings shall attune the mind,
And oft the melancholy theme supply)
There while the prospect thro' the gazing eye
Pours all its healthful greenness on the soul,

We'll laugh at wealth, and learn to laugh at fame,
Our hopes, our knowledge, and our joys the same,
As neighb'ring fountains image, each the whole:
Then when the mind has drunk its fill of truth,
We'll discipline the heart to pure delight,
Rekindling sober joy's domestic flame.
She, whom I love, shall love thee. Honour'd youth,
Now may heaven realize this vision bright!

RELIGIOUS MUSINGS.

A DESULTORY POEM, WRITTEN ON THE CHRISTMAS EVE OF 1794.

THIS is the time, when, most divine to hear,
The voice of Adoration rouses me,
As with a Cherub's trump: and high upborne,
Yea, mingling with the Choir, I seem to view
The vision of the heavenly multitude,
Who hymn'd the song of Peace o'er Bethlehem's fields!

Yet thou more bright than all the Angel blaze,
That harbinger'd thy birth, Thou, Man of Woes!
Despised Gallilæan! For the Great
Invisible (by symbols only seen)
With a peculiar and surpassing light
Shines from the visage of th' oppress'd good Man,
When heedless of himself the scourged Saint
Mourns for th' Oppressor. Fair the vernal Mead,
Fair the high Grove, the Sea, the Sun, the Stars,
True Impress each of their creating Sire!
Yet nor high Grove, nor many colour'd Mead,
Nor the green Ocean with his thousand Isles,

Nor the starr'd Azure, nor the sov'reign Sun,
E'er with such majesty of portraiture
Imag'd the supreme beauty uncreate,
As thou, meek Saviour; at the fearful hour
When thy insulted Anguish wing'd the prayer
Harp'd by Archangels, when they sing of Mercy!
Which when th' Almighty heard, from forth his
Throne,
Diviner light fill'd Heaven with ecstasy!
Heaven's hymnings paus'd: and Hell her yawning
mouth
Clos'd a brief moment.

Lovely was the Death
Of Him, whose Life was Love! Holy with power
He on the thought-benighted Sceptic beam'd
Manifest Godhead, melting into day
What floating mists of dark idolatry
Broke and misshap'd the Omnipresent Sire:
And first by fear uncharm'd the droused Soul,
Till of its nobler Nature it 'gan feel
Dim recollections; and thence soar'd to Hope,
Strong to believe whate'er of mystic good
Th' Eternal dooms for his Immortal Sons.
From Hope and firmer Faith to perfect Love
Attracted and absorb'd: and centred there
God only to behold, and know, and feel,
Till my exclusive Consciousness of God
All self-annihilated it shall make
God its Identity: God all in all!
We and our Father one!

And bless'd are they,
Who in this fleshly World, the elect of Heaven,
Their strong eye darting thro' the deeds of Men,

Adore with steadfast unpresuming gaze
Him, Nature's Essence, Mind, and Energy!
And gazing, trembling, patiently ascend,
Treading beneath their feet all visible things
As steps, that upward to their Father's Throne
Lead gradual—else nor glorified nor lov'd.
They nor Contempt imbosom nor Revenge:
For they dare know of what may seem deform
The Supreme Fair sole Operant: in whose sight
All things are pure, his strong controlling Love
Alike from all educing perfect good.
Theirs too celestial courage, inly arm'd—
Dwarfing Earth's giant brood, what time they muse
On their great Father, great beyond compare!
And marching onwards view high o'er their heads
His waving Banners of Omnipotence
Who the Creator love, created might
Dread not: within their tents no Terrors walk,
For they are Holy Things before the Lord
Aye-unprofan'd, tho' Earth should league with Hell!
God's Altar grasping with an eager hand
Fear, the wild-visag'd, pale, eye-starting wretch,
Sure-refug'd hears his hot pursuing fiends
Yell at vain distance. Soon refresh'd from Heaven
He calms the throb and tempest of his heart.
His countenance settles: a soft solemn bliss
Swims in his eye: his swimming eye uprais'd
And Faith's whole armour glitters on his limbs!
And thus transfigur'd with a dreadless awe,
A solemn hush of soul, meek he beholds
All things of terrible seeming: yea, unmov'd

Views e'en the immitigable ministers
That shower down vengeance on these latter days.
For kindling with intenser Deity
From the celestial Mercy-seat they come,
And at the renovating Wells of Love
Have fill'd their Vials with salutary Wrath,
To sickly Nature more medicinal
Than what soft balm the weeping good man pours
Into the lone despoiled trav'ller's wounds!

Thus from th' Elect, regenerate thro' faith,
Pass the dark Passions and what thirsty Cares
Drink up the spirit and the dim regards
Self-centre. Lo they vanish! or acquire
New names, new features—by supernal grace
Enrob'd with Light, and naturaliz'd in Heaven.
As when a shepherd on a vernal morn
Thro' some thick fog creeps tim'rous with slow foot,
Darkling he fixes on th' immediate road
His downward eye: all else of fairest kind
Hid or deform'd. But lo! the bursting Sun!
Touch'd by th' enchantment of that sudden beam,
Straight the black vapor melteth, and in globes
Of dewy glitter, gems each plant and tree;
On every leaf, on every blade it hangs!
Dance glad the new-born intermingling rays,
And wide around the landscape streams with glory!

There is one Mind, one omnipresent Mind,
Omnific. His most holy name is Love
Truth of subliming import! with the which
Who feeds and saturates his constant soul,
He from his small particular orbit flies
With bless'd outstarting! From Himself he flies,
Stands in the Sun, and with no partial gaze

Views all creation; and he loves it all,
And blesses it, and calls it very good!
This is indeed to dwell with the most High!
Cherubs and rapture-trembling Seraphim
Can press no nearer to th' Almighty's Throne.
But that we roam unconscious, or with hearts
Unfeeling of our universal Sire,
And that in his vast family no Cain
Injures uninjur'd (in her best-aim'd blow
Victorious Murder a blind Suicide)
Haply for this some younger Angel now
Looks down on Human Nature: and, behold!
A sea of blood bestrew'd with wrecks, where mad
Embattling Interests on each other rush
With unhelm'd Rage!

'Tis the sublime of man,
Our noontide Majesty, to know ourselves
Parts and proportions of one wond'rous whole!
This fraternizes man, this constitutes
Our charities and bearings. But 'tis God
Diffus'd thro' all, that doth make all one whole;
This the worst superstition, him except
Aught to desire, Supreme Reality!
The plenitude and permanence of bliss!
O Fiends of Superstition! not that oft
The erring Priest hath stain'd with Brother's blood
Your grisly idols, not for this may Wrath
Thunder against you from the Holy One!
But o'er some plain that streameth to the Sun,
Peopled with Death; or where more hideous Trade
Loud-laughing packs his bales of human anguish;
I will rise up a mourning, O ye Fiend!

And curse your spells, that film the eye of Faith,
Hiding the present God; whose presence lost,
The moral world's cohesion, we become
An Anarchy of Spirits! Toy-bewitch'd,
Made blind by lusts, disherited of soul,
No common centre Man, no common sire
Knoweth! A sordid solitary thing,
Mid countless brethren with a lonely heart
Thro' courts and cities the smooth Savage roams
Feeling himself, his own low Self the whole;
When he by sacred sympathy might make
The whole one self! self, that no alien knows!
Self, far diffus'd as Fancy's wing can travel!
Self, spreading still! Oblivious of its own,
Yet all of all possessing! This is Faith!
This the Messiah's destin'd victory!

But first offences needs must come! Even now *
(Black Hell laughs horrible—to hear the scoff!)
Thee to defend, meek Galilæan! Thee
And thy mild laws of Love unutterable,
Mistrust and Enmity have burst the bands
Of social Peace! and list'ning Treachery lurks

* January 21, 1794, in the debate on the Address to his Majesty, on the speech from the Throne, the earl of Guildford moved an amendment to the following effect; "That the House hoped his Majesty would seize the earliest opportunity to conclude a peace with France, &c." This motion was opposed by the duke of Portland, who, "considered the war to be merely grounded on one principle—the preservation of the Christian Religion." May 30, 1794, the duke of Bedford moved a number of resolutions, with a view to the establishment of a peace with France. He was opposed (among others) by lord Abingdon in these remarkable words; "The best road to peace, my lords, is war! and war carried on in the same manner in which we are taught to worship our Creator, namely, with all our souls, and with all our minds, and with all our hearts, and with all our strength."

With pious fraud to snare a brother's life;
And childless widows o'er the groaning land
Wail numberless; and orphans weep for bread!
Thee to defend, dear Saviour of Mankind!
Thee, Lamb of God! Thee, blameless Prince of
Peace!
From all sides rush the thirsty brood of War;
Austria, and that foul Woman of the North,
The lustful Murd'ress of her wedded Lord!
And he, connatural Mind! whom (in their songs,
So bards of elder time had haply feign'd)
Some Fury fondled in her hate to man,
Bidding her serpent hair in mazy surge
Lick his young face, and at his mouth inbreathe
Horrible sympathy! And leagued with these
Each petty German princeling, nurs'd in gore!
Soul-harden'd barterers of human blood!
Death's prime Slave-merchants! Scorpion-whips
of Fate!
Nor least in savagery of holy zeal,
Apt for the yoke, the race degenerate,
Whom Britain erst had blush'd to call her sons!
Thee to defend the Moloch Priest prefers
The prayer of hate, and bellows to the herd
That Deity, accomplice Diety
In the fierce jealousy of waken'd wrath
Will go forth with our armies and our fleets
To scatter the red ruin on their foes!
O blasphemy! to mingle fiendish deeds
With blessedness!
Lord of unsleeping Love,*
From everlasting Thou! We shall not die.

* "Art thou not from everlasting, O Lord, mine Holy One? We shall not die. O Lord, thou hast ordained them for Judgment," &c.—Habakkuk, i. 12.

These, even these, in mercy didst thou form,
Teachers of Good thro' Evil, by brief wrong
Making Truth lovely, and her future might
Magnetic o'er the fix'd untrembling heart.

In the primeval age a dateless while
The vacant shepherd wander'd with his flock
Pitching his tent where'er the green grass wav'd.
But soon Imagination conjur'd up
A host of new desires: with busy aim,
Each for himself, Earth's eager children toil'd.
So Property began, twy-streaming fount,
Whence Vice and Virtue flow, honey and gall.
Hence the soft couch, and many-colour'd robe,
The timbrel, and arch'd dome and costly feast,
With all th' inventive arts, that nurs'd the soul
To forms of beauty, and by sensual wants
Unsensualiz'd the mind, which in the means
Learnt to forget the grossness of the end,
Best pleasur'd with its own activity.
And hence Disease that withers manhood's arm,
The dagger'd Envy, spirit-quenching Want,
Warriors, and Lords, and Priests—all the sore ills
That vex and desolate our mortal life.
Wide-wasting ills! yet each th' immediate source
Of mightier good. Their keen necessities
To ceaseless action goading human thought
Have made Earth's reasoning animal her Lord;
And the pale-featur'd Sage's trembling hand
Strong as a host of armed Deities,
Such as the blind Ionian fabled erst.

From Avarice thus, from Luxury and war
rang heavenly Science; and from Science
Freedom.

O'er waken'd realms Philosophers and Bards
Spread in concentric circles: they whose souls
Conscious of their high dignities from God,
Brook not Wealth's rivalry; and they who long
Enamour'd with the charms of order hate
Th' unseemly disproportion; and whoe'er
Turn with mild sorrow from the victor's car
And the low puppetry of thrones, to muse
On that bless'd triumph, when the Patriot Sage
Call'd the red lightning from th' o'er-rushing cloud
And dash'd the beauteous Terrors on the earth
Smiling majestic. Such a phalanx ne'er
Measur'd firm paces to the calming sound
Of Spartan flute! These on the fated day,
When, stung to rage by Pity, eloquent men
Have rous'd with pealing voice th' unnumber'd tribes
That toil and groan and bleed, hungry and blind,
These hush'd awhile with patient eye serene
Shall watch the mad careering of the storm;
Then o'er the wild and wavy chaos rush
And tame th' outrageous mass, with plastic might
Moulding Confusion to such Perfect forms,
As erst were wont bright visions of the day!
To float before them, when, the Summer noon,
Beneath some arch'd romantic rock reclin'd
They felt the sea-breeze lift their youthful locks;
Or in the month of blossoms, at mild eve,
Wandering with desultory feet, inhal'd
The wafted perfumes, and the flocks and woods
And many-tinted streams and setting Sun,
With all his gorgeous company of clouds
Ecstatic gaz'd! then homeward as they stray'd
Cast the sad eye to earth, and inly mus'd

Why there was Misery in a world so fair.
Ah far remov'd from all that glads the sense,
From all that softens or ennobles Man,
The wretched Many! Bent beneath their loads
They gape a pageant Power, nor recognize
Their cots' transmuted plunder! From the tree
Of Knowledge, ere the vernal sap had risen
Rudely disbranch'd? Blessed Society!
Fitliest depictur'd by some sun-scorch'd waste,
Where oft majestic thro' the tainted noon
The Simoon sails, before whose purple pomp
Who falls not prostrate dies! And where, by night,
Fast by each precious fountain on green herbs
The lion couches; or hyæna dips
Deep in the lucid stream his bloody jaws;
Or serpent plants his vast moon-glittering bulk,
Caught in whose monstrous twine Behemoth yells,*
His bones loud crashing!

O ye numberless,
Whom foul Oppression's ruffian gluttony
Drives from life's plenteous feast! O thou poor wretch,
Who nurs'd in darkness and made wild by want
Roamest for prey, yea thy unnatural hand
Dost lift to deeds of blood! O pale-eyed Form,
The victim of seduction, doom'd to know
Polluted nights and days of blasphemy;
Who in loath'd orgies, with lewd wassailers

* Behemoth in Hebrew signifies wild beasts in general. Some believe it is the Elephant, some the Hippopotamus; some affirm it is the Wild Bull. Poetically, it designates any large quadruped.

Must gaily laugh, while thy remember'd Home
Gnaws like a viper at thy secret heart!
O aged Women! ye who weekly catch
The morsel toss'd by law-forc'd Charity,
And die so slowly, that none call it murder:
O loathly Suppliants! ye, that unreceived,
Totter heart-broken from the closing gates
Of the full Lazar-house! or, gazing, stand
Sick with despair! O ye to Glory's field
Forc'd or ensnar'd, who, as ye gasp in death,
Bleed with new wounds beneath the Vulture's beak!
O thou poor Widow, who in dreams dost view
Thy Husband's mangled corse, and from short doze
Start'st with a shriek: or in thy half-thatch'd cot
Wak'd by the wintry night-storm, wet and cold,
Cowr'st o'er thy screaming baby! Rest awhile,
Children of Wretchedness! More groans must rise,
More blood must steam, or ere your wrongs be full.
Yet is the day of Retribution nigh:
The Lamb of God hath open'd the fifth seal:
And upward rush on swiftest wing of fire
Th' innumerable multitude of Wrongs
By man on man inflicted! Rest awhile,
Children of Wretchedness! The hour is nigh:
And lo! the Great, the Rich, the Mighty Men,
The Kings and the Chief Captains of the World,
With all that fix'd on high like stars of Heaven
Shot baleful influence, shall be cast to earth,
Vile and down-trodden, as the untimely fruit
Shook from the fig-tree by a sudden storm.

Ev'n now the storm begins; each gentle name,*
Faith and meek Piety, with fearful joy
Tremble far off—for lo! the Giant Frenzy
Uprooting empires with his whirlwind arm
Mocketh high Heaven; burst hideous from the cell
Where the old Hag, unconquerable, huge,
Creation's eyeless drudge, black Ruin, sits
Nursing th' impatient earthquake.

O return!
Pure Faith! meek Piety! The abhorred Form
Whose scarlet robe was stiff with earthly pomp,
Who drank iniquity in cups of Gold,
Whose names were many and all blasphemous,
Hath met the horrible judgment! Whence that cry?
The mighty army of foul Spirits shriek'd,
Disherited of earth! For She hath fallen
On whose black front was written Mystery;
She that reel'd heavily, whose wine was blood;
She that work'd whoredom with the Dæmon Power
And from the dark embrace all evil things
Brought forth and nurtur'd: mitred Atheism;
And patient Folly, who, on bended knee,
Gives back the Steel that stabb'd him; and pale Fear,
Hunted by ghastlier shapings than surround
Moon-blasted Madness when he yells at midnight!
Return pure Faith! return meek Piety!
The kingdoms of the world are yours: each heart

* Alluding to the French Revolution.

Self-govern'd, the vast family of Love
Rais'd from the common earth by common toil
Enjoy the equal produce. Such delights
As float to earth, permitted visitants!
When in some hour of solemn jubilee
The massy gates of Paradise are thrown
Wide open, and forth come in fragmcnts wild
Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
And odors snatch'd from beds of Amaranth,
And they, that from the crystal river of life
Spring up on freshen'd wing, ambrosial gales!
The favor'd good man in his lonely walk
Perceives them, and his silent spirit drinks
Strange bliss which he shall recognize in heaven.
And such delights, such strange beatitude
Seize on my young anticipating heart
When that blest future rushes on my view!
For in his own, and in his Father's might,
The Saviour comes! While as the Thousand Years.
Lead up their mystic dance, the Desert shouts!
Old Ocean claps his hands! The mighty Dead
Rise to new life, whoe'er from earliest time
With conscious zeal had urg'd Love's wond'rous plan,
Coadjutors of God. To Milton's trump
The high Groves of the renovated Earth
Unbosom their glad echoes: Inly hush'd
Adoring Newton his serener eye
Raises to heaven! and he of mortal kind
Wisest, he,* first who mark'd the ideal tribes
Up the fine fibres thro' the sentient brain.
Lo! Priestly there, Patriot, and Saint, and Sage,

* David Hartley.

Him, full of years, from his lov'd native land
Statesmen blood-stain'd and Priests idolatrous
By dark lies mad'ning the blind multitude
Drove with vain hate. Calm, pitying he retir'd,
And mus'd expectant on these promis'd years.

O Years! the blest pre-eminence of saints!
Ye sweep athwart my gaze, so heavenly-bright.
The wings that veil the adoring Seraph's eyes,
What time he bends before the Jasper Throne*
Reflect no lovelier hues! yet ye depart,
And all beyond is darkness! Heights most strange,
Whence Fancy falls, fluttering her idle wing.
For who of woman born may paint the hour,
When seiz'd in his mid course, the Sun shall wane
Making noon ghastly! Who of woman born
May image in the workings of his thought,
How the black-visag'd, red-eyed Fiend out-
stretched †
Beneath the unsteady feet of Nature groans,
In feverish slumbers—destin'd them to wake,
When fiery whirlwinds thunder his dread name
And Angels shout Destruction: How his arm
The last great Spirit lifting high in air
Shall swear by Him, the ever-living One,
Time is no more!
Believe thou, O my soul,
Life is a vision shadowy of Truth;
And vice, and anguish, and the wormy grave,
Shapes of a dream! The veiling clouds retire,

* Rev. chap. iv. v. 2, 8.—And immediately I was in the Spirit: and behold, a Throne was set in Heaven, and one sat on the Throne. And he that sat was to look upon like a jasper and sardine stone, &c.

† The final destruction impersonated.

And lo! the Throne of the redeeming God
Forth flashing unimaginable day
Wraps in one blaze earth, heaven, and deepest
hell.

Contemplant Spirits! ye that hover o'er
With untir'd gaze th' immeasurable fount
Ebullient with creative Deity!
And ye of plastic power, that interfused
Roll thro' the grosser and material mass
In organizing surge! Holies of God!
(And what if Monads of the infinite mind)
I haply journeying my immortal course
Shall sometime join your mystic choir! Till then
I discipline my young noviciate thought
In ministeries of heart-stirring song,
And aye on Meditation's heaven-ward wing
Soaring aloft I breathe th' empyreal air
Of Love, omnific, omnipresent Love,
Whose day-spring rises glorious in my soul
As the great Sun, when he his influence
Sheds on the frost-bound waters—The glad stream
Flows to the ray and warbles as it flows.

SONNET.

The piteous sobs that choak the Virgin's breath
For him, the fair betrothed Youth, who lies
Cold in the narrow dwelling, or the cries
With which a Mother wails her Darling's death,
These from our Nature's common impulse spring
Unblam'd, unprais'd; but o'er the piled earth,
Which hides the sheeted corse of grey-hair'd
Worth,

If droops the soaring Youth with slacken'd wing;
If he recall in saddest ministrelsy
Each tenderness bestow'd, each truth impress'd;
Such Grief is Reason, Virtue, Piety!
And from the Almighty Father shall descend
Comforts on his late Evening, whose young breast
Mourns with no transient love the aged friend.

LINES

TO JOSEPH COTTLE.

My honour'd Friend! whose verse concise yet clear
Tunes to smooth melody unconquer'd sense,
May your fame fadeless live, as "never-sere"
The Ivy wreathes yon Oak, whose broad defence
Embow'rs me from Noon's sultry influence!
For, like that nameless Riv'let stealing by,
Your modest verse to musing Quiet dear
Is rich with tints heav'n-borrow'd: the charm'd eye
Shall gaze undazzled there, and love the soften'd sky.

Circling the base of the Poetic mount
A stream there is, which rolls in lazy flow
Its coal-black waters from Oblivion's fount:
The vapour-poison'd Birds, that fly too low,
Fall with dead swoop, and to the bottom go.
Escap'd that heavy stream on pinion fleet
Beneath the mountain's lofty-frowning brow,

Ere aught of perilous ascent you meet,
A mead of mildest charm delays th' unlab'ring feet.

Not there the cloud-climb'd rock, sublime and vast,
That like some giant king, o'er glooms the hill;
Nor there the Pine-grove to the midnight blast
Makes solemn music! But th' unceasing rill
To the soft Wren or Lark's descending trill
Murmurs sweet undersong 'mid jasmin bowers.
In this same pleasant meadow, at your will,
I ween, you wander'd—there collecting flow'rs
Of sober tint, and herbs of med'cinable powers!

There for the monarch-murder'd Soldier's tomb
You wove th' unfinish'd wreath of saddest hues;
And to that holier chaplet added bloom
Besprinkling it with Jordan's cleansing dews.
But lo! your Henderson awakes the muse——
His Spirit beckon'd from the mountain's height!
You left the plain and soar'd 'mid richer views!
So nature mourn'd when sank the first Day's light,
With stars, unseen before, spangling her robe of night!

Still soar my Friend those richer views among,
Strong, rapid, fervent, flashing Fancy's beam!
Virtue and Truth shall love your gentler song;
But Poesy demands th' impassion'd theme:
Wak'd by Heaven's silent dews at Eve's mild gleam
What balmy sweets Pomona breathes around!
But if the vex'd air rush a stormy stream,
Or Autumn's shrill gust moan in plaintive sound,
With fruits and flowers she loads the tempest-honor'd ground.

AN EFFUSION

ON AN AUTUMNAL EVENING.

Written in early Youth.

O THOU wild Fancy, check thy wing! No more
Those thin white flakes, those purple clouds explore!
Nor there with happy spirits speed thy flight
Bath'd in rich amber-glowing floods of light;
Nor in yon gleam, where slow descends the day,
With western peasants hail the morning ray!
Ah! rather did the perish'd pleasures move,
A shadowy train, across the soul of Love!
O'er Disappointment's wintry desert fling
Each flower, that wreath'd the dewy locks of Spring,
When blushing, like a bride, from Hope's trim bower
She leap'd, awaken'd by the pattering shower.

Now sheds the sinking Sun a deeper gleam,
Aid, lovely Sorceress! aid thy Poet's dream!
With fairy wand O bid the Maid arise,
Chaste Joyance dancing in her bright blue eyes;
As erst when from the Muse's calm abode
I came, with Learning's meed not unbestow'd;
When as she twin'd a laurel round my brow,
And met my kiss, and half return'd my vow,
O'er all my frame shot rapid my thrill'd heart,
And every nerve confess'd the electric dart.

O dear Deceit! I see the Maiden rise,
Chaste Joyance dancing in her bright-blue Eyes!
When first the lark high soaring swells his throat,
Mocks the tir'd eye, and scatters the loud note,

I trace her footsteps on th' accustom'd lawn,
I mark her glancing 'mid the gleams of dawn.
When the bent flower beneath the night-dew
weeps
And on the lake the silver lustre sleeps,
Amid the paly radiance soft and sad,
She meets my lonely path in moon-beams clad.
With her along the streamlet's brink I rove;
With her I list the warblings of the grove;
And seems in each low wind her voice to float
Lone whispering Pity in each soothing note!

Spirits of Love! ye heard her name! Obey
The powerful spell, and to my haunt repair.
Whether on clust'ring pinions ye are there,
Where rich snows blossom on the Myrtle trees,
Or with fond languishment around my fair
Sigh in the loose luxuriance of her hair;
O heed the spell, and hither wing your way,
Like far-off music, voyaging the breeze!
Spirits! to you the infant Maid was given
Form'd by the wond'rous Alchemy of Heaven?

No fairer Maid does Love's wide empire know,
No fairer Maid e'er heav'd the blossom's snow.
A thousand Loves around her forehead fly;
A thousand Loves sit melting in her eye;
Love lights her smile—in Joy's red nectar dips
His myrtle flower, and plants it on her lips.
She speaks! and hark that passion-warbled song—
Still, Fancy! still that voice, those notes prolong,
As sweet as when that voice with rap'rous falls
Shall wake the soften'd echoes of Heaven's Halls!

O (have I sigh'd) were mine the wizard's rod,
Or mine the power of Proteus, changeful God!

A flower-entangled Arbour I would seem
To shield my Love from Noontide's sultry beam:
Or bloom a Myrtle, from whose od'rous boughs
My Love might weave gay garlands for her brows.
When Twilight stole across the fading vale,
To fan my Love I'd be the Evening Gale;
Mourn in the soft folds of her swelling vest,
And flutter my faint pinions on her breast!
On Seraph wing I'd float a Dream by night,
To soothe my Love with shadows of delight:—
Or soar aloft to be the Spangled Skies,
And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes!

As when the Savage, who his drowsy frame
Had bask'd beneath the Sun's unclouded flame,
Awakes amid the troubles of the air,
The skiey deluge, and white lightning's glare—
Aghast he scours before the tempest's sweep,
And sad recalls the sunny hour of sleep:—
So tost by storms along Life's wild'ring way,
Mine eye reverted views that cloudless day,
When by my native brook I wont to rove,
While hope with kisses nurs'd the Infant Love.
Dear native brook! like Peace, so placidly
Smoothing thro' fertile fields thy current meek!
Dear native brook! where first young Poesy
Star'd wildly-eager in her noontide dream,
Where blameless pleasures dimple Quiet's cheek,
As water-lilies ripple thy slow stream!
Dear native haunts! where Virtue still is gay,
Where Friendship's fix'd star sheds a mellow'd ray,
Where Love a crown of thornless Roses wears,
Where soften'd Sorrow smiles within her tears;

And Mem'ry, with a vestal's chaste employ,
Unceasing feeds the lambent flame of joy!
No more your sky-larks melting from the sight
Shall thrill th' attuned heart-string with delight—
No more shall deck your pensive Pleasures sweet
With wreaths of sober hue my evening seat.
Yet dear to Fancy's eye yon varied scene
Of wood, hill, dale, and sparkling brook between!
Yet sweet to Fancy's ear the warbled song,
That soars on Morning's wing your vales among.

Scenes of my Hope! the aching eye ye leave
Like yon bright hues that paint the clouds of eve!
Tearful and sad'ning with the sadden'd blaze
Mine eye the gleam pursues with wistful gaze:
Sees shades on shades with deeper tint impend,
Till chill and damp the moonless night descend.

IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

O Peace, that on a lilied bank dost love
To rest thine head beneath an olive tree,
I would, that from the pinions of thy dove
One quill withouten pain yplucked might be!
For O! I wish my Sara's frowns to flee,
And fain to her some soothing song would write,
Lest she resent my rude discourtesy,
Who vow'd to meet her ere the morning light,
But broke my plighted word—ah! false and
recreant wight!
Last night as I my weary head did pillow
With thoughts of my dissevered Fair engross'd
Chill Fancy droop'd wreathing herself with
willow,

As tho' my breast entomb'd a pining ghost.
" From some blest couch, young Rapture's bridal
boast,
Rejected Slumber! hither wing thy way;
But leave me with the matin hour, at most!
As night-clos'd flowret to the orient ray,
My sad heart will expand, when I the Maid
survey."

But Love, who "heard the silence of my
thought,"
Contriv'd a too successful wile, I ween:
And whisper'd to himself, with malice fraught—
"Too long our Slave the Damsel's smiles hath
seen:
To-morrow shall he ken her alter'd mien!"
He spake, and ambush'd lay, till on my bed
The Morning shot her dewy glances keen,
When as I 'gan uplift my drowsy head—
"Now, Bard! I'll work thee woe!" the laugh-
ing Elfin said.
Sleep, softly-breathing God! his downy wing
Was flutt'ring now, as quickly to depart;
When twang'd an arrow from Love's mystic
string,
With pathless wound it pierc'd him to the heart.
Was there some magic in the Elfin's dart?
Or did he strike my couch with wizard lance?
For straight so fair a Form did upwards start
(No fairer deck'd the bowers of old Romance)
That Sleep enamour'd grew, nor mov'd from his
sweet trance!

My Sara came, with gentlest look divine;
Bright shone her eye, yet tender was its beam:

I felt the pressure of her lip to mine!
Whisp'ring we went, and Love was all our theme—
Love pure and spotless, as at first, I deem,
He sprang from Heaven! Such joys with Sleep did 'bide,
That I the living image of my dream
Fondly forgot. Too late I woke, and sigh'd—
"O! how shall I behold my Love at even-tide!"

THE COMPOSITION OF A KISS.

CUPID, if storying Legends tell aright,
Once fram'd a rich elixir of delight.
A chalice o'er love-kindled flames he fix'd,
And in it nectar and ambrosia mix'd:
With these the magic dews, which Evening brings,
Brush'd from the Idalian star by fairy wings:
Each tender pledge of sacred Faith he join'd,
Each gentler pleasure of the unspotted mind—
Day-dreams, whose tints with sportive brightness glow,
And Hope, the blameless parasite of Woe.
The eyeless Chemist heard the process rise,
The steamy chalice bubbled up in sighs;
Sweet sounds transpir'd, as when the enamour'd dove
Pours the soft murm'ring of responsive love.
The finish'd work might Envy vainly blame,
And "Kisses" was the precious compound's name.
With half the God his Cyprian mother blest,
And breath'd on Sara's lovelier lips the rest.

TO AN INFANT.

Ah, cease thy tears and sobs, my little Life!
I did but snatch away the unclasp'd knife:
Some safer toy will soon arrest thine eye,
And to quick laughter change this peevish cry!
Poor stumbler on the rocky coast of woe,
Tutor'd by pain each source of pain to know!
Alike the foodful fruit and scorching fire
Or rouse thy screams or wake thy young desire;
Yet art thou wise, for 'mid thy brief alarms
Thou closely clingest to thy Mother's arms,
Nestling thy little face in that fond breast
Whose anxious heavings lull thee to thy rest!
Man's breathing miniature! thou mak'st me sigh—
A Babe art thou—and such a thing am I!
To anger rapid, and as soon appeas'd,
For trifles mourning and by trifles pleas'd,
Break friendship's mirror with a fretful blow,
Yet snatch what coals of fire on Pleasure's altar glow!

O thou that rearest with celestial aim
The future Seraph in my mortal frame,
Thrice holy Faith! whatever thorns I meet
As on I totter with unpractis'd feet,
Still let me stretch my arms and cling to thee,
Meek nurse of souls thro' their long infancy!

ON THE CHRISTENING OF A FRIEND'S CHILD

This day among the faithful plac'd
And fed with fontal manna;
O with maternal title grac'd
Dear Anna's dearest Anna!

While others wish thee wise and fair,
A maid of spotless fame,
I'll breathe this more compendious prayer—
May'st thou deserve thy name!

Thy Mother's name, a potent spell,
That bids the Virtues hie
From mystic grove and living cell,
Confess'd to Fancy's eye;

Meek Quietness without offence;
Content in homespun kirtle;
True Love; and True Love's Innocence,
White blossom of the myrtle!

Associates of thy name, sweet Child!
These Virtues mayst thou win;
With face as eloquently mild
To say, they lodge within.

So, when her tale of days all flown,
Thy Mother shall be miss'd here;
When Heaven at length shall claim its own,
And angels snatch their sister;

Some hoary-headed friend, perchance,
May gaze with stifled breath;
And oft, in momentary trance,
Forget the waste of death.

Ev'n thus a lovely rose I view'd
In summer-swelling pride;
Nor mark'd the bud, that green and rude,
Peep'd at the rose's side.

It chanc'd, I pass'd again that way
In Autumn's latest hour,
And wond'ring saw the self-same spray
Rich with the self-same flower.—

Ah, fond deceit! the rude green bud
Alike in shape, place, name,
Had bloom'd, where bloom'd its parent stud,
Another and the same!

THE NIGHTINGALE.

WRITTEN IN APRIL, 1798.

No cloud, no relique of the sunken day
Distinguishes the west, no long thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge!
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring; it flows silently
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
A balmy night! and though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark! the nightingale begins its song,
"Most musical, most melancholy"* bird!
A melancholy bird! O idle thought!
In nature there is nothing melancholy.
—But some night-wand'ring man, whose heart
was pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
(And so, poor wretch! filled all things with
himself,

* This passage in Milton possesses an excellence far superior to that of mere description: it is spoken in the character of the melancholy man, and has therefore a dramatic propriety. The author makes this remark, to rescue himself from the charge of having alluded with levity to a line in Milton.

And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrows) he and such as he
First named these notes a melancholy strain:
And many a poet echoes the conceit;
Poet, who hath been building up the rhyme
When he had better far have stretched his limbs
Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,
By sun or moon-light, to the influxes
Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements
Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
And of his fame forgetful! so his fame
Should share in nature's immortality,
A venerable thing! and so his song
Should make all nature lovlier, and itself
Be loved, like nature!—But 'twill not be so;
And youths and maidens most poetical,
Who lose the deep'ning twilights of the spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still
Full of meek sympathy must heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.
My friend, and my friend's sister! we have learnt
A different lore: we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices always full of love
And joyance! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates,
With fast thick warble, his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music! and I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not: and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,

Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many Nightingales: and far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's songs—
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical, and swift jug jug,
And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
Stirring the air with such a harmony,
That, should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day.

A most gentle maid,
Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
(Even like a lady vowed and dedicate
To something more than nature in the grove)
Glides through the pathways; she knows all their notes,
That gentle maid! and oft, a moment's space,
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence: till the moon
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and those wakeful birds
Have all burst forth with choral minstrelsy,
As if one quick and sudden gale had swept
A hundred airy harps! And she hath watched
Many a Nightingale perch giddily
On blos'my twig still swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song,
Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head.

Farewell, O warbler! till to-morrow eve,
And you, my friends! farewell, a short farewell!

We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
And now for our dear homes.—That strain again!
Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen! and I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate. He knows well
The evening star: and once when he awoke
In most distressful mood (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream)
I hurried with him to our orchard plot,
And he beholds the moon, and hushed at once
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes that swam with undropt tears
Did glitter in the yellow moon-beam! Well—
It is a father's tale. But if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy! Once more farewell,
Sweet Nightingale! once more, my friends! farewell.

LOVE.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She lean'd against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight:
She stood and listened to my harp
Amid the ling'ring light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs, that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song that fitted well
The ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight, that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her, how he pin'd: and, ah!
The low, the deep, the pleading tone,
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
Which crazed this bold and lovely knight.
And that he crossed the mountain woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once,
In green and sunny glade,

There came, and looked him in the face,
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew, it was a fiend,
This miserable Knight!

And how, unknowing what he did,
He leap'd amid a murd'rous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land;

And how she wept and clasped his knees,
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn, that crazed his brain:

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay;

His dying words—But when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My falt'ring voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve,
The music, and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng!
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and maiden shame:
And, like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside;
As conscious of my look, she stepped—
Then suddenly with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace:
And bending back her head looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears; and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride!

THE ANCIENT MARINER

PART I.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three:
"By thy long grey beard and thy glittering eye
Now wherefore stoppest me?

The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set,—
May'st hear the merry din."

But still he holds the wedding-guest—
"There was a ship," quoth he—
"Nay, if thou'st got a laughsome tale,
Mariner! come with me."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
Quoth he, "There was a ship"—
"Now get thee hence, thou grey-beard loon!
Or my staff shall make thee skip."

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still
And listens like a three years' child;
The Mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sate on a stone,
He cannot choose but hear:
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared—
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he:
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon"—
The wedding guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her go
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear:
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner:

"But now the north wind came more fierce,
There came a tempest strong!
And southward still for days and weeks
Like chaff we drove along.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice mast-high came floating by
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled
A wild and ceaselss sound.

At length did cross an albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

The Mariners gave it biscuit-worms,
And round and round it flew:
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through.

And a good south wind sprung up behind,
The albatross did follow;
And every day for food or play
Came to the Mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud on mast or shroud
It perched for vespers nine,
Whiles all the night through fog-smoke white
Glimmer'd the white moon-shine."

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—"With my cross bow
I shot the albatross."

PART II.

"The sun now rose upon the right,
Out of the sea came he;
Still hid in mist; and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the Mariner's hollo!

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.

Nor dim nor red, like an angel's head,
The glorious sun uprist;
Then all averred, I had kill'd the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay
That bring the fog and mist.

The breezes blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free:
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropp'd the breeze, the sails dropp'd down.
'Twas sad as sad could be,
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea.

All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deeps did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so:
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue through utter drouth
Was wither'd at the root;
We could not speak no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross the albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III.

"So pass'd a weary time; each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye,
When, looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist:
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it ner'd and ner'd;
And as if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throat unslaked, with black lips baked
We could nor laugh nor wail,
Through utter drouth all dumb we stood
Till I bit my arm and sucked the blood,
And cried, 'a sail! a sail!

With throat unslaked, with black lips baked
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in
As they were drinking all.

'See! see!' I cried, 'she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal
Without a breeze, without a tide
She steddies with upright keel:'

The western wave was all a flame,
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

And straight the sun was flecked with bars
(Heaven's mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she neres and neres!
Are those *her* sails that glance in the sun
Like restless gossameres?

Are those *her* ribs, through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And are those two all, all her crew,
That woman, and her mate?

His bones were black with many a crack,
All black and bare, I ween;
Jet-black and bare, save where with rust
Of mouldy damps and charnel crust
They were patched with purple and green.

Her lips were red, *her* looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
And she was far liker Death than he;
Her flesh made the still air cold.

The naked hulk alongside came
And the twain were playing dice;
'The game is done! I've won, I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistled thrice.

A gust of wind sterte up behind
And whistled through his bones;
Thro' the hole of his eyes and the hole of his mouth
Half-whistles and half-groans.

With never a whisper in the sea
Off darts the spectre-ship;
While clombe above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Almost between the tips.

One after one by the horned moon
(Listen, O stranger! to me)
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang
And cursed me with his ee.

Four times fifty living men,
With never a sigh or groan,
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump
They dropped down one by one.

Their souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe;
And every soul it passed me by,
Like the whiz of my cross-bow."

PART IV.

"I fear thee, ancient mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand;
And thou art long and lank and brown
As is the ribbed sea-sand,

I fear thee and thy glittering eye
And thy skinny hand so brown"—
" Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest!
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all all alone,
Alone on the wide wide sea;
And Christ would take no pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men so beautiful,
And they all dead did lie!
And a million million slimy things
Lived on—and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the ghastly deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to Heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids and kept them close,
Till the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they;
The look with which they looked on me,
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
A spirit from on high
But O! more horrible than that

Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving moon went up the sky
And no where did abide:
Softly she was going up
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemocked the sultry main
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white;
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gusht from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware!
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea."

PART V.

"O sleep, it is a gentle thing
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary-queen the praise be given,
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew,
And when I awoke it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved and could not feel my limbs,
I was so light, almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind,
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life,
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about;
And to and fro, and in and out
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud;
And the sails did sigh like sedge:
And the rain poured down from one black cloud,
The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes:
It had been strange, even in a dream
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do:
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me."

"I fear thee, ancient mariner!"
"Be calm, thou wedding-guest!
'Twas not those souls, that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast:
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun:
Slowly the sounds came back again
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute:
And now it is an angel's song
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased: yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we silently sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep
From the land of mist and snow
The spirit slid, and it was He
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The sun right up above the mast
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir

With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a short uneasy motion.

Then, like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound;
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell into a swound.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey dew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'"

PART VI.

First Voice.

"'But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?'

Second Voice.

'Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast:
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—
If he may know which way to go,
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.'

First Voice.

'But why drives on that ship so fast
Without a wave or wind?'

Second Voice.

'The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.
Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high,
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trace is abated.'

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter;
All fixed on me their stony eyes
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away;
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapp'd : once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And look'd far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round, walks on
And turns no more his head ;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made :
Its path was not upon the sea
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too :
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

O dream of joy ! is this indeed
The light-house top I see ?
Is this the hill ? Is this the kirk ?
Is this mine own countrée ?

We drifted o'er the Harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
'O let me be awake, my God !
Or let me sleep alway.'

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less
That stands above the rock
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
O Christ! what saw I there?

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat;
And by the holy rood
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand;
It was a heavenly sight:
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but O! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilot's cheer:
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot, and the pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice;
It is the hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The albatross's blood."

PART VII.

"This hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with Mariners
That come from a far countrée.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak stump.

The skiff-boat ner'd; I heard them talk,
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair
That signal made but now?'

'Strange, by my faith!' The hermit said—
'And they answered not our cheer.
The planks look warped, and see those sails
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them
Unless perchance it were

The skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest brook along:
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord! it has a fiendish look—
(The pilot made reply)
I am a-feared.'—'Push on, push on!'
Said the hermit cheerily,

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred:
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat:
But, swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round,
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips: the pilot shrieked,
And fell down in a fit,
The holy hermit raised his eyes
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars; the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro,
'Ha! ha!' quoth he—'full plain I see,
The devil knows how to row."

And now all in my own countrée
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat
And scarcely he could stand.

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'
The hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say
What manner of man art thou?'

Forthwith this frame of mind was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale,
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
The moment that his face I see
I know the man that must hear me;
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there;
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are;
And hark the little vesper-bell
Which biddeth me to prayer.

O, wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me
To walk together to the Kirk
With a goodly company:—

To walk together to the Kirk
And altogether pray,
While each to his Great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths, and maidens gay.

Farewell, farewell! But this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small:
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the wedding-guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went, like one that hath been stunned
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

THE FOSTER-MOTHER'S TALE.

A NARRATION IN DRAMATIC BLANK VERSE.

But that entrance, Mother?

Foster-Mother.

Can no one hear? It is a perilous tale.

Maria.

No one.

Foster-mother.

My husband's father told it me,
Poor old Leoni!—Angels rest his soul!
He was a woodman, and could fell and saw
With lusty arm. You know that huge round beam
Which props the hanging wall of the old chapel:
Beneath that tree, while yet it was a tree,
He found a baby wrapt in mosses lined
With thistle-beards, and such small locks of wool
As hang on brambles. Well, he brought him home
And reared him at the then Lord Velez' cost,
A pretty boy, but most unteachable—
And so the babe grew up a pretty boy,
And never learnt a prayer nor told a bead,
But knew the names of birds, and mocked their notes,
And whistled, as he were a bird himself:
And all the Autumn 'twas his only play
To gather seeds of wild flowers, and to plant them,
With earth and water, on the stumps of trees.
A friar, who sought for simples in the wood,

A gray-haired man—he loved this little boy,
The boy loved him—and, when the friar taught him,
He soon could write with the pen; and from that time
Lived chiefly at the convent or the castle.
So he became a very learned youth.
But, Oh! poor wretch—he read, and read, and read,
Till his brain turned—and ere his twentieth year
He had unlawful thoughts of many things:
And though he prayed, he never loved to pray
With holy men, nor in a holy place—
But yet his speech, it was so soft and sweet,
The late Lord Velez ne'er was wearied with him.
And once, as by the north side of the chapel
They stood together, chained in deep discourse,
The earth heaved under them with such a groan,
That the wall tottered, and had well-nigh fallen
Right on their heads. My lord was sorely frightened;
A fever seized him, and he made confession
Of all the heretical and lawless talk
Which brought this judgment: so the youth was seized
And cast into that cell. My husband's father
Sobbed like a child—it almost broke his heart:
And once as he was working near the cell
He heard a voice distinctly; 'twas the youth's
Who sang a doleful song about green fields,
How sweet it were on lake or wild savannah,
To hunt for food, and be a naked man,
And wander up and down at liberty.

Leoni doted on the youth, and now
His love grew desperate; and defying death,
He made that cunning entrance I described,
And the young man escaped.

Maria.

'Tis a sweet tale:
And what became of him?

Foster Mother.

He went on ship-board,
With those bold voyagers who made discovery
Of golden lands. Leoni's younger brother
Went likewise; and when he returned to Spain,
He told Leoni, that the poor mad youth,
Soon after they arrived in that new world,
In spite of his dissuasion, seized a boat,
And, all alone, set sail by silent moonlight
Up a great river, great as any sea,
And ne'er was heard of more: but 'tis supposed
He lived and died among the savage men.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND, IN ANSWER TO A MELANCHOLY LETTER.

Away, those cloudy looks, that lab'ring sigh,
The peevish offspring of a sickly hour!
Nor meanly thus complain of Fortune's pow'r,
When the blind gamester throws a luckless die.

Yon setting sun flashes a mournful gleam
Behind those broken clouds, his stormy train;
To-morrow shall the many colour'd main
In brightness roll beneath his orient beam!

Wild, as th' Autumnal gust, the hand of Time
  Flies o'er his mystic lyre: in shadowy dance
  Th' alternate groups of joy and grief advance
Responsive to his varying strains sublime!

Bears on its wing each hour a load of fate,
  The swain, who, lull'd by Seine's mild mur-
    murs, led
  His weary oxen to their nightly shed,
To-day may rule a tempest-troubled state.

Nor shall not Fortune, with a vengeful smile,
  Survey the sanguinary despot's might,
  And haply hurl the pageant from his height,
Unwept, to wander in some savage isle.

There shiv'ring sad, beneath the tempest's frown,
  Round his tir'd limbs to wrap the purple vest;
  And mix'd with nails and beads, and equal jest!
Barter for food, the jewels of his crown.

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER A WALK BEFORE SUPPER.

Tho' much averse, dear Jack, to flicker,
To find a likeness for friend V——ker,
I've made, thro' earth, and air, and sea,
A voyage of discovery!
And let me add (to ward off strife)
For V——kers, and for V——ker's wife—
She large and round, beyond belief,
A superfluity of beef!
Her mind and body of a piece,
And both compos'd of kitchen-grease.

In short, dame Truth might safely dub her
Vulgarity enshrin'd in blubber!
He, meagre bit of littleness,
All snuff, and musk, and politesse;
So thin, that strip him of his clothing,
He'd totter on the edge of *nothing!*
In case of foe, he well might hide
Snug in the collops of her side.
Ah then what simile will suit?
Spindle leg in great jack-boot?
Pismire crawling in a rut,
Or a spigot in a butt?
Thus I humm'd and ha'd awhile
When Madam Memory, with a smile
Thus touch'd my ear—" Why sure, I ween
In London streets thou oft hast seen
The very image of this pair:
A little ape, with huge she bear
Link'd by hapless chain together:
An unlick'd mass the one—the other
An antic huge with nimble crupper"—
But stop, my Muse! for here comes supper.

COMPLAINT OF NINATHOMA.

How long will ye round me be swelling,
O ye blue tumbling waves of the sea?
Not always in canes was my dwelling,
Nor beneath the cold blast of the tree.
Thro' the high-sounding halls of Cathloma
In the steps of my beauty I stray'd;
The warriors beheld Ninathoma,
And they bless'd the white-bosom'd maid!

A ghost! by my cavern it darted!
In moon-beams the spirit was drest—
For lonely appear the departed
When they visit the dreams of my rest!
But disturb'd by the tempest's commotion,
Fleet the shadowy forms of delight—
Ah cease, thou shrill blast of the ocean,
To howl thro' my cavern by night.

ON A

CONNUBIAL RUPTURE IN HIGH LIFE, 1796.

I SIGH, fair injur'd stranger! for thy fate;
But what shall sighs avail thee? Thy poor heart,
'Mid all the "pomp and circumstance" of state,
Shivers in nakedness. Unbidden, start
Sad recollections of hope's gairish dream,
That shaped a seraph form, and nam'd it Love;
Its hues gay-varying, as the orient beam
Varies the neck of Cytherea's dove.
To one soft accent of domestic joy,
Poor are the shouts that shake the high-arch'd dome:
Those plaudits, that thy *public* path annoy,
Alas! they tell thee—Thou'rt a wretch *at home!*
O then retire, and weep! *Their very woes*
Solace the guiltless. Drop the pearly flood
On thy sweet infant, as the full-blown rose,
Surcharg'd with dew, bends o'er its neigh'bring bud.

And ah! that Truth some holy spell might lend,
To lure thy wanderer from the syren's power;
Then bid your souls inseparably blend,
Like two bright dew-drops meeting in a flower.

ABSENCE.

A FAREWELL ODE.

WHERE grac'd with many a classic spoil
Cam rolls his reverend stream along,
I haste to urge the learned toil
That sternly chides my love-lorn song.
Ah me! too mindful of the days
Illum'd by Passion's orient rays,
When peace with cheerfulness, and health
Enrich'd me with the best of wealth.

Ah, fair delights! that o'er my soul
On Mem'ry's wing, like shadows, fly!
Ah, flowers! which Joy from Eden stole,
While Innocence stood smiling by!—
But cease, fond heart! this bootless moan,
Those hours, on rapid pinions flown,
Shall yet return, by Absence crown'd,
And scatter livelier roses round.

The Sun, who ne'er remits his fires,
On heedless eyes may pour the day:
The Moon, that oft from heav'n retires,
Endears her renovated ray.
What tho' she leave the sky unblest
To mourn awhile in murky west?
When she relumes her lovely light,
We bless the wanderer of the night.

SONNET.

Pensive, at eve, on the hard world I mus'd,
And my poor heart was sad: so at the moon
I gaz'd—and sigh'd, and sigh'd—for, ah! how soon
Eve darkens into night. Mine eye perus'd,
With tearful vacancy, the dampy grass,
Which wept and glitter'd in the paly ray,
And I did pause me on my lonely way,
And mus'd me on those wretched ones, who pass
O'er the black heath of Sorrow. But, alas!
Most of myself I thought: when it befell,
That the sooth Spirit of the breezy wood
Breath'd in mine ear—"All this is very well;
But much of *one* thing is for *no* thing good."
Ah! my poor heart's inexplicable swell!

TO SIMPLICITY.

O! I do love thee, meek Simplicity!
For of thy lays the lulling simpleness
Goes to my heart, and soothes each small distress—
Distress tho' small, yet haply great to me!
'Tis true, on Lady Fortune's gentlest pad
I amble on; yet tho' I know not why,
So sad I am! but should a friend and I
Grow cool and miff, O! I am very sad!
And then with sonnets and with sympathy
My dreamy bosom's mystic woes I pall;
Now of my false friend plaining plaintively,
Now raving at mankind in general:
But whether sad or fierce, 'tis simple all,
All very simple, meek Simplicity.

ON A RUINED HOUSE

IN A ROMANTIC COUNTRY.

And this reft house is that the which he built,
Lamented Jack! And here his malt he pil'd,
Cautious in vain! There rats that squeak so wild,
Squeak, not unconcious of their father's guilt.
Did ye not see her gleaming thro' the glade?
Belike, 'twas she, the maiden all forlorn.
What tho' she milk no cow with crumpled horn,
Yet, aye she haunts the dale where erst she stray'd:
And, aye, beside her, stalks her amorous knight!
Still on his thighs their wonted brogues are worn,
And thro' those brogues, still tatter'd and betorn,
His inward charms gleam an unearthly white;
As when thro' broken clouds at night's high noon
Peeps, in fair fragments, the full-orb'd harvest moon.

TO MERCY.

Not always should the tear's ambrosial dew
Roll its soft anguish down thy furrow'd cheek!
Not always heav'n breathed tones of suppliance meek,
Beseem thee, Mercy. Yon dark scowler view,
Who with proud words, of dear-lov'd freedom came
More blasting than the mildew from the South,
And kiss'd his country with Iscariot mouth—
(Ah! foul apostate from his father's fame!)
Then fix'd her on the cross of deep distress,

And at safe distance marks the thirsty lance
Pierce her big side! But, oh! if some strange
trance
The eye-lids of thy stern-brow'd sister press,
Seize, Mercy, tho' more terrible the brand,
And hurl her thunderbolts with fiercer hand.

TO KOSKIUSKO.

O WHAT a loud and fearful shriek was there;
As tho' a thousand souls one death-groan pour'd.
Ah me! they viewed beneath an hireling's sword
Fall'n Koskiusko! Thro' the burden'd air,
(As pauses the tir'd Copac's barb'rous yell
Of triumph) on the chill and midnight gale
Rises with frantic burst or sadder swell
The dirge of murder'd Hope—while Freedom
pale,
Bends in such anguish o'er her destin'd bier,
As if from eldest time some spirit meek
Had gather'd in a mystic urn each tear,
That ever furrow'd a sad patriot's cheek:
And she had drained the sorrows of the bowl,
Ev'n till she reel'd, intoxicate of soul.

TO BURKE.

As late I lay in Slumber's shadowy vale,
With wetted cheek and in a mourner's guise,
I saw the sainted form of Freedom rise:
She spake! not sadder moans the Autumnal gale.
"Great son of Genius! sweet to me thy name,
Ere in an evil hour with alter'd voice
Thou bad'st Oppression's hireling crew rejoice,
Blasting with wizard spell my laurell'd fame.

Yet never, Burke! thou drank'st Corruption's
bowl!
The stormy pity and the cherished lure
Of pomp and proud precipitance of soul,
Wilder'd with meteor fires. Ah, spirit pure!
That error's mist had left thy purged eye:
So might I clasp thee with a mother's joy."

TO SHERIDAN.

It was some spirit, Sheridan, that breath'd
O'er thy young mind such wildly-various power;
My soul hath mark'd thee in her shaping hour,
Thy temples with Hymmettian flow'rets wreath'd;
And sweet thy voice, as when o'er Laura's bier
Sad music trembled thro' Vauclusa's glade;
Sweet as at dawn the love-lorn serenade
That wafts soft dreams to Slumber's list'ning ear.
Now patriot rage and indignation high
Swell the full tones! And now thine eye-beams
dance
Meanings of scorn and wit's quaint revelry.
Writhes inly from the bosom-probing glance
Th' apostate by the brainless rout ador'd,
As erst that elder fiend beneath great Michael's
sword.

TO PRIESTLEY.

Tho rous'd by that dark Vizir Riot rude,
Have driven our Priestley o'er the ocean swell;
Tho' Superstition and her wolfish brood
Bay his mild radiance, impotent and fell;

Calm in his halls of brightness he shall dwell;
For lo! Religion, at his strong behest,
Starts with mild anger from the Papal spell,
And flings to earth her tinsel-glitt'ring vest,
Her mitred state and cumbrous pomp unholy;
And Justice wakes to bid the oppressor wail,
Insulting aye the wrongs of patient Folly;
And from her dark retreat by wisdom won,
Meek Nature slowly lifts her matron veil
To smile with fondness on her gazing son!

TO EARL STANHOPE.

Not Stanhope! with a patriot's doubtful name
I mark thy worth—friend of the human race!
Since scorning faction's low and partial aim
Aloof thou wendest in thy stately pace,
Thy self redeeming from that leprous stain,
Nobility; and, aye, unterrified
Pourest thine Abdiel warnings on the train
That sit complotting with rebellious pride,
'Gainst her,* who from the Almighty's bosom leap'd
With whirlwind arm, fierce minister of love!
Wherefore, ere virtue o'er thy tomb hath wept,
Angels shall lead thee to the throne above:
And thou from forth its clouds shall hear the voice,
"Champion of Freedom and her god! rejoice!"

TO ERSKINE.

When British Freedom, for a happier land,
Spread her broad wings, that flutter'd with affright,

* Gallic Liberty.

Erskine! thy voice she heard, and paused her
flight
Sublime of hope! For dreadless thou didst stand
(Thy censer glowing with the hallow'd flame)
A hireless priest before th' insulted shrine,
And at her altar pour the stream divine
Of unmatch'd eloquence. Therefore thy name
Her sons shall venerate, and cheer thy breast
With blessings heaven-ward breath'd. And when
the doom
Of Nature bids thee die, beyond the tomb
Thy light shall shine; as sunk beneath the west,
Tho' the great Summer Sun eludes our gaze
Still burns wide heaven with his distended blaze.

A COUPLET,

WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF POEMS PRESENTED BY

MR. COLERIDGE TO DR. A.

A HIGHLY RESPECTED FRIEND, THE LOSS OF WHOSE SOCIETY HE DEEPLY REGRETTED.

To meet, to know, to love—and then to part,
Is the sad tale of many a human heart.

THE PICCOLOMINI;

OR, THE

FIRST PART OF WALLENSTEIN;

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

AND THE

DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

PREFACE OF THE TRANSLATOR.

It was my intention to have prefixed a Life of Wallenstein to this translation; but I found that it must either have occupied a space wholly disproportionate to the nature of the publication, or have been merely a meagre catalogue of events narrated not more fully than they already are in the Play itself. The recent translation, likewise, of Schiller's "History of the Thirty Years' War" diminished the motives thereto. In the translation I endeavoured to render my Author *literally* wherever I was not prevented by absolute differences of idiom; but I am conscious, that in two or three short passages I have been guilty of dilating the original; and, from anxiety to give the full meaning, have weakened the force. In the metre I have availed myself of no other liberties than those which Schiller had permitted to himself, except the occasional breaking-up of the line by the substitution of a trochee for an iambic; of which liberty, so frequent in *our* tragedies, I find no instance in these dramas.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in the thirty years' war.

Octavio Piccolomini, Lieutenant General.

Max. Piccolomini, his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.

Count Tertsky, the Commander of several regiments, and Brother-in-law of Wallenstein.

Illo, Field Marshal, Wallenstein's Confidant.

Isolani, General of the Croats.

Butler, an Irishman, Commander of a regiment of Dragoons

Tiefenbach,
Don Maradas,
Goetz,
Kolatto,
} Generals under Wallenstein.

Neumann, Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-camp to Tertsky.

Von Questenberg, the War Commissioner, Imperial Envoy.

General Wrangel, Swedish Envoy.

Baptisia Seni, Astrologer.

Duchess of Friedland, Wife of Wallenstein.

Thekla, her daughter, Princess of Friedland.

The Countess Tertsky, sister of the Duchess.

A Cornet.

Colonels and *Generals* (several).

Pages and *Attendants* belonging to Wallenstein.

Attendants and *Hoboists* belonging to Tertsky.

Master of the Cellar to Count Tertsky.

Valet de Chambre of Count Piccolomini.

THE PICCOLOMINI, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An old gothic chamber in the Council house at Pilsen, decorated with colours and other war insignia.

ILLO, WITH BUTLER AND ISOLANI.

Illo. Ye have come late—but ye are come! The distance,
Count Isolan, excuses your delay.
Iso. Add this too, that we come not empty handed.
At Donauwert* it was reported to us,
A Swedish caravan was on its way,
Transporting a rich cargo of provision,
Almost six hundred waggons. This my Croats
Plunged down upon and seized, this weighty prize!——
We bring it hither——
Illo. Just in time to banquet
The illustrious company assembled here.
But. 'Tis all alive! a stirring scene here!
Iso. Ay!
The very churches are full of soldiers.
(Casts his eye round.)
And in the Council-house too, I observe,

* A town about twelve German miles N.E. of Ulm.

You're settled, quite at home! Well, well! we soldiers
Must shift and suit us in what way we can.

Illo. We have the Colonels here of thirty regiments.
You'll find Count Tertsky here, and Tiefenbach,
Kolatto, Goetz, Maradas, Hinnersam,
The Piccolomini, both son and father——
You'll meet with many an unexpected greeting
From many an old friend and acquaintance. Only
Galas is wanting still, and Altringer.

But. Expect not Galas.

Illo. (*hesitating.*) How so? Do you know——

Iso. (*interrupting him.*)
Max. Piccolomini here?—O bring me to him.
I see him yet, ('tis now ten years ago,
We were engaged with Mansfeld hard by Dessau)
I see the youth, in my mind's eye I see him,
Leap his black war-horse from the bridge adown,
And t'ward his father, then in extreme peril,
Beat up against the strong tide of the Elbe.
The down was scarce upon his chin! I hear
He has made good the promise of his youth,
And the full hero now is finish'd in him.

Illo. You'll see him yet ere evening. He conducts
The Duchess Friedland hither, and the Princess
From Carnthen. We expect them here at noon.

But. Both wife and daughter does the Duke call hither?
He crowds in visitants from all sides.

Iso. Hm!
So much the better! I had fram'd my mind
To hear of naught but warlike circumstance,

Of marches, and attacks, and batteries:
And lo! the Duke provides, that something too
Of gentler sort, and lovely, should be present
To feast our eyes.

Illo. (*who has been standing in the attitude of meditation, to Butler whom he leads a little on one side.*)
And how came you to know
That the Count Galas joins us not?

But. Because
He importun'd me to remain behind.

Illo. (*with warmth*) And you?—You hold out firmly? (*Grasping his hand with affection.*)
Noble Butler!

But. After the obligation which the Duke
Had lay'd so newly on me——

Illo. I had forgotten
A pleasant duty—Major General,
I wish you joy!

Iso. What, you mean, of his regiment?
I hear, too, that, to make the gift still sweeter,
The Duke has given him the very same
In which he first saw service, and since then,
Work'd himself, step by step, thro' each preferment,
From the ranks upwards. And verily, it gives
A precedent of hope, a spur of action
To the whole corps, if once in their remembrance
An old deserving soldier makes his way.

But. I am perplexed and doubtful, whether or no
I dare accept this your congratulation.
The Emperor has not yet confirm'd th' appointment.

Iso. Seize it, friend! Seize it! The hand which in that post
Plac'd you, is strong enough to keep you there,
Spite of the Emperor and his Ministers!
Illo. Ay, if we would but so consider it!—
If we would *all* of us consider it so!
The Emperor gives us nothing; from the Duke
Comes all—whate'er we hope, whate'er we have.
Iso. (*to Illo*) My noble brother! did I tell you how
The Duke will satisfy my creditors?
Will be himself my banker for the future,
Make me once more a creditable man!——
And this is now the third time, think of that!
This kingly-minded man has rescued me
From absolute ruin, and restor'd my honour.
Illo. O that his power but kept pace with his wishes!
Why, friend! he'd give the whole world to his soldiers.
But at Vienna, brother!—here's the grievance!
What politic schemes do they not lay to shorten
His arm, and, where they can, to clip his pinions.
Then these new dainty requisitions! these,
Which this same Questenberg brings hither!——
But. Ay,
These requisitions of the Emperor——
I too have heard about them; but I hope
The Duke will not draw back a single inch!
Illo. Not from his right most surely, unless first
—From office!
But. (*shocked and confused*) Know you aught then?
You alarm me.

Iso. (*at the same time with Butler, and in a hurrying voice.*) We should be ruin'd, every one of us!

Illo. No more!
Yonder I see our worthy friend approaching
With the Lieutenant-General, Piccolomini.

But. (*shaking his head significantly.*) I fear we shall not go hence as we came.

SCENE II.

ENTER OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI AND QUESTENBERG.

Oct. (*still in the distance.*) Ay, ay! more still! still more new visitors!
Acknowledge, friend! that never was a camp,
Which held at once so many heads of heroes.
(*Approaching nearer.*)
Welcome, Count Isolani!

Iso. My noble brother,
Even now am I arriv'd; it had been else my duty—

Oct. And Colonel Butler—trust me, I rejoice
Thus to renew acquaintance with a man
Whose worth and services I know and honour.
See, see, my friend!
There might we place at once before our eyes
The sum of war's whole trade and mystery—
(*To Questenberg, presenting Butler and Isolani at the same time to him.*)
These two the total sum—Strength and Dispatch.

Ques. (*to Octavio.*) And lo! betwixt them both experienc'd Prudence!

Oct. (*presenting Questenberg to Butler and Isolani.*)
The Chamberlain and War-commissioner Questenberg,
The bearer of the Emperor's behests,
The long-tried friend and patron of all soldiers,
We honour in this noble visitor.
(*Universal silence.*)
Illo. (*moving towards Questenberg.*) 'Tis not the first time, noble Minister,
You have shown our camp this honour.
Ques. Once before
I stood before these colours.
Illo. Perchance, too, you remember *where* that was.
It was at Znäim* in Moravia, where
You did present yourself upon the part
Of th' Emperor, to supplicate our Duke
That he would straight assume the chief command.
Ques. To *supplicate*? Nay, noble General!
So far extended neither my commission
(At least to my own knowledge) nor my zeal.
Illo. Well, well, then—to *compel* him, if you choose,
I can remember me right well, Count Tilly
Had suffered total rout upon the Lech.
Bavaria lay all open to the enemy,
Whom there was nothing to delay from pressing
Onwards into the very heart of Austria.
At that time you and Werdenberg appear'd
Before our General, storming him with prayers,

* A town not far distant from the Mine-mountains, on the high road from Vienna to Prague.

And menacing the Emperor's displeasure,
Unless he took compassion on this wretchedness.
Iso. (*steps up to them.*) Yes, yes, 'tis comprehensible enough,
Wherefore with your commission of to-day
You were not all too willing to remember
Your former one.
Ques. Why not, Count Isolan?
No contradiction sure exists between them.
It was the urgent business of that time
To snatch Bavaria from her enemy's hand;
And my commission of to-day instructs me
To free her from her good friends and protectors.
Illo. A worthy office! After with our blood
We have wrested this Bohemia from the Saxon,
To be swept *out* of it is all our thanks,
The sole reward of all our hard won victories.
Ques. Unless that wretched land be doom'd to suffer
Only a change of evils, it must be
Freed from the scourge alike of friend and foe.
Illo. What? 'Twas a favourable year; the Boors
Can answer fresh demands already.
Ques. Nay,
If *you* discourse of herds and meadow-grounds- -
Iso. The war maintains the war. Are the Boors ruin'd,
The Emperor gains so many more new soldiers.
Ques. And is the poorer by even so many subjects.
Iso. Poh! We are all his subjects.
Ques. Yet with a difference, General! the one fill

With profitable industry the purse,
The others are well skill'd to empty it.
The sword has made the Emperor poor; the plough
Must reinvigorate his resources.
Iso. Sure!
Times are not yet so bad. Methinks I see
(*examining with his eye the dress and ornaments of Questenberg.*)
Good store of gold that still remains uncoin'd.
Ques. Thank Heaven! that means have been found out to hide
Some little from the fingers of the Croats.
Illo. There! The Stawata and the Martinitz,
On whom the Emperor heaps his gifts and graces,
To the heart-burning of all good Bohemians—
Those minions of court favour, those court harpies,
Who fatten on the wrecks of citizens
Driven from their house and home—who reap no harvests
Save in the general calamity—
Who now, with kingly pomp, insult and mock
The desolation of their country—*these*,
Let *these*, and such as these, support the war,
The fatal war, which they alone enkindled!
But. And those state-parasites, who have their feet
So constantly beneath the Emperor's table,
Who cannot let a benefice fall, but they
Snap at it with dog's hunger— they, forsooth,
Would *pare* the soldier's bread, and cross his reckoning!
Iso. My life long will it anger me to think,

How when I went to court seven years ago,
To see about new horses for our regiment,
How from one antechamber to another
They dragg'd me on, and left me by the hour
To kick my heels among a crowd of simpering,
Feast-fatten'd slaves, as if I had come thither
A mendicant suitor for the crumbs of favour
That fall beneath their tables. And, at last,
Whom should they send me but a Capuchin!
Straight I began to muster up my sins
For absolution—but no such luck for *me!*
This was the man, this Capuchin, with whom
I was to treat concerning th' army horses:
And I was forc'd at last to quit the field,
The business unaccomplish'd. Afterwards
The Duke procur'd me in three days, what I
Could not obtain in thirty at Vienna.

Ques. Yes, yes! your travelling bills soon found their way to us:
Too well I know we have still accounts to settle.

Illo. War is a violent trade; one cannot always
Finish one's work by soft means; every trifle
Must not be blacken'd into sacrilege.
If we should wait till you, in solemn council,
With due deliberation had selected
The smallest out of four-and-twenty evils,
I' faith we should wait long.—
"Dash! and through with it!"—That's the better watchword.
Then after come what may come. 'Tis man's nature
To make the best of a bad thing once past.
A bitter and perplexed "What shall I do?"
Is worse to man than worst necessity.

Ques. Ay, doubtless, it is true; the Duke *does* spare us
The troublesome task of choosing.
But. Yes, the Duke
Cares with a father's feelings for his troops;
But how the Emperor feels for us, we see.
Ques. *His* cares and feelings all ranks share alike,
Nor will he offer one up to another.
Iso. And therefore thrusts he us into the deserts,
As beasts of prey, that so he may preserve
His dear sheep fattening in his fields at home.
Ques. (*with a sneer.*) Count, this comparison you make, not I.
But. Why, were we all the court supposes us,
'Twere dangerous, sure, to give us liberty.
Ques. You have taken liberty—it was not given you.
And therefore it becomes an urgent duty
To rein it in with curbs.
Oct. (*interposing and addressing Questenberg.*) My noble friend,
This is no more than a remembrancing
That you are now in camp, and among warriors.
The soldier's boldness constitutes his freedom.
Could he act daringly, unless he dar'd
Talk even so? One runs into the other.
The boldness of this worthy officer, (*pointing to Butler.*)
Which now has but mistaken in its mark,
Preserv'd, when nought but boldness could preserve it,
To the Emperor his capital city, Prague,

In a most formidable mutiny
Of the whole garrison.
(*Military music at a distance.*)
Hah! here they come!
Illo. The sentries are saluting them: this signal
Announces the arrival of the Duchess.
Oct. (*to Questenberg.*) Then my son Max. too
has return'd. 'Twas he
Fetch'd and attended them from Carnthen hither.
Iso. (*to Illo.*) Shall we not go in company to
greet them?
Illo. Well, let us go.—Ho! Colonel Butler,
come.
(*To Octavio.*) You'll not forget that yet ere noon
we meet
The noble Envoy at the General's palace.
[*Exeunt all but Questenberg and Octavio.*

SCENE III.

QUESTENBERG AND OCTAVIO.

Ques. (*with signs of aversion and astonishment.*)
What have I not been forc'd to hear, Octavio!
What sentiments! what fierce, uncurb'd de-
fiance!
And were this spirit universal—
Oct. Hm!
You are now acquainted with three fourths of the
army.
Ques. Where must we seek then for a second
host
To have the custody of this? That Illo
Thinks worse, I fear me, than he speaks. And
then

This Butler too—he cannot even conceal
The passionate workings of his ill intentions.
Oct. Quickness of temper—irritated pride;
'Twas nothing more. I cannot give up Butler.
I know a spell that will soon dispossess
The evil spirit in him.
Ques. (*walking up and down in evident disquiet.*)
Friend, friend!
O! this is worse, far worse, than we had suffer'd
Ourselves to dream of at Vienna. There
We saw it only with a courtier's eyes,
Eyes dazzled by the splendour of the throne.
We had not seen the War-chief, the Commander,
The man all-powerful in his camp. Here, here,
'Tis quite another thing.
Here is no Emperor more—the Duke is Emperor.
Alas, my friend! alas, my noble friend!
This walk which you have ta'en me through the camp
Strikes my hopes prostrate.
Oct. Now you see yourself
Of what a perilous kind the office is,
Which you deliver to me from the Court.
The least suspicion of the General
Costs me my freedom and my life, and would
But hasten his most desperate enterprise.
Ques. Where was our reason sleeping when we trusted
This madman with the sword, and plac'd such power
In such a hand? I tell you, he'll refuse,
Flatly refuse, t'obey the Imperial orders.
Friend, he *can* do't, and what he can, he will.

And then th' impunity of his defiance—
O! what a proclamation of our weakness!
Oct. D'ye think, too, he has brought his wife and daughter
Without a purpose hither? Here in camp!
And at the very point of time, in which
We're arming for the war? That he has taken
These, the last pledges of his loyalty,
Away from out the Emperor's domains—
This is no doubtful token of the nearness
Of some eruption!
Ques. How shall we hold footing
Beneath this tempest, which collects itself
And threats us from all quarters? Th' enemy
Of th' empire on our Borders, now already
The master of the Danube, and still farther,
And farther still, extending every hour!
In our interior, the alarum-bells
Of insurrection—peasantry in arms——
All orders discontented—and the army,
Just in the moment of our expectation
Of aidance from it—lo! this very army
Seduc'd, run wild, lost to all discipline,
Loosen'd, and rent asunder from the state
And from their sov'reign, the blind instrument
Of the most daring of mankind, a weapon
Of fearful power, which at his will *he* wields!
Oct. Nay, nay, friend! let us not despair too soon.
Men's words are ever bolder than their deeds:
And many a resolute, who now appears
Made up to all extremes, will, on a sudden,
Find in his breast a heart he wot not of,
Let but a single honest man speak out

The true name of his crime! Remember too,
We stand not yet so wholly unprotected.
Counts Altringer and Galas have maintain'd
Their little army faithful to its duty,
And daily it becomes more numerous.
Nor can he take us by surprise: you know,
I hold him all encompass'd by my list'ners.
Whate'er he does, is mine, even while 'tis doing—
No step so small, but instantly I hear it;
Yea, his own mouth discloses it.

Ques. 'Tis quite
Incomprehensible, that he detects not
The foe so near!

Oct. Beware, you do not think
That I by lying arts, and complaisant
Hypocrisy, have skulk'd into his graces;
Or with the sustenance of smooth professions
Nourish his all-confiding friendship! No—
Compell'd alike by prudence, and that duty
Which we all owe our country, and our sovereign,
To hide my genuine feelings from him, yet
Never have I dup'd him with base counterfeits!

Ques. It is the visible ordinance of heaven.

Oct. I know not what it is that so attracts
And links him both to me and to my son.
Comrades and friends we always were—long habit,
Adventurous deeds perform'd in company,
And all those many and various incidents
Which store a soldier's memory with affections,
Had bound us long and early to each other—
Yet I can name the day, when all at once
His heart rose on me, and his confidence

Shot out in sudden growth. It was the morning
Before the memorable fight at Lützner.
Urg'd by an ugly dream, I sought him out,
To press him to accept another charger.
At distance from the tents, beneath a tree,
I found him in a sleep. When I had wak'd him,
And had related all my bodings to him,
Long time he star'd upon me, like a man
Astounded; thereon fell upon my neck,
And manifested to me an emotion
That far outstripp'd the worth of that small service.
Since then his confidence has follow'd me
With the same pace that mine has fled from him.

Ques. You lead your son into the secret?

Oct. No!

Ques. What? and not warn him either what bad hands
His lot has plac'd him in?

Oct. I must perforce
Leave him in wardship to his innocence.
His young and open soul—dissimulation
Is foreign to its habits! Ignorance
Alone can keep alive the cheerful air,
The unembarrass'd sense and light free spirit,
That make the Duke secure.

Ques. (*anxiously.*) My honour'd friend! most highly do I deem
Of Colonel Piccolomini—yet—if—
Reflect a little——

Oct. I must venture it.
Hush!—There he comes!

SCENE IV.

MAX. PICCOLOMINI, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, QUESTENBERG.

Max. Ha! there he is himself. Welcome, my father! (*He embraces his father. As he turns round, he observes Questenberg, and draws back with a cold and reserved air.*)
You are engag'd, I see. I'll not disturb you.
Oct. How, Max.? Look closer at this visitor,
Attention, Max. an old friend merits—Rev'rence
Belongs of right to the envoy of your sov'reign.
Max. (*drily.*) Von Questenberg!—Welcome
—if you bring with you
Aught good to our head quarters.
Ques. (*seizing his hand.*) Nay, draw not
Your hand away, Count Piccolomini!
Not on mine own account alone I seiz'd it,
And nothing common will I say therewith.
(*taking the hands of both.*)
Octavio—Max. Piccolomini!
O saviour names, and full of happy omen!
Ne'er will her prosperous Genius turn from
Austria,
While two such stars, with blessed influences
Beaming protection, shine above her hosts.
Max. Heh!—Noble minister! You miss your
part.
You came not here to act a panegyric.
You're sent, I know, to find fault, and to scold
us—
I must not be beforehand with my comrades.

Oct. (*to Max.*) He comes from court, where people are not quite
So well contented with the duke, as here.
Max. What now have they contriv'd to find out in him?
That he alone determines for himself
What he himself alone doth understand?
Well, therein he does right, and will persist in't.
Heaven never meant him for that passive thing
That can be struck and hammer'd out to suit
Another's taste and fancy. He'll not dance
To every tune of every minister.
It goes against his nature—he can't do it.
He is possess'd by a commanding spirit,
And his too is the station of command.
And well for us it is so! There exist
Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use
Their intellects intelligently.—Then
Well for the whole, if there be found a man,
Who makes himself what nature destin'd him,
The pause, the central point of thousand thousands——
Stands fix'd and stately, like a firm-built column,
Where all may press with joy and confidence.
Now such a man is Wallenstein; and if
Another better suits the court—no other
But such a one as he can serve the army.
Ques. The army? Doubtless!
Oct. (*to Questenberg.*) Hush! suppress it friend!
Unless *some* end wereans wer'd by the utterance.—
Of *him* there you'll make nothing.
Max. (*continuing.*) In their distress
They call a spirit up, and when he comes,

Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they dread him
More than the ills for which they call'd him up.
Th' uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be
Like things of every day.—But in the field,
Ay, *there* the *Present Being* makes itself felt.
The personal must command, the actual eye
Examine. If to be the chieftain asks
All that is great in nature, let it be
Likewise his privilege to move and act
In all the correspondencies of greatness.
The oracle within him, that which *lives*,
He must invoke and question—not dead books,
Not ordinances, not mould-rotted papers.

Oct. My son! of those old narrow ordinances
Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights
Of priceless value, which oppress'd mankind
Tied to the volatile will of their oppressors.
For always formidable was the league
And partnership of free power with free will.
The way of ancient ordinance, tho' it winds,
Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,
Shatt'ring that it *may* reach, and shatt'ring what it reaches.
My son! the road, the human being travels,
That, on which Blessing comes and goes, doth follow
The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,
Honouring the holy bounds of property!
And thus secure, tho' late, leads to its end.

Ques. O hear your father, noble youth! hear *him*,
Who is at once the hero and the man.
Oct. My son, the nursling of the camp spoke in thee!
A war of fifteen years
Hath been thy education and thy school.
Peace hast thou never witness'd! There exists
A higher than the warrior's excellence.
In war itself war is no ultimate purpose.
The vast and sudden deeds of violence,
Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,
These are not they, my son, that generate
The Calm, the Blissful, and th' enduring Mighty!
Lo there! the soldier, rapid architect!
Builds his light town of canvass, and at once
The whole scene moves and bustles momently,
With arms, and neighing steeds, and mirth, and quarrel!
The motley market fills; the roads, the streams
Are crowded with new freights; trade stirs and hurries!
But on some morrow morn, all suddenly,
The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.
Dreary, and solitary as a church-yard
The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,
And the year's harvest is gone utterly.
Max. O let the Emperor make peace, my father!
Most gladly would I give the blood-stain'd laurel
For the first violet of the leafless spring,
Pluck'd in those quiet fields where I have journey'd!
Oct. What ails thee? What so move all at once?

Max. Peace have I ne'er beheld? I *have* beheld it.
From thence am I come hither: O! that sight,
It glimmers still before me, like some landscape
Left in the distance,—some delicious landscape!
My road conducted me thro' countries where
The war has not yet reach'd. Life, life, my father——
My venerable father, life has charms
Which *we* have ne'er experienc'd. We have been
But voyaging along its barren coasts,
Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,
That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,
House on the wild sea with wild usages,
Nor know aught of the main land, but the bays
Where safeliest they may venture a thieves' landing.
Whate'er in th' inland dales the land conceals
Of fair and exquisite, O! nothing, nothing,
Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.

Oct. (*attentive, with an appearance of uneasiness*)——And so your journey has reveal'd this to you?

Max. 'Twas the first leisure of my life. O tell me,
What is the meed and purpose of the toil,
The painful toil, which robb'd me of my youth,
Left me a heart unsoul'd and solitary,
A spirit uninform'd, unornamented.
For the camp's stir and crowd and ceaseless larum,
The neighing war-horse, the air-shatt'ring trumpet.
The unvaried, still-returning hour of duty.

Word of command, and exercise of arms—
There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this
To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart!
Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not—
This cannot be the sole felicity,
These cannot be man's best and only pleasures!

Oct. Much hast thou learnt, my son, in this short journey.

Max. O! day thrice lovely! when at length the soldier
Returns home into life; when he becomes
A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
The colours are unfurl'd, the cavalcade
Marshals, and now the buzz is hush'd, and hark!
Now the soft peace-march beats, home brothers, home!
The caps and helmets are all garlanded
With green boughs, the last plund'ring of the fields.
The city gates fly open of themselves,
They need no longer the petard to tear them.
The ramparts are all fill'd with men and women,
With peaceful men and women, that send onwards
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
From all the towers rings out the merry peal,
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
O happy man, O fortunate! for whom
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.

Ques. (*apparently much affected*) O! that you should speak

Of such a distant, distant time, and not
Of the to-morrow, not of this to-day.

Max. (*turning round to him quick and vehement*) Where lies the fault but on you in Vienna?

I will deal openly with you, Questenberg.
Just now, as first I saw you standing here,
(I'll own it to you freely) indignation
Crowded and press'd my inmost soul together.
'Tis ye that hinder peace, *ye!*—and the warrior,
It is the warrior that must force it from you.
Ye fret the General's life out, blacken him,
Hold him up as a rebel, and Heaven knows
What else still worse, because he spares the Saxons,
And tries to awaken confidence in th' enemy;
Which yet's the only way to peace; for if
War intermits not during war, *how* then
And *whence* can peace come?—Your own plagues fall on you!
Even as I love what's virtuous, hate I you.
And here make I this vow, here pledge myself;
My blood shall spurt out for this Wallenstein,
And my heart drain off, drop by drop, ere ye
Shall revel and dance jubilee o'er his ruin.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

Ques. Alas, alas! and stands it so?
(*then in pressing and impatient tone*)
What, friend! and do we let him go away
In this delusion—let him go away?

Not call him back immediately, not open
His eyes upon the spot?
Oct. (*recovering himself out of a deep study*)
He has now open'd mine,
And I see more than pleases me.
Ques. What is it?
Oct. Curse on this journey!
Ques. But why so? What is it?
Oct. Come, come along, friend! I must follow up
The ominous track immediately. Mine eyes
Are open'd now, and I must use them. Come!
(*draws Questenberg on with him*)
Ques. What now? *Where* go you then?
Oct. To her herself.
Ques. To——
Oct. (*interrupting him, and correcting himself*)
To the Duke. Come, let us go.—'Tis done, 'tis done!
I see the net that is thrown over him.
O! he returns not to me as he went.
Ques. Nay, but explain yourself.
Oct. And that I should not
Foresee it, not prevent this journey. Wherefore
Did I keep it from him?—You were in the right.
I should have warn'd him! Now it is too late.
Ques. But *what's* too late? Bethink yourself, my friend,
That you are talking absolute riddles to me.
Oct. (*more collected*) Come!—to the Duke's.
'Tis close upon the hour
Which he appointed you for audience. Come!
A curse, a threefold curse, upon this journey!
(*He leads Questenberg off.*)

SCENE VI.

Changes to a spacious chamber in the house of the duke of Friedland.—Servants employed in putting the tables and chairs in order.—During this enters Seni, like an old Italian doctor, in black, and clothed somewhat fantastically.—He carries a white staff, with which he marks out the quarters of the heaven.

1*st*. *Ser*. Come—to it lads, to it! Make an end of it. I hear the sentry call out, "Stand to your arms!" They will be there in a minute.

2*nd*. *Ser*. Why were we not told before that the audience would be held here? Nothing prepared—no orders—no instructions—

3*rd*. *Ser*. Ay, and why was the balcony-chamber countermanded; that with the great worked carpet?—there one can look about one.

1*st*. *Ser*. Nay, that you must ask the mathematician there. He says it is an unlucky chamber.

2*nd*. *Ser*. Poh! stuff and nonsense! That's what I call a *hum*. A chamber is a chamber; what much can the place signify in the affair?

Seni, (*with gravity*) My son, there's *nothing* insignificant,
Nothing! But yet in every earthly thing
First and most principal is place and time.

1*st*. *Ser*. (*to the Second*) Say nothing to him, Nat. The Duke himself must let him have his own will.

Seni (*counts the chairs, half in a loud, half in a low voice, till he comes to eleven, which he repeats.*) Eleven! an evil number! Set twelve chairs.

Twelve! twelve signs hath the zodiac: five and
seven,
The holy numbers, include themselves in twelve.

2nd. Ser. And what may you have to object against eleven? I should like to know that, now.

Seni. Eleven is—transgression: eleven oversteps
The ten commandments.

2nd. Ser. That's good! and why do you call five a holy number?

Seni. Five is the soul of man: for even as man
Is mingled up of good and evil, so
The five is the first number that's made up
Of even and odd.

2nd. Ser. The foolish old coxcomb!

1st. Ser. Ay! let him alone though. I like to hear him; there is more in his words than can be seen at first sight.

3rd. Ser. Off! They come.

2nd. Ser. There! Out at the side door.

(*They hurry off, Seni follows slowly. A page brings the staff of command on a red cushion, and places it on the table near the Duke's chair. They are announced from without, and the wings of the door fly open.*)

SCENE VII.

WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

Wal. You went then through Vienna, were presented
To the Queen of Hungary?

Duch. Yes; and to the Empress too;

And by both Majesties were we admitted
To kiss the hand.
Wal. And how was it receiv'd,
That I had sent for wife and daughter hither
To the camp, in winter time?
Duch. I did even that
Which you commission'd me to do. I told them,
You had determin'd on our daughter's marriage,
And wish'd, ere yet you went into the field,
To show th' elected husband his betroth'd.
Wal. And did they guess the choice which I had made?
Duch. They only hop'd and wish'd it may have fallen
Upon no foreign nor yet Lutheran noble.
Wal. And you—what do you wish, Elizabeth?
Duch. Your will, you know, was always mine.
Wal. (*after a pause*) Well then!
And in all else, of what kind and complexion
Was your reception at the court?
(*The Duchess casts her eyes on the ground, and remains silent.*)
Hide nothing from me. How were you receiv'd?
Duch. O! my dear Lord, all is not what it was.
A cankerworm, my lord, a cankerworm
Has stolen into the bud.
Wal. Ay! is it so?
What, they were lax? they fail'd of th' old respect?
Duch. Not of respect. No honours were omitted,
No outward courtesy; but in the place
Of condescending, confidential kindness,

Familiar and endearing, there were given me
Only these honours and that solemn courtesy.
Ah! and the tenderness which was put on,
It was the guise of pity, not of favour.
No! Albrecht's wife, Duke Albrecht's princely wife,
Count Harrach's noble daughter, should not so—
Not wholly so should she have been receiv'd.

Wal. Yes, yes; they have ta'en offence. My latest conduct,
They rail'd at it, no doubt.

Duch. O that they had!
I have been long accustom'd to defend you,
To heal and pacify distemper'd spirits.
No; no one rail'd at you. They wrapp'd them up,
O Heaven! in such oppressive, solemn silence!—
Here is no every-day misunderstanding,
No transient pique, no cloud that passes over;
Something most luckless, most unhealable,
Has taken place. The Queen of Hungary
Us'd formerly to call me her dear aunt,
And ever at departure to embrace me—

Wal. Now she omitted it?

Duch. (*wiping away her tears, after a pause.*) She *did* embrace me,
But then first when I had already taken
My formal leave, and when the door already
Had clos'd upon me, then did she come out
In haste, as she had suddenly bethought herself,
And press'd me to her bosom, more with anguish
Than with tenderness.

Wal. (*seizes her hand soothingly*) Nay now, collect yourself.

And what of Eggenberg and Lichtenstein,
And of our other friends there?
Duch. (*shaking her head*) I saw none.
Wal. Th' Ambassador from Spain, who once was wont
To plead so warmly for me?—
Duch. Silent, silent!
Wal. These suns then are eclipsed for us. Henceforward
Must we roll on, our own fire, our own light.
Duch. And were it—were it, my dear lord, in that
Which mov'd about the Court in buzz and whisper,
But in the country let itself be heard
Aloud—in that which Father Lamormain
In sundry hints and———
Wal. (*eagerly*) Lamormain! what said he?
Duch. That you're accus'd of having daringly
O'erstepp'd the power entrusted to you, charg'd
With traitorous contempt of th' Emperor
And his supreme behests. The proud Bavarian,
He and the Spaniards stand up your accusers.—
That there's a storm collecting over you,
Of far more fearful menace than that former one
Which whirl'd you headlong down at Regensburg.
And people talk, said he, of —— Ah!——
(*stifling extreme emotion.*)
Wal. Proceed!
Duch. I cannot utter it!
Wal. Proceed!
Duch. They talk——
Wal. Well!

Duch. Of a second——(*Catches her voice and hesitates.*)

Wal. Second——

Duch. More disgraceful

—— Dismission.

Wal. Talk they?

(*Strides across the chamber in vehement agitation.*)

O! they force, they thrust me
With violence, against my own will, onward!

Duch. (*presses near to him, in entreaty*) O! if there yet be time, my husband! If
By giving way and by submission, this
Can be averted—my dear lord, give way!
Win down your proud heart to it! Tell that heart,
It is your sovereign lord, your Emperor
Before whom you retreat. O let no longer
Low trickling malice blacken your good meaning
With abhor'd venomous glosses. Stand you up,
Shielded and helm'd and weapon'd with the truth,
And drive before you into uttermost shame
These slanderous liars! Few firm friends have we.
You know it!—The swift growth of our good fortune
It hath but set us up, a mark for hatred.
What are we, if the sovereign's grace and favour
Stand not before us!

SCENE VIII.

Enter the Countess Tertsky, leading in her hand the Princess Thekla, richly adorned with brilliants.

COUNTESS, THEKLA, WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

Coun. How sister? What already upon business,
(*observing the countenance of the Duchess,*)
And business of no pleasing kind I see,
Ere he has gladden'd at his child. The first
Moment belongs to joy. Here, Friedland! father!
This is thy daughter.
(*Thekla approaches with a shy and timid air, and bends herself as about to kiss his hand, he receives her in his arms, and remains standing for some time lost in the feeling of her presence.*)

Wal. Yes; pure and lovely hath hope risen on me;
I take her as the pledge of greater fortune.

Duch. 'Twas but a little child when you departed
To raise up that great army for the Emperor:
And after at the close of the campaign,
When you return'd home out of Pomerania,
Your daughter was already in the convent,
Wherein she has remain'd till now.

Wal. The while
We in the field here gave our cares and toils
To make her great, and fight her a free way
To the loftiest of earthly good; lo! mother Nature

Within the peaceful silent convent walls
Has done her part, and out of her free grace
Hath she bestowed on the beloved child
The godlike; and now leads her thus adorned
To meet her splendid fortune, and my hope.
Duch. (*to Thekla*) Thou wouldst not have
recogniz'd thy father,
Wouldst thou, my child? She counted scarce
eight years,
When last she saw your face.
Thek. O yes, yes, mother!
At the first glance!—My father is not alter'd.
The form, that stands before me, falsifies
No feature of the image that hath liv'd
So long within me!
Wal. The voice of my child!
(*then after a pause*)
I was indignant at my destiny
That it denied me a man-child to be
Heir of my name and of my prosperous fortune,
And re-illume my soon extinguish'd being
In a proud line of princes.
I wrong'd my destiny. Here upon this head,
So lovely in its maiden bloom, will I
Let fall the garland of a life of war;
Nor deem it lost, if only I can wreathe it,
Transmitted to a regal ornament,
Around these beauteous brows.
(*He clasps her in his arms as Piccolomini enters.*)

SCENE IX.

Enter Max. Piccolomini, and some time after Count Tertsky, the others remaining as before.

Coun. There comes the Palladin who protected us.

Wal. Max.! Welcome, ever welcome! Always wert thou
The morning star of my best joys!

Max. My General——

Wal. 'Till now it was the Emperor who rewarded thee,
I but the instrument. This day thou hast bound
The father to thee, Max.! the fortunate father,
And this debt Friedland's self must pay.

Max. My prince!
You made no common hurry to transfer it.
I come with shame. Yea, not without a pang!
For scarce have I arriv'd here, scarce deliver'd
The mother and the daughter to your arms,
But there is brought to me from your equerry
A splendid richly plated hunting dress,
So to remunerate me for my trouble——
Yes, yes, remunerate me! Since a trouble
It must be, a mere office, not a favour
Which I leapt forward to receive, and which
I came already with full heart to thank you for.
No! 'twas not so intended, that my business
Should be my highest, best good fortune!

(*Tertsky enters, and delivers letters to the Duke which he breaks open hurryingly.*)

Coun. (*to Max.*) Remunerate your trouble!
For his joy

He makes you recompense. 'Tis not unfitting
For you, Count Piccolomini, to feel
So tenderly—my brother it beseems
To show himself for ever great and princely.

Thek. Then I too must have scruples of his love:
For his munificent hands did ornament me
Ere yet the father's heart had spoken to me.

Max. Yes: 'tis his nature ever to be giving,
And making happy.

(*He grasps the hand of the Duchses with still increasing warmth.*)

How my heart pours out
Its all of thanks to him: O! how I seem
To utter all things in the dear name Friedland.
While I shall live, so long will I remain
The captive of this name: in it shall bloom
My every fortune, every lovely hope.
Inextricably as in some magic ring
In this name hath my destiny charm-bound me!

Coun. (*who during this time has been anxiously watching the Duke, and remarks that he is lost in thought over the letters.*) My brother wishes us to leave him. Come.

Wal. (*turns himself round quickly, collects himself, and speaks with cheerfulness to the Duchess.*) Once more I bid thee welcome to the camp,
Thou art the hostess of this court. You, Max.
Will now again administer your old office,
While we perform the sovereign's business here.

(*Max. Piccolomini offers the Duchess his arm, the Countess accompanies the Princess.*)

Ter. (*calling after him.*) Max., we depend on seeing you at the meeting.

SCENE X.

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

Wal. (*in deep thought to himself*) She hath
seen all things as they are—It is so,
And squares completely with my other notices.
They have determin'd finally in Vienna,
Have given me my successor already;
It is the king of Hungary, Ferdinand,
The Emperor's delicate son! he's now their
saviour,
He's the new star that's rising now! Of us
They think themselves already fairly rid,
And as we were deceas'd, the heir already
Is entering on possession—Therefore—despatch!
[*As he turns round he observes Tertsky,*
and gives him a letter.
Count Altringer will have himself excus'd,
And Galas too—I like not this!
Ter And if
Thou loiterest longer, all will fall away,
One following the other.
Wal. Altringer
Is master of the Tyrole passes. I must forthwith
Send some one to him, that he let not in
The Spaniards on me from the Milanese.
——Well, and the old Sesin, that ancient trader
In contraband negociations, he
Has shown himself again of late. What brings he
From the Count Thur?
Ter. The Count communicates,
He has found out the Swedish chancellor
At Halberstadt, where the convention's held,

Who says, you've tir'd him out, and that he'll have
No further dealings with you.
Wal. And why so?
Ter. He says, you are never in earnest in your speeches;
That you decoy the Swedes—to make fools of them,
Will league yourself with Saxony against them
And at last make yourself a riddance of them
With a paltry sum of money.
Wal. So then, doubtless,
Yes, doubtless, this same modest Swede expects
That I shall yield him some fair German tract
For his prey and booty, that ourselves at last,
On our own soil and native territory,
May be no longer our own lords and masters!
An excellent scheme!—No, no! They must be off,
Off off! away!—we want no such neighbours.
Ter. Nay, yield them up that dot, that speck of land—
It goes not from your portion. If you win
The game, what matters it to you who pays it?
Wal. Off with them, off! Thou understand'st not this.
Never shall it be said of me, I parcell'd
My native land away, dismember'd Germany.
Betray'd it to a foreigner, in order
To come with stealthy tread, and filch away
My own share of the plunder.—Never! never!
No foreign power shall strike root in the empire,
And least of all these Goths! these hunger-wolves!

Who send such envious, hot and greedy glances
T'wards the rich blessings of our German lands!
I'll have their aid to cast and draw my nets,
But not a single fish of all the draught
Shall they come in for.

Ter. You will deal, however,
More fairly with the Saxons? They lose patience
While you shift ground and make so many curves.
Say, to what purpose all these masks? Your friends
Are plung'd in doubts, baffled, and led astray in you.
There's Oxenstein, there's Arnheim — neither knows
What he should think of your procrastinations.
And in the end I prove the liar; all
Passes through me. I have not even your hand-writing.

Wal. I never give my hand-writing; thou know'st it.

Ter. But how can it be known that you're in earnest,
If the act follows not upon the word?
You must yourself acknowledge, that in all
Your intercourses hitherto with th' enemy,
You might have done with safety all you have done,
Had you meant nothing further than to gull him
For th' Emperor's service.

Wal. (*after a pause, during which he looks narrowly on Tertsky*)
And from whence dost *thou* know

That I'm *not* gulling him for the Emperor's service?
Whence knowest thou that I'm not gulling all of you?
Dost thou know *me* so well? When made I thee
Th' intendant of my secret purposes?
I am not conscious that I ever open'd
My inmost thoughts to thee. Th' Emperor, it is true,
Hath dealt with me amiss; and if I would,
I could repay him with usurious interest
For th' evil he hath done me. It delights me
To know my power; but whether I shall use it,
Of that, I should have thought that thou couldst speak
No wiselier than thy fellows.

Ter. So hast thou always play'd thy game with us. (*Enter Illo.*)

SCENE XI.

ILLO, WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

Wal. How stand affairs without. Are they prepar'd?

Illo. You'll find them in the very mood you wish.
They know about the Emperor's requisitions,
And are tumultuous.

Wal. How hath Isolan
Declar'd himself?

Illo. He's yours both soul and body,
Since you built up again his Faro-bank.

Wal. And which way doth Kolatto bend? Hast thou
Made sure of Tiefenbach and Deodate?
Illo. What Piccolomini does, that they do too.
Wal. You mean, then, I may venture somewhat with them?
Illo. —If you are assur'd of the Piccolomini.
Wal. Not more assur'd of mine own self.
Ter. And yet
I would you trusted not so much to Octavio,
The fox!
Wal. Thou teachest me to know my man?
Sixteen campaigns I have made with that old warrior.
Besides, I have his horoscope,
We both are born beneath like stars—in short
(*with an air of mystery*)
To this belongs its own particular aspect.
If therefore thou canst warrant me the rest——
Illo. There is among them all but this one voice,
You *must* not lay down the command. I hear
They mean to send a deputation to you.
Wal. If I'm in aught to bind myself to them,
They too must bind themselves to me.
Illo. Of course.
Wal. Their words of honour they must give, their oaths,
Give them in writing to me, promising
Devotion to my service *unconditional*.
Illo. Why not?
Ter. Devotion *unconditional*?
The exception of their duties towards Austria

They'll always place among the premises.
With this reserve———
Wal. (*shaking his head*) All *unconditional!*
No premises, no reserves.
Illo. A thought has struck me
Does not Count Tertsky give us a set banquet
This evening?
Ter. Yes; and all the Generals
Have been invited.
Illo. (*to Wallenstein.*) Say, will you here fully
Commission me to use my own discretion?
I'll gain for you the Generals' words of honour,
Even as you wish.
Wal. Gain me their signatures!
How you come by them, that is your concern.
Illo. And if I bring it to you, black on white,
That all the leaders who are present here
Give themselves up to you, without condition;
Say, will you then—then will you show yourself
In earnest, and with some decisive action
Make trial of your luck?
Wal. The signatures!
Gain me the signatures.
Illo. Seize, seize the hour
Ere it slips from you. Seldom comes the moment
In life, which is indeed sublime and weighty.
To make a great decision possible,
O! many things, all transient and all rapid,
Must meet at once: and, haply, they thus met
May, by that confluence, be enforc'd to pause
Time long enough for wisdom, though too short,
Far, far too short a time for doubt and scruple!
This is that moment. See, our army chieftains,
Our best, our noblest, are assembled round you,

Their kinglike leader! On your nod they wait.
The single threads, which here your prosperous fortune
Hath woven together in one potent web
Instinct with destiny, O! let them not
Unravel of themselves. If you permit
These chiefs to separate, so unanimous
Bring you them not a second time together.
'Tis the high tide that heaves the stranded ship,
And every individual's spirit waxes
In the great stream of multitude. Behold,
They are still here, here still! But soon the war
Bursts them once more asunder, and in small
Particular anxieties and interests
Scatters their spirit, and the sympathy
Of each man with the whole. He, who to-day
Forgets himself, forc'd onward with the stream,
Will become sober, seeing but himself,
Feel only his own weakness, and with speed
Will face about, and march on in the old
High road of duty, the old broad-trodden road,
And seek but to make shelter in good plight.

Wal. The time is not yet come.

Ter. So you say always.
But when will it be time?

Wal. When I shall say it.

Illo. You'll wait upon the stars, and on their hours,
Till the earthly hour escapes you. O! believe me,
In your own bosom are your destiny's stars.
Confidence in yourself, prompt resolution,
This is your Venus! and the sole malignant,
The only one that harmeth you, is Doubt.

Wal. Thou speakest as thou understand'st.
How oft
And many a time I've told thee, Jupiter,
That lustrous god, was setting at thy birth.
Thy visual power subdues no mysteries;
Mole ey'd, thou mayst but burrow in the earth,
Blind as that subterrestrial, who, with wan,
Lead-colour'd shine, lighted thee into life.
The common, the terrestrial, thou mayst see,
With serviceable cunning knit together,
The nearest with the nearest; and therein
I trust thee and believe thee! but whate'er
Full of mysterious import Nature weaves,
And fashions in the depths—the spirit's ladder,
That from this gross and visible world of dust
Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds,
Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers
Move up and down on heavenly ministeries—
The circles in the circles, that approach
The central sun with ever-narrowing orbit——
These see the glance alone, the unseal'd eye,
Of Jupiter's glad children born in lustre.
(*He walks across the chamber, then returns, and standing still, proceeds*)
The heavenly constellations make not merely
The day and night, summer and spring; not merely
Signify to the husbandman the seasons
Of sowing and of harvest. Human action,
That is the seed too of contingencies,
Strew'd on the dark land of futurity
In hopes to reconcile the powers of fate.
Whence it behoves us to seek out the seed time,
To watch the stars, select their proper hours,

And trace with searching eye the heavenly houses,
Whether the enemy of growth and thriving,
Hide himself not, malignant, in his corner.
Therefore permit me my own time. Meanwhile
Do you your part. As yet I cannot say
What *I* shall do—only, give way I will not.
Depose me too they shall not. On these points
You may rely.

Page. (*entering*) My Lords the Generals.

Wal. Let them come in.

SCENE XII.

Wallenstein, Tertsky, Illo.—To them enter Questenberg, Octavio, and Max. Piccolomini, Butler, Isolani, Maradas, and three other Generals. Wallenstein motions Questenberg, who, in consequence, takes the chair directly opposite to him; the others follow, arranging themselves according to their rank. The e reigns a momentary silence.

Wal. I have understood, 'tis true, the sum and import
Of your instructions, Questenberg, have weigh'd them,
And form'd my final, absolute resolve;
Yet it seems fitting, that the Generals
Should hear the will of th' Emperor from your mouth.
May't please you then to open your commission
Before these noble Chieftains.

Ques. I am ready
To obey you; but will first entreat your Highness,
And all these noble Chieftains, to consider,
Th' Imperial dignity and sov'reign right

Speaks from my mouth, and not my own presumption.

Wal. We excuse all preface.

Ques. When his Majesty
The Emperor to his courageous armies
Presented in the person of Duke Friedland
A most experienc'd and renown'd commander,
He did it in glad hope and confidence,
To give thereby to the fortune of war
A rapid and auspicious change. The onset
Was favourable to his royal wishes.
Bohemia was deliver'd from the Saxons,
The Swede's career of conquest check'd! These lands
Began to draw breath freely, as Duke Friedland
From all the streams of Germany forc'd hither
The scatter'd armies of the enemy,
Hither invok'd, as round one magic circle,
The Rhinegrave, Bernhard, Banner, Oxenstirn,
Yea, and that never-conquer'd king himself;
Here finally, before the eye of Nürnberg,
The fearful game of battle to decide.

Wal. May't please you, to the point,

Ques. In Nürnberg's camp the Swedish monarch left
His fame—in Lützen's plains his life. But who
Stood not astounded, when victorious Friedland
After this day of triumph, this proud day,
March'd towards Bohemia with the speed of flight,
And vanish'd from the theatre of war;
While the young Weimar hero forc'd his way
Into Franconia, to the Danube, like

Some delving winter stream, which, where it rushes,
Makes its own channel; with such sudden speed
He march'd, and now at once 'fore Regenspurg
Stood to th' affright of all good Catholic Christians.
Then did Bavaria's well-deserving Prince
Entreat swift aidance in his extreme need;
The Emperor sends seven horsemen to Duke Friedland,
Seven horsemen couriers sends he with th' entreaty:
He superadds his own, and supplicates,
Where as the sovereign lord he can command.
In vain his supplication! At this moment
The Duke hears only his old hate and grudge,
Barters the general good to gratify
Private revenge—and so falls Regenspurg.
Wal. Max., to what period of the war alludes he?
My recollection fails me here.
Max. He means
When we were in Silesia.
Wal. Ay! Is it so?
But what had we to do there?
Max. To beat out
The Swedes and Saxons from the province.
Wal. True.
In that description which the minister gave
I seem'd to have forgotten the whole war.
Well, but proceed a little. (*to Questenberg.*)
Ques. Yes! at length
Beside the river Oder did the Duke

Assert his ancient fame. Upon the fields
Of Steinau did the Swedes lay down their arms,
Subdued without a blow. And here, with others,
The righteousness of Heaven to his avenger
Deliver'd that long practis'd stirrer-up
Of insurrection, that curse-laden torch
And kindler of this war, Matthias Thur.
But he had fallen into magnanimous hands!
Instead of punishment he found reward,
And with rich presents did the Duke dismiss
The arch-foe of his Emperor.

Wal. (*laughs*) I know,
I know you had already in Vienna,
Your windows and balconies all forestall'd
To see him on the executioner's cart.
I might have lost the battle, lost it too
With infamy, and still retain'd your graces—
But, to have cheated them of a spectacle,
Oh! *that* the good folks of Vienna never,
No, never can forgive me.

Ques. So Silesia
Was freed, and all things loudly called the Duke
Into Bavaria, now press'd hard on all sides.
And he *did* put his troops in motion; slowly,
Quite at his ease, and by the longest road
He traverses Bohemia; but ere ever
He hath once seen the enemy, faces round,
Breaks up the march, and takes to winter quarters.

Wal. The troops were pitiably destitute
Of every necessary, every comfort.
The winter came. What thinks his Majesty
His troops are made of? A'n't we men? subjected

Like other men to wet, and cold, and all
The circumstances of necessity?
O miserable lot of the poor soldier!
Wherever he comes in, all flee before him,
And when he goes away the general curse
Follows him on his rout. All must be seiz'd,
Nothing is given him. And compell'd to seize
From every man, he's every man's abhorrence.
Behold, here stand my Generals. Karaffa!
Count Deodate! Butler! Tell this man
How long the soldier's pay is in arrears.

But. Already a full year.

Wal. And 'tis the hire
That constitutes the hireling's name and duties,
The soldier's pay is the soldier's covenant.*

Ques. Ah! this is a far other tone from that
In which the Duke spoke eight, nine years ago.

Wal. Yes! 'tis my fault, I know it: I myself
Have spoilt the Emperor by indulging him.
Nine years ago, during the Danish war,
I rais'd him up a force, a mighty force,
Forty or fifty thousand men, that cost him
Of his own purse no doit. Through Saxony
The fury goddess of the war march'd on,
E'en to the surf-rocks of the Baltic, bearing
The terrors of his name. That was a time!
In the whole Imperial realm no name like mine
Honour'd with festival and celebration—

* The original is not translatable into English;

——————— Und sein *sold*
Mus dem *soldaten* warden, darnach heisst er.

It might perhaps have been thus rendered;

"And that for which he sold his services,
The soldier must receive."

But a false or doubtful etymology is no more than a dull pun.

And Albrecht Wallenstein, it was the title
Of the third jewel in his crown!
But at the Diet, when the Princes met
At Regenspurg, there, there the whole broke out,
There 'twas laid open, there it was made known,
Out of what money-bag I had paid the host.
And what was now my thanks, what had I now,
That I, a faithful servant of the Sovereign,
Had loaded on myself the people's curses,
And let the Princes of the empire pay
The expences of this war, that aggrandizes
The Emperor alone—What thanks had I!
What? I was offer'd up to their complaints,
Dismiss'd, degraded!

Ques. But your Highness knows
What little freedom he possess'd of action
In that disastrous Diet.

Wal. Death and hell!
I had that which could have procur'd him freedom.
No! Since 'twas prov'd so inauspicious to me
To serve the Emperor at the empire's cost,
I have been taught far other trains of thinking
Of th' empire, and the Diet of the empire.
From th' Emperor, doubtless, I receiv'd this staff,
But now I hold it as the empire's general—
For the common weal, the universal int'rest,
And no more for that one man's aggrandizement!
But to the point. What is it that's desir'd of me?

Ques. First, His Imperial Majesty hath will'd,
That without pretexts of delay the army
Evacuate Bohemia.

Wal. In this season?
And to what quarter, wills the Emperor

That we direct our course?

Ques. To the enemy.

His majesty resolves, that Regenspurg
Be purified from the enemy ere Easter,
That Luth'ranism may be no longer preach'd
In that cathedral, nor heretical
Defilement desecrate the celebration
Of that pure festival.

Wal. My Generals,
Can this be realiz'd?

Illo. 'Tis not possible.

But. It can't be realiz'd.

Ques. The Emperor
Hath already commanded colonel Suys
To advance toward Bavaria.

Wal. What did Suys?

Ques. That which his duty prompted. He advanc'd!

Wal. What? he advanc'd! And I, his general,
Had given him orders, peremptory orders,
Not to desert his station! Stands it thus
With my authority? Is this th' obedience
Due to my office, which being thrown aside
No war can be conducted? Chieftains, speak!
You be the judges, generals! What deserves
That officer, who, of his oath neglectful,
Is guilty of contempt of orders?

Illo. Death.

Wal. (*raising his voice, as all but Illo had remained silent, and seemingly scrupulous,*)
Count Piccolomini, what has he deserv'd?

Max. (*After a long pause*) According to the letter of the law,
Death.

Iso. Death.
But. Death, by the laws of war.
(*Questenberg rises from his seat, Wallenstein follows, all the rest rise.*)
Wal. To this the law condemns him, and not I.
And if I show him favour, 'twill arise
From the rev'rence that I owe my Emperor.
Ques. If so, I can say nothing further—*here!*
Wal. I accepted the command but on conditions!
And this the first, that to the diminution
Of my authority, no human being,
Not even the Emperor's self, should be entitled
To do aught, or to say aught, with the army.
If I stand warranter of the event,
Placing my honour and my head in pledge,
Needs must I have full mastery in all
The means thereto. What render'd this Gustavus
Resistless, and unconquer'd upon earth?
This: that he was the monarch in his army;
A monarch, one who is indeed a monarch,
Was never yet subdued but by his equal.
But to the point! The best is yet to come.
Attend now, generals!
Ques. The prince Cardinal
Begins his rout at the approach of spring
From the Milanese; and leads a Spanish army
Thro' Germany into the Netherlands.
That he may march secure and unimpeded,
'Tis th' Emperor's will, you grant him a detachment
Of eight horse-regiments from the army here.
Wal. Yes, yes! I understand!—Eight regiments! Well,

Right well concerted, father Lamormain!
Eight thousand horse! Yes, yes! 'Tis as it should be!
I see it coming.
Ques. There is nothing coming;
All stands in front: the counsel of state-prudence,
The dictate of necessity!——
Wal. What then?
What, my Lord Envoy? May I not be suffer'd
To understand that folks are tir'd of seeing
The sword's hilt in *my* grasp: and that your court
Snatch eagerly at this pretence, and use
The Spanish title, to drain off my forces,
To lead into the empire a new army
Unsubjected to my control. To throw me
Plumply aside.—I am still too powerful for you
To venture that. My stipulation runs,
That all the Imperial forces shall obey me
Where'er the German is the native language.
Of Spanish troops, and of Prince Cardinals,
That take their route, as visitors, thro' the empire,
There stands no syllable in my stipulation.
No syllable! And so the politic court
Steals in a tiptoe, and creeps round behind it;
First makes me weaker, then to be dispens'd with,
Till it dares strike at length a bolder blow
And make short work with me.
What need of all these crooked ways, Lord Envoy?
Straight-forward, man! His compact with me pinches

The Emperor. He would that I mov'd off!—
Well!—I will gratify him!——

(Here there commences an agitation among the generals which increases continually.)

It grieves me for my noble officers' sakes!
I see not yet, by what means they will come at
The moneys they have advanced, or how obtain
The recompense their services demand.
Still a new leader brings new claimants forward,
And prior merit superannuates quickly.
There serve here many foreigners in th' army,
And were the man in all else brave and gallant,
I was not wont to make nice scrutiny
After his pedigree or catechism.
This will be otherwise, i' the time to come.
Well—me no longer it concerns.

(*He seats himself.*)

Max. Forbid it heaven, that it should come to this!
Our troops will swell in dreadful fermentation—
The Emperor is abus'd—it cannot be.

Iso. It cannot be; all goes to instant wreck.

Wal. Thou hath said truly, faithful Isolani!
What *we* with toil and foresight have built up,
Will go to wreck—all go to instant wreck.
What then? another chieftain is soon found,
Another army likewise (who dares doubt it?)
Will flock from all sides to the Emperor
At the first beat of his recruiting drum.

(During this speech, Isolani, Tertsky, Illo, and Maradas, talk confusedly with great agitation.)

Max. (*Busily and passionately going from one to another, and soothing them.*)
Hear, my commander! hear me, generals!

Let me conjure you, Duke! Determine nothing,
Till we have met and represented to you
Our joint remonstrances.—Nay, calmer! Friends!
I hope all may be yet set right again.

Ter. Away! let us away! in th' antechamber
Find we the others. (*They go.*)

But. (*to Questenberg*) If good counsel gain
Due audience from your wisdom, my Lord Envoy!
You will be cautious how you show yourself
In public for some hours to come—or hardly
Will that gold key protect you from mal-treatment. (*Commotions heard from without.*)

Wal. A salutary counsel——Thou Octavio!
Wilt answer for the safety of our guest.
Farewell, Von Questenberg!
(*Questenberg is about to speak.*)
Nay, not a word.
Not one word more of that detested subject!
You have perform'd your duty—We know how
To separate the office from the man.

(As Questenberg is going off with Octavio, Goetz, Tiefenbach, Kolatto, press in, several other generals following them.)

Goetz. Where's he, who means to rob us of our general?

Tief. (*at the same time*) What are we forc'd to hear? That thou wilt leave us?

Kol. (*at the same time*) We will live with thee, we will die with thee.

Wal. (*with stateliness, and pointing to Illo*) There! the Field-Marshall knows our will. [*Exit.*

(While all are going off the stage, the curtain drops.)

ACT II.

—

SCENE I.

A small Chamber.

ILLO AND TERTSKY.

Ter. Now for this evening's business! How intend you
To manage with the generals at the banquet?
Illo. Attend! We frame a formal declaration,
Wherein we to the Duke consign ourselves
Collectively, to be and to remain
His both with life and limb, and not to spare
The last drop of our blood for *him*, provided
So doing we infringe no oath or duty
We may be under to the Emp'ror.—Mark!
This reservation we expressly make
In a particular clause, and save the conscience.
Now hear! This formula so fram'd and worded
Will be presented to them for perusal
Before the banquet. No one will find in it
Cause of offence or scruple. Hear now further!
After the feast, when now the vap'ring wine
Opens the heart, and shuts the eyes, we let
A counterfeited paper, in the which
This one particular clause has been left out,
Go round for signatures.
Ter. How? think you then
That they'll believe themselves bound by an oath,
Which we had trick'd them into by a juggle?
Illo. We shall have caught and cag'd them!
Let them then

Beat their wings bare against the wires, and rave
Loud as they may against our treachery,
At court their signatures will be believ'd
Far more than their most holy affirmations.
Traitors they are, and must be; therefore wisely
Will make a virtue of necessity.

Ter. Well, well, it shall content me; let but something
Be *done*, let only some decisive blow
Set us in motion.

Illo. Besides, 'tis of subordinate importance
How, or how far, we may thereby propel
The generals. 'Tis enough that we persuade
The Duke, that they are his—Let him but act
In his determin'd mood, as if he had them,
And he *will* have them. Where he plunges in,
He makes a whirlpool, and all stream down to it.

Ter. His policy is such a labyrinth,
That many a time when *I* have thought myself
Close at his side, he's gone at once, and left me
Ignorant of the ground where I was standing.
He lends the enemy his ear, permits me
To write to them, to Arnheim, to Sesina;
Himself comes forward blank and undisguis'd;
Talks with us by the hour about his plans
And when I think I have him—off at once——
He has slipp'd from me, and appears as if
He had no scheme, but to retain his place.

Illo. He give up his old plans! I'll tell you, friend!
His soul is occupied with nothing else,
Even in his sleep—they are his thoughts, his dreams——
That day by day he questions for this purpose

The motions of the planets——
Ter. Ay! you know
This night, that is now coming, he with Seni
Shuts himself up in the astrological tower
To make joint observations—for I hear,
It is to be a night of weight and crisis,
And something great, and of long expectation,
Is to make its procession in the heaven.
Illo. Come! be we bold and make despatch.
The work
In this next day or two must thrive and grow
More than it has for years. And let but only
Things first turn up auspicious here below——
Mark what I say—the right stars too will show themselves.
Come, to the generals. All is in the glow,
And must be beaten while 'tis malleable.
Ter. Do you go thither, Illo. I must stay
And *wait* here for the Countess Tertsky. Know,
That we too are not idle. Break one string,
A second is in readiness.
Illo. Yes! Yes!
I saw your Lady smile with such sly meaning.
What's in the wind?
Ter. A secret. Hush! she comes. [*Exit Illo.*

SCENE II.

(The Countess steps out from a closet.)

COUNT AND COUNTESS TERTSKY.

Ter. Well—is she coming?—I can keep him back
No longer.
Coun. She will be there instantly.
You only send him.

Ter. I am not quite certain,
I must confess it, Countess, whether or no
We are earning the Duke's thanks hereby. You know,
No ray has broke out from him on this point.
You have o'errul'd me, and yourself knows best
How far you dare proceed.

Coun. I take it on me.

(talking to herself, while she is advancing)

Here's no need of full powers and commissions—
My cloudy Duke! we understand each other—
And without words. What, could I not unriddle,
Wherefore the daughter should be sent for hither,
Why first *he*, and no other, should be chosen
To fetch her hither! This sham of betrothing her
To a bridegroom,* whom no one knows—No! no!
This may blind others! I see thro' thee, Brother!
But it beseems thee not, to draw a card
At such a game. Not yet!—It all remains
Mutely deliver'd up to my finessing——
Well—thou shalt not have been deceiv'd, Duke Friedland!
In her who is thy sister.——

Ser. (*enters*) The commanders!

Ter. (*to the Countess*) Take care you heat his fancy and affections—
Possess him with a reverie, and send him,
Absent, and dreaming to the banquet; that
He may not boggle at the signature.

Coun. Take you care of your guests!—Go, send him hither.

* In Germany, after honourable addresses have been paid and formally accepted, the lovers are called bride and bridegroom, even though the marriage should not take place till years afterwards.

Ter. All rests upon his undersigning.
Coun. (*interrupting him*) Go to your guests!
Go——
Illo. (*comes back*) Where art staying, Tertsky?
The house is full, and all expecting you.
Ter. Instantly! instantly!
(*To the Countess.*)
And let him not
Stay here too long. It might awake suspicion
In the old man———
Coun. A truce with your precautions!
[Exeunt Tertsky and Illo.

SCENE III.

COUNTESS, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Max. (*peeping in on the stage shily*) Aunt
Tertsky! may I venture?
(Advances to the middle of the stage, and looks around him with uneasiness.)
She's not here!
Where is she?
Coun. Look but somewhat narrowly
In yonder corner, lest perhaps she lie
Conceal'd behind that screen.
Max. There lie her gloves!
(Snatches at them, but the Countess takes them herself.)
You unkind Lady! You refuse me this—
You make it an amusement to torment me.
Coun. And this the thanks you give me for my trouble?
Max. O, if you felt the oppression at *my* heart!
Since we've been here, so to constrain myself—

With such poor stealth to hazard words and
glances—
These, these are not my habits!
Coun. You have still
Many new habits to acquire, young friend!
But on this proof of your obedient temper
I must continue to insist; and only
On this condition can I play the agent
For your concerns.
Max. But wherefore comes she not?
Where is she?
Coun. Into *my* hands you must place it
Whole and entire. Whom could you find, indeed,
More zealously affected to your interest?
No soul on earth must know it—not your father.
He must not above all.
Max. Alas! what danger?
Here is no face on which I might concentre
All, the enraptur'd soul stirs up within me.
O Lady! tell me. Is all chang'd around me;
Or is it only I?
I find myself
As among strangers! Not a trace is left
Of all my former wishes, former joys.
Where has it vanish'd to? There was a time
When ev'n, methought, with such a world as
this
I was not discontented. Now, how flat!
How stale! No life, no bloom, no flavour in it!
My comrades are intolerable to me.
My father—Even to him I can say nothing.
My arms, my military duties—O!
They are such wearying toys!
Coun. But, gentle friend!

I must entreat it of your condescension,
You would be pleas'd to sink your eye, and favour
With one short glance or two this poor stale world,
Where even now much, and of much moment,
Is on the eve of its completion.
Max. Something,
I can't but know, is going forward round me.
I see it gath'ring, crowding, driving on,
In wild uncustomary movements. Well,
In due time, doubtless, it will reach even me.
Where think you I have been, dear lady? Nay,
No raillery. The turmoil of the camp,
The spring-tide of acquaintance rolling in,
The pointless jest, the empty conversation,
Oppress'd and stifled me. I gasp'd for air—
I could not breathe—I was constrain'd to fly,
To seek a silence out for my full heart;
And a pure spot wherein to feel my happiness.
No smiling, Countess! In the church was I.
There is a cloister here to the heaven's gate,*
Thither I went, there found myself alone.
Over the altar hung a holy mother;
A wretched painting 'twas, yet 'twas the friend
That I was seeking in this moment. Ah,
How oft have I beheld that glorious form
In splendour, 'mid extatic worshippers;
Yet, still it mov'd me not! and now at once
Was my devotion cloudless as my love.
Coun. Enjoy your fortune and felicity!

* I am doubtful whether this be the dedication of the cloister, or the name of one of the city gates, near which it stood. I have translated it in the former sense; but fearful of having made some blunder, I add the original:—

Es ist ein Kloster hier *zur Himmelspforte*.

Forget the world around you. Meantime, friend-
ship
Shall keep strict vigils for you, anxious, active.
Only be manageable when that friendship
Points you the road to full accomplishment.
How long may it be since you declared your
passion?

Max. This morning did I hazard the first word.

Coun. This morning the first time in twenty
days?

Max. 'Twas at that hunting-castle, betwixt
here
And Nepomuck, where *you* had join'd us, and—
That was the last relay of the whole journey!
In a balcony we were standing mute,
And gazing out upon the dreary field:
Before us the dragoons were riding onward,
The safe-guard which the Duke had sent us—
heavy
The inquietude of parting lay upon me,
And trembling ventur'd I at length these words:
This all reminds me, noble maiden, that
To-day I must take leave of my good fortune.
A few hours more, and you will find a father,
Will see yourself surrounded by new friends,
And I henceforth shall be but as a stranger,
Lost in the many—"Speak with my aunt
Tertsky!"
With hurrying voice she interrupted me.
She falter'd. I beheld a glowing red
Possess her beautiful cheeks, and from the ground
Rais'd slowly up, her eye met mine—no longer
Did I control myself.

(The Princess Thekla appears at the door, and remains standing, observed by the Countess, but not by Piccolomini.)

With instant boldness
I caught her in my arms, my mouth touch'd hers;
There was a rustling in the room close by;
It parted us—'Twas you. What since has happened,
You know.

Coun. (*after a pause, with a stolen glance at Thekla*) And is it your excess of modesty;
Or are you so incurious, that you do not
Ask me too of my secret?

Max. Of *your* secret?

Coun. Why, yes! When in the instant after you
I stepp'd into the room, and found my niece there,
What she in this first moment of the heart,
Ta'en with surprize—

Max. (*with eagerness*) Well!

SCENE IV.

Thekla (hurries forward), Countess, Max. Piccolomini.

Thek. (*to the Countess*) Spare yourself the trouble.
That hears he better from myself.

Max. (*stepping backward*) My Princess!
What have you let her hear me say, aunt Tertsky!

Thek. (*to the Countess*) Has he been here long?

Coun. Yes; and soon must go.
Where have *you* stay'd so long?

Thek. Alas! my mother
Wept so again! and I—I see her suffer.
Yet cannot keep myself from being happy.

Max. Now once again I have courage to look
on you,
To-day at noon I could not.
The dazzle of the jewels that play'd round you
Hid the beloved from me.
Thek. Then you saw me
With your eye only—and not with your heart?
Max. This morning, when I found you in the
circle
Of all your kindred, in your father's arms,
Beheld myself an alien in this circle,
O! what an impulse felt I in that moment
To fall upon his neck, to call him *father!*
But his stern eye o'erpower'd the swelling pas-
sion—
It dar'd not but be silent And those brilliants,
That like a crown of stars enwreath'd your brows,
They scar'd me too! O wherefore, wherefore
should he
At the first meeting spread as 'twere the bann
Of excommunication round you, wherefore
Dress up the angel as for sacrifice,
And cast upon the light and joyous heart
The mournful burthen of *his* station? Fitly
May love dare woo for love; but such a splendour
Might none but monarchs venture to approach.
Thek. Hush! not a word more of this mum-
mery,
You see how soon the burthen is thrown off.
(*to the Countess*)
He is not in spirits. Wherefore is he not?
'Tis you, aunt, that have made him all so gloomy!
He had quite another nature on the journey—
So calm, so bright, so joyous, eloquent.

It was my wish to see you always so, (*to Max.*)
And never otherwise!

Max. You find yourself
In your great father's arms, beloved lady!
All in a new world, which does homage to you,
And which, were't only by its novelty,
Delights your eye.

Thek. Yes; I confess to you
That many things delight me here: this camp,
This motley stage of warriors which renews
So manifold the image of my fancy,
And binds to life, binds to reality,
What hitherto had but been present to me
As a sweet dream!

Max. Alas! not so to me.
It makes a dream of my reality.
Upon some island in the etherial heights
I've liv'd for these last days. This mass of men
Forces me down to earth. It is a bridge
That, reconducting to my former life,
Divides me and my heaven.

Thek. The game of life
Looks cheerful, when one carries in one's heart,
The unalienable treasure. 'Tis a game,
Which having once review'd, I turn more joyous
Back to my deeper and appropriate bliss.
(breaking off and in a sportive tone)
In this short time that I've been present here,
What new unheard of things have I not seen?
And yet they all must give place to the wonder
Which this mysterious castle guards.

Coun. (*recollecting*) And what
Can this be then? Methought I was acquainted

With all the dusky corners of this house.
Thek. (*smiling*) Ay, but the road thereto is watch'd by spirits,
Two griffins still stand sentry at the door.
Coun. (*laughs*) The astrological tower!—How happens it
That this same sanctuary, whose access,
Is to all others so impracticable,
Opens before you e'en at your approach?
Thek. A dwarfish old man with a friendly face
And snow-white hairs, whose gracious services
Were mine at first sight, open'd me the doors.
Max. That is the Duke's astrologer, old Seni.
Thek. He question'd me on many points; for instance,
When I was born, what month, and on what day,
Whether by day or in the night.
Coun. He wish'd
To erect a figure for your horoscope.
Thek. My hand too he examin'd, shook his head
With much sad meaning, and the lines, methought,
Did not square over truly with his wishes.
Coun. Well, Princess, and what found you in this tower?
My highest privilege has been to snatch
A side glance, and away!
Thek. It was a strange
Sensation that came o'er me, when at first
From the broad sunshine I stepp'd in; and now
The narrowing line of day-light, that ran after
The closing door, was gone; and all about me
'Twas pale and dusky night, with many shadows
Fantastically cast. Here six or seven

Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me
In a half circle. Each one in his hand
A sceptre bore, and on his head a star,
And in the tower no other light was there
But from these stars: all seem'd to come from
them.
'These are the planets,' said that low old man,
'They govern worldly fates, and for that cause
Are imag'd here as kings. That farthest from you,
Spiteful and cold, an old man melancholy,
With bent and yellow forehead, he is Saturn.
He opposite, the king with the red light,
An arm'd man for the battle, that is Mars:
And both these bring but little luck to man.'
But at his side a lovely lady stood,
The star upon her head was soft and bright,
And that was Venus, the bright star of joy.
On the left hand, lo! Mercury, with wings.
Quite in the middle glitter'd silver-bright
A cheerful man, and with a monarch's mien;
And this was Jupiter, my father's star:
And at his side I saw the Sun and Moon
Max. O never rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of stars and angels! 'Tis not merely
The human being's pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of Love
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow: yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years
Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.
For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-
place:
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,

And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have vanish'd;
They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that us'd to share this earth
With man as with their friend; and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down: and even at this day
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings every thing that's fair!

Thek. And if this be the science of the stars,
I too, with glad and zealous industry,
Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith.
It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
That in immeasurable height above us,
At our first birth, the wreath of love was woven,
With sparkling stars for flowers.

Coun. Not only roses,
But thorns too hath the heaven; and well for you,
Leave they your wreath of love inviolate.
What Venus twin'd, the bearer of glad fortune,
The sullen orb of Mars soon tears to pieces.

Max. Soon will its gloomy empire reach its close.
Blest be the general's zeal: into the laurel

Will he inweave the olive-branch, presenting
Peace to the shouting nations. Then no wish
Will have remain'd for his great heart! Enough
Has he perform'd for glory, and can now
Live for himself and his. To his domains
Will he retire; he has a stately seat
Of fairest view at Gitschin; Reichenberg,
And Friedland Castle, both lie pleasantly—
Even to the foot of the huge mountains here
Stretches the chase and covers of his forests;
His ruling passion, to create the splendid,
He can indulge without restraint; can give
A princely patronage to every art,
And to all worth a sovereign's protection.
Can build, can plant, can watch the starry courses—

Coun. Yet I would have you look, and look again,
Before you lay aside your arms, young friend!
A gentle bride, as she is, is well worth it
That you should woo and win her with the sword.

Max. O, that the sword could win her!

Coun. What was that?
Did you hear nothing? Seem'd, as if I heard
Tumult and larum in the banquet-room.

[Exit Countess.

SCENE V.

THEKLA AND MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Thek. (*As soon as the Countess is out of sight, in a quick low voice to Piccolomini.*)
Don't trust them! They are false!

Max. Impossible!

Thek. Trust no one here but me. I saw at once,
They had a *purpose.*
Max. Purpose! but what purpose?
And how can we be instrumental to it?
Thek. I know no more than you; but yet, believe me:
There's some design in this! To make us happy,
To realize our union—trust me, love!
They but pretend to wish it.
Max. But these Tertskies——
Why use we them at all? Why not your mother?
Excellent creature! she deserves from us
A full and filial confidence.
Thek. She doth love you,
Doth rate you high before all others—but—
But such a secret—she would never have
The courage to conceal it from my father.
For her own peace of mind we must preserve it.
A secret from her too.
Max. Why any secret?
I love not secrets. Mark, what I will do.
I'll throw me at your father's feet—let *him*
Decide upon my fortunes!—He is true,
He wears no mask—he hates all crooked ways—
He is so good, so noble!
Thek. (*falls on his neck*) *That* are you!
Max. You knew him only since this morn; but I
Have liv'd ten years already in his presence,
And who knows whether in this very moment
He is not merely waiting for us both
To own our loves, in order to unite us.
You are silent?——

You look at me with such a hopelessness!
What have you to object against your father?
Thek. I? Nothing. Only he's so occupied—
He has no leisure time to think about
The happiness of us two.

(Taking his hand tenderly.)

Follow me!
Let us not place too great a faith in men.
These Tertskies—we will still be grateful to them
For every kindness, but not trust them further
Than they deserve;—and in all else rely——
On our own hearts!
Max. O! shall we *e'er* be happy?
Thek. Are we not happy now! Art thou not mine?
Am I not thine? There lives within my soul
A lofty courage—'tis love gives it me!
I ought to be less open—ought to hide
My heart more from thee—so decorum dictates.
But where in this place could'st thou seek for truth,
If in my mouth thou did'st not find it?

SCENE VI.

To them enters the Countess Tertsky.

Coun. (*in a pressing manner*) Come!
My husband sends me for you—It is now
The latest moment.

(They not appearing to attend to what she says, she steps between them.)

Part you!

Thek. O, not yet!
It has been scarce a moment.
Coun. Aye! Then time
Flies swiftly with your Highness, Princess niece!
Max. There is no hurry, aunt.
Coun. Away! away!
The folks begin to miss you. Twice already
His father has ask'd for him.
Thek. Ha! his father?
Coun. You understand *that*, niece.
Thek. Why needs he
To go at all to that society?
'Tis not his proper company. They may
Be worthy men, but he's too young for them.
In brief, he suits not such society.
Coun. You mean, you'd rather keep him wholly here?
Thek. (*with energy*) Yes! you have hit it, aunt! That is my meaning.
Leave him here wholly! Tell the company—
Coun. What? have you lost your senses, niece? ——
Count, you remember the conditions. Come!
Max. (*to Thekla*) Lady, I must obey. Farewell, dear lady!

(Thekla turns away from him with a quick motion.)

What say you then, dear lady?
Thek. (*without looking at him*) Nothing. Go!
Max. Can I, when you are angry ———

(He draws up to her, their eyes meet, she stands silent a moment, then throws herself into his arms; he presses her fast to his heart.)

Coun. Off! Heavens! if any one should come!

Hark! What's that noise? It comes this way.
—Off!

(Max. tears himself away out of her arms, and goes. The Countess accompanies him. Thekla follows him with her eyes at first, walks restlessly across the room, then stops, and remains standing, lost in thought. A guitar lies on the table, she seizes it as by a sudden emotion, and after she has played awhile an irregular and melancholy symphony, she falls gradually into the music and sings.)

Thekla. (Plays and sings.)

The cloud doth gather, the greenwood roar,
The damsel paces along the shore;
The billows they tumble with might, with might;
And she flings out her voice to the darksome night;
Her bosom is swelling with sorrow;
The world it is empty, the heart will die,
There's nothing to wish for beneath the sky:
Thou Holy One, call thy child away!
I've lived and loved, and that was to-day——
Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow.*

* I found it not in my power to translate this song with *literal* fidelity, preserving at the same time the Alcaic movement; and have therefore added the original with a prose translation. Some of my readers may be more fortunate.

Thekla. (*Spielt und singt.*)

Der Eichenwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn,
Das Mägdlein wandelt an Ufers Grün,
Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,
And sie singt hinaus in die finstre Nacht,
Das Auge von Weinen getrübet:
Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer.
Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr.
Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück,
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Thekla. (*Plays and sings.*)

The oak-forest bellows, the clouds gather, the damsel walks to and fro on the green of the shore; the wave breaks with might, with might, and she sings out into the

SCENE VII.

Countess (returns), Thekla.

Coun. Fie, lady niece! to throw yourself upon
him,
Like a poor gift to one who cares not for it,
And so must be flung after him! For you,
Duke Friedland's only child, I should have
thought
It had been more beseeming to have shown
yourself
More charry of your person.
Thek. (*rising*) And what mean you?
Coun. I mean, niece, that you should not have
forgotten
Who *you* are, and who he is. But perchance
That never once occurr'd to you.
Thek. What then?
Coun. That you're the daughter of the Prince-
duke Friedland.

dark night, her eye discolour'd with weeping: the heart is dead, the world is empty, and further gives it nothing more to the wish. Thou Holy One, call thy child home, I have enjoyed the happiness of this world, I have lived and have loved.

I cannot but add here an imitation of this song, with which the author of "The Tale of Rosamund Gray and Blind Margaret," has favoured me, and which appears to me to have caught the happiest manner of our old ballads.

The clouds are black'ning, the storms threat'ning,
The cavern doth mutter, the greenwood moan;
Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching
Thus in the dark night she singeth alone,
Her eye upward roving:
The world is empty, the heart is dead surely,
In this world plainly all seemeth amiss;
To thy heaven, Holy One, take home thy little one,
I have partaken of all earth's bliss,
Both living and loving.

Thek. Well—and what farther?
Coun. What? a pretty question!
Thek. He was *born* that which we have but *become*.
He's of an ancient Lombard family,
Son of a reigning princess.
Coun. Are you dreaming?
Talking in sleep? An excellent jest, forsooth!
We shall, no doubt, right courteously *entreat* him
To honour with his hand the richest heiress
In Europe.
Thek. That will not be necessary.
Coun. Methinks 'twere well tho' not to run the hazard.
Thek. His father loves him, Count Octavio
Will interpose no difficulty——
Coun. *His!*
His father! *his!* But yours, niece, what of yours?
Thek. Why I begin to think you fear his father,
So anxiously you hide it from the man;
His father, *his*, I mean.
Coun. (*looks at her, as scrutinizing*) Niece, you are *false*.
Thek. Are you then wounded? O, be friends with me!
Coun. You hold your game for won already. Do not
Triumph too soon!—
Thek. (*interrupting her, and attempting to soothe her*) Nay now, be friends with me.
Coun. It is not yet so far gone.
Thek. I believe you.
Coun. Did you suppose your father had laid ou

His most important life in toils of war,
Denied himself each quiet earthly bliss,
Had banish'd slumber from his tent, devoted
His noble head to care, and for this only,
To make a happy pair of you? At length
To draw you from your convent, and conduct
In easy triumph to your arms the man
That chanc'd to please your eyes! All this, me-
thinks,
He might have purchas'd at a cheaper rate.
Thek. That which he did not plant for me, might yet
Bear me fair fruitage of its own accord.
And if my friendly and affectionate fate,
Out of his fearful and enormous being,
Will but prepare the joys of life for me—
Coun. Thou seest it with a lovelorn maiden's eyes.
Cast thine eye round, bethink thee who thou art.
Into no house of joyance hast thou stepp'd,
For no espousals dost thou find the walls
Deck'd out, no guests the nuptial garland wearing.
Here is no splendour but of arms. Or think'st thou
That all these thousands are here congregated
To lead up the long dances at thy wedding?
Thou see'st thy father's forehead full of thought,
Thy mother's eyes in tears: upon the balance
Lies the great destiny of all our house.
Leave now the puny wish, the girlish feeling,
O thrust it far behind thee! Give thou proof,
That thou'rt the daughter of the Mighty—*his*,
Who where he moves creates the wonderful.
Not to herself the woman must belong,

Annex'd and bound to alien destinies.
But she performs the best part, she the wisest,
Who can transmute the alien into self,
Meet and disarm necessity by choice:
And what must be, take freely to her heart,
And bear and foster it with mother's love.

Thek. Such ever was my lesson in the convent.
I had no loves, no wishes, knew myself
Only as his—his daughter—his, the Mighty!
His fame, the echo of whose blast drove to me
From the far distance, waken'd in my soul
No other thought than this—I am appointed
To offer up myself in passiveness to him.

Coun. That *is* thy fate. Mould thou thy wishes to it.
I and thy mother gave thee the example.

Thek. My fate hath shown me *him*, to whom behoves it
That I should offer up myself. In gladness
Him will I follow.

Coun. Not thy fate hath shown him;
Thy heart, say rather—'twas thy heart, my child!

Thek. Fate hath no voice but the heart's impulses.
I am all his! *His* present—*his* alone
Is this new life, which lives in me. He hath
A right to his own creature. What was I
Ere his fair love infus'd a soul into me?

Coun. Thou would'st oppose thy father then, should he
Have otherwise determin'd with thy person?

(Thekla remains silent. The Countess continues.)

Thou mean'st to force him to thy liking?—Child,
His name is Friedland.

Thek. *My* name too is Friedland.
He shall have found a genuine daughter in me.
Coun. What? he has vanquish'd all impediment,
And in the wilful mood of his own daughter
Shall a new struggle rise for him? Child! child!
As yet thou hast seen thy father's smiles alone;
The eye of his rage thou hast not seen. Dear child,
I will not frighten thee. To that extreme,
I trust, it ne'er shall come. His will is yet
Unknown to me: 'tis possible, his aims
May have the same direction as thy wish.
But this can never, never be his will,
That thou, the daughter of his haughty fortunes,
Should'st e'er demean thee as a love sick maiden;
And like some poor cost-nothing, fling thyself
Toward the man, who, if that high prize ever
Be destin'd to await him, yet, with sacrifices
The highest love can bring, must pay for it.

[Exit Countess.

Thek. (who during the last speech had been standing evidently lost in her reflections.)

I thank thee for the hint. It turns
My sad presentiment to certainty.
And it is so!—Not one friend have we here,
Not one true heart! we've nothing but ourselves!
O she said rightly—no auspicious signs
Beam on this covenant of our affections.
This is no theatre, where hopes abides.
The dull thick noise of war alone stirs here.
And Love himself, as he were arm'd in steel,
Steps forth, and girds him for the strife of death.

(Music from the banquet room is heard.)

There's a dark spirit walking in our house,
And swiftly will the destiny close on us.
It drove me hither from my calm asylum,
It mocks my soul with charming witchery,
It lures me forward in a seraph's shape,
I see it near, I see it nearer floating,
It draws, it pulls me with a god-like power—
And lo!—the abyss—and thither am I moving—
I have no power within me not to move!
(The music from the banquet room becomes louder.)
O when a house is doom'd in fire to perish,
Many and dark heaven drives his clouds together,
Yea, shoots his lightnings down from sunny heights,
Flames burst from out the subterraneous chasms,
*And fiends and angels, mingling in their fury,
Fling fire-brands at the burning edifice.
[Exit Thekla.

* There are few, who will not have taste enough to laugh at the two concluding lines of this soliloquy; and still fewer, I would fain hope, who would not have been more disposed to shudder, had I given a *faithful* translation. For the readers of German I have added the original:—

Blind-wüthend schleudert selbst der Gott der Freude
Den Pechkranz in das brennende Gebäude.

SCENE VIII.

A large saloon lighted up with festal splendour; in the midst of it, and in the centre of the stage, a table richly set out, at which eight generals are sitting, among whom are Octavio Piccolomini, Tertsky, and Maradas. Right and left of this, but farther back, two other tables, at each of which six persons are placed. The middle door, which is standing open, gives to the prospect a fourth table, with the same number of persons. More forward stands the sideboard. The whole front of the stage is kept open for the pages and servants in waiting. All is in motion. The band of music belonging to Tertsky's regiment march across the stage, and draw up

round the tables. Before they are quite off from the front of the stage, Max. Piccolomini appears; Tertsky advances towards him with a paper, Isolani comes up to him with a beaker or service-cup.

TERTSKY, ISOLANI, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Iso. Here, brother, what we love! Why,
where hast been?
Off, to thy place—quick! Tertsky here has given
The mother's holiday wine up to free booty.
Here it goes on as at the Heidelberg castle.
Already hast thou lost the best. They're giving
At yonder table ducal crowns in shares;
There's Sternberg's lands and chattels are put up,
With Eggenberg's, Stawata's, Lichtenstein's,
And all the great Bohemian feodalities.
Be nimble, lad! and something may turn up
For thee—who knows? Off—to thy place!
quick! march!

Tief. and Goetz (call out from the second and third tables.)

Count Piccolomini!

Ter. Stop, ye shall have him in an instant.—
Read
This oath here, whether as 'tis here set forth,
The wording satisfies you. They've all read it,
Each in his turn, and each one will subscribe
His individual signature.

Max. (reads.) "Ingratis servire nefas."

Iso. That sounds to my ears very much like
Latin,
And being interpreted, pray what may't mean?

Ter. No honest man will serve a thankless
master.

Max. "Inasmuch as our supreme commander, the illustrious Duke of Friedland, in consequence

of the manifold affronts and grievances which he has received, had expressed his determination to quit the Emperor, but on our unanimous entreaty has graciously consented to remain still with the army, and not to part from us without our approbation thereof, so we, collectively and *each in particular*, in the stead of an oath personally taken, do hereby oblige ourselves—likewise by him honourably and faithfully to hold, and in no wise whatsoever from him to part, and to be ready to shed for his interests the last drop of our blood, so far, namely, as *our oath to the Emperor will permit it.* (*These last words are repeated by Isolani.*) In testimony of which we subscribe our names."

Ter. Now!—are you willing to subscribe this paper?

Iso. Why should he not? All officers of honour
Can do it, ay, must do it.—Pen and ink here!

Ter. Nay, let it rest till after meal.

Iso. (*drawing Max. along,*) Come, Max.

(Both seat themselves at their table.)

SCENE IX.

TERTSKY, NEUMANN.

Ter. (beckons to Neumann who is waiting at the side table, and steps forward with him to the edge of the stage.)

Have you the copy with you, Neumann? Give it.
It may be chang'd for the other?

Neu. I have copied it
Letter by letter, line by line; no eye
Would e'er discover other difference,

Save only the omission of that clause,
According to your Excellency's order.
Ter. Right! Lay it yonder, and away with this—
It has perform'd its business—to the fire with it—

(Neumann lays the copy on the table, and steps back again to the side table.)

SCENE X.

Illo, (comes out from the second chamber,) Tertsky.

Illo. How goes it with young Piccolomini?
Ter. All right, I think. He has started no objection.
Illo. He is the only one I fear about—
He and his father. Have an eye on both!
Ter. How looks it at your table? You forget not
To keep them warm and stirring?
Illo. O, quite cordial,
They are quite cordial in the scheme. We have them.
And 'tis as I predicted too. Already
It is the talk, not merely to maintain
The Duke in station. "Since we're once for all
Together and unanimous, why not,"
Says Montecuculi, "ay, why not onward,
And make conditions with the Emperor
There in his own Vienna?" Trust me, Count,
Were it not for these said Piccolomini,
We might have spar'd ourselves the cheat.
Ter. And Butler?
How goes it there? Hush!

SCENE XI.

To them enters Butler from the second table.

But. Don't disturb yourselves.
Field Marshal, I have understood you perfectly,
Good luck be to the scheme; and as to me,
(with an air of mystery.)
You may depend upon me.
Illo. (*with vivacity*) May we, Butler?
But. With or without the clause, all one to me!
You understand me? My fidelity
The Duke may put to any proof—I'm with him!
Tell him so! I'm the Emperor's officer,
As long as 'tis his pleasure to remain
The Emperor's general! and Friedland's servant,
As soon as it shall please him to become
His own lord.
Ter. You would make a good exchange;
No stern economist, no Ferdinand
Is he to whom you plight your services.
But. (*with a haughty look*) I do not put up my fidelity
To sale, Count Tertsky! Half a year ago
I would not have advis'd you to have made me
An overture to that, to which I now
Offer myself of my own free accord.—
But that is past! and to the Duke, Field Marshal,
I bring myself together with my regiment.
And mark you, 'tis my humour to believe,
The example which I give will not remain
Without an influence.
Illo. Who is ignorant,

That the whole army look to Colonel Butler,
As to a light that moves before them?
But. Ey?
Then I repent me not of that fidelity
Which for the length of forty years I held,
If in my sixtieth year my good old name
Can purchase for me a revenge so full.
Start not at what I say, sir generals!
My real motives—they concern not you.
And you yourselves, I trust, could not expect
That this your game had crook'd *my* judgment
—or
That fickleness, quick blood, or such like cause,
Has driven the old man from the track of honour,
Which he so long had trodden.—Come, my
friends!
I'm not thereto determin'd with less firmness,
Because I know and have look'd steadily
At that on which I have determin'd.
Illo. Say,
And speak roundly, what are we to deem you?
But. A friend! I give you here my hand!
I'm yours
With all I have. Not only men, but money
Will the Duke want.——Go, tell him, sirs!
I've earn'd and laid up somewhat in his service,
I lend it him! and is he my survivor,
It has been already long ago bequeath'd him.
He is my heir. For me, I stand alone
Here in the world; nought know I of the feelings
That bind the husband to a wife and children,
My name dies with me, my existence ends.
Illo. 'Tis not your money that he needs—a
heart

Like yours weighs tons of gold down, weighs
down millions!

But. I came a simple soldier's boy from Ireland
To Prague—and with a master, whom I buried.
From lowest stable duty I climb'd up,
Such was the fate of war, to this high rank,
The plaything of a whimsical good fortune.
And Wallenstein too is a child of luck,
I love a fortune that is like my own.

Illo. All powerful souls have kindred with
each other.

But. This is an awful moment! to the brave,
To the determin'd, an auspicious moment.
The Prince of Weimer arms, upon the Maine
To found a mighty dukedom. He of Halberstadt,
That Mansfeld wanted but a longer life
To have mark'd out with his good sword a lordship
That should reward his courage. Who of these
Equals our Friedland? There is nothing, nothing
So high, but he may set the ladder to it!

Ter. That's spoken like a man!

But. Do you secure the Spaniard and Italian—
I'll be your warrant for the Scotchman Lesly.
Come! to the company!

Ter. Where is the master of the cellar? Ho!
Let the best wines come up. Ho! cheerly, boy!
Luck comes to-day, so give her hearty welcome.

[Exeunt each to his table.

SCENE XII.

The Master of the Cellar advancing with Neumann, Servants passing backwards and forwards.

Mast. of the Cel. The best wines! O! if my

old mistress, his lady mother, could but see these wild goings on, she would turn herself round in her grave. Yes, yes, sir officer! 'tis all down the hill with this noble house! no end, no moderation! And this marriage with the Duke's sister, a splendid connection, a very splendid connection! but I tell you, sir officer, it bodes no good.

Neu. Heaven forbid! Why, at this very moment the whole prospect is in bud and blossom!

Mast of the Cel. You think so?—Well, well, much may be said on that head.

1*st. Ser.* (*comes*) Burgundy for the fourth table.

Mast of the Cel. Now, sir lieutenant, if this isn't the seventieth flask———

1*st. Ser.* Why, the reason is, that German lord, Tiefenbach, sits at that table.

Mast. of the Cel. (*continuing his discourse to Neumann.*) They are soaring too high. They would rival kings and electors in their pomp and splendour; and wherever the Duke leaps, not a minute does my gracious master, the Count, loiter on the brink.—(*To the Servants.*)—What do you stand there listening for? I will let you know you have legs presently. Off! see to the tables, see to the flasks! Look there! Count Palfi has an empty glass before him!

Runner. (*comes*) The great service-cup is wanted, sir; that rich gold cup with the Bohemian arms on it. The Count says you know which it is.

Mast. of the Cel. Ay! that was made for Frederick's coronation, by the artist William—

there was not such another prize in the whole booty at Prague.

Run. The same!—a health is to go round in him.

Mast. of the Cel. (*shaking his head while he fetches and rinses the cup.*) This will be something for the tale-bearers—this goes to Vienna.

Neu. Permit me to look at it.—Well, this is a cup indeed! How heavy! as well it may be, being all gold.—And what neat things are emboss'd on it! how natural and elegant they look! —There, on the first quarter, let me see. That proud Amazon there on horseback, she that is taking a leap over the crosiers and mitres, and carries on a wand, a hat, together with a banner, on which there's a goblet represented. Can you tell me what all this signifies?

Mast. of the Cel. The woman whom you see there on horseback, is the Free Election of the Bohemian crown. That is signified by the round hat, and by that fiery steed on which she is riding. The hat is the pride of man; for he who cannot keep his hat on before kings and emperors is no free man.

Neu. But what is the cup there on the banner?

Mast. of the Cel. The cup signifies the freedom of the Bohemian Church, as it was in our forefathers' times. Our forefathers, in the wars of the Hussites, forced from the pope, this noble privilege; for the pope, you know, will not grant the cup to any layman. Your true Moravian values nothing beyond the cup; it is his costly jewel, and has cost the Bohemians their precious blood in many and many a battle.

Neu. And what says that chart that hangs in the air there, over it all?

Mast. of the Cel. That signifies the Bohemian letter royal, which we forced from the Emperor Rodolph—a precious, never to be enough valued parchment, that secures, to the new church the old privileges of free ringing and open psalmody. But since he of Steiermärk has ruled over us, that is at an end; and after the battle at Prague, in which Count Palatine Frederick lost his crown and empire, our faith hangs upon the pulpit and altar—and our brethren look at their homes over their shoulders; but the letter royal the emperor himself cut to pieces with his scissars.

Neu. Why, my good Master of the Cellar! you are deep read in the chronicles of your country!

Mast. of the Cel. So were my forefathers, and for that reason were they minstrels, and served under Procopius and Ziska. Peace be with their ashes! Well, well! they fought for a good cause tho'—There! carry it up!

Neu. Stay! let me but look at this second quarter, Look *there!* That is, when at Prague Castle the Imperial Counsellors, Martinitz and Stawata were hurled down head over heels. 'Tis even so! there stands Count Thur who commands it.

(Runner takes the service-cup and goes off with it.)

Mast. of the Cel. O let me never more hear of that day. It was the three and twentieth of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, six hundred, and eighteen. It seems to me as it were but yesterday—from that unlucky day it all

began, all the heart-aches of the country. Since that day it is now sixteen years, and there has never once been peace on the earth.

(Health drank aloud at the second table.)

The Prince of Weimar! Hurra!

(At the third and fourth tables.)

Long live Prince William! Long live Duke Bernard! Hurra!

(Music strikes up.)

1*st. Ser.* Hear'em! Hear'em! What an uproar!

2*nd. Ser.* (*comes in running.*) Did you hear? They have drunk the Prince of Weimar's health.

3*rd. Ser.* The Swedish Chief Commander!

1*st. Ser.* (*speaking at the same time,*) The Lutheran!

2*nd. Ser.* Just before, when Count Deodate gave out the Emperor's health, they were all as mum as a nibbling mouse.

Mast. of the Cel. Poh, poh! When the wine goes in strange things come out. A good servant hears, and hears not!—You should be nothing but eyes and feet, except when you're called to.

2nd. Ser. (To the Runner, to whom he gives secretly a flask of wine, keeping his eye upon the Master of the Cellar, standing between him and the Runner.)

Quick, Thomas, before the Master of the Cellar looks this way—'tis a flask of Frontignac!—Snapp'd it up at the third table.—Canst go off with it?

Run. (*hides it in his pocket,*) All right!

[Exit the 2nd Servant.

3*rd. Ser.* (*aside, to the first,*) Be on the hark, Jack! that we may have right plenty to tell to father Quivoga—He will give us right plenty of absolution in return for it.

1*st. Ser.* For that very purpose I am always having something to do behind Illo's chair.—He is the man for speeches to make you stare with.

Mast. of the Cel. (*to Neumann,*) Who, pray, may that swarthy man be, he with the cross, that is chatting so confidentially with Esterhats?

Neu. Ay, he too is one of those to whom they confide too much. He calls himself Maradas, a Spaniard is he.

Mast. of the Cel. (*impatiently.*) Spaniard! Spaniard! I tell you, friend, nothing good comes of these Spaniards. All these outlandish fellows* are little better than rogues.

Neu. Fie, fie! you should not say so, friend. There are among them our very best generals, and those on whom the Duke at this moment relies the most.

Mast. of the Cel. (*Taking the flask out of the Runner's pocket,*) My son, it will be broken to pieces in your pocket.

(Tertsky hurries in, fetches away the paper, and calls to a servant for pen and ink, and goes to the back of the stage.)

Mast. of the Cel. (*to the Servants,*) The Lieutenant-General stands up.—Be on the watch.—Now! They break up.—Off, and move back the forms!

(They rise at all the tables, the servants hurry off the front of the stage to the tables; part of the guests come forward.)

* There is a humour in the original which cannot be given in the translation. "Die *welschen* alle," &c. which word in classical German means the *Italians* alone; but in its first sense, and at present in the *vulgar* use of the word, signifies foreigners in general. Our word wall-nuts, I suppose, means *outlandish* nuts—Wallæ nuces, in German "Welsch nüsse."—T.

SCENE XIII.

(Octavio Piccolomini enters in conversation with Maradas, and both place themselves quite on the edge of the stage on one side of the proscenium. On the side directly opposite, Max. Piccolomini, by himself, lost in thought, and taking no part in any thing that is going forward. The middle space between both, but rather more distant from the edge of the stage, is filled up by Butler, Isolani, Goetz, Tiefenbach, and Kolatto.)

Iso. (*while the company is coming forwards,*) Good night, good night, Kolatto! Good night, Lieutenant-General!—I should rather say good morning.

Goetz. (*to Tiefenbach,*) Noble brother! (*making the usual compliment after meals.*)

Tief. Ay! 'twas a royal feast indeed.

Goetz. Yes, my Lady Countess understands these matters. Her mother-in-law, heaven rest her soul, taught her!—Ah! that was a housewife for you.

Tief. There was not her like in all Bohemia for setting out a table.

Oct. (*aside to Maradas,*) Do me the favour to talk to me—talk of what you will—or of nothing. Only preserve the appearance at least of talking. I would not wish to stand up myself, and yet I conjecture that there will be goings on here worthy of our attentive observation. (*He continues to fix his eye on the whole following scene.*)

Iso. (*on the point of going,*) Lights, lights!

Ter. (*advances with the paper to Isolani,*) Noble brother! two minutes longer! here is something to subscribe.

Iso. Subscribe as much as you like—but you must excuse me from reading it.

Ter. There is no need. It is the oath which you have already read.—Only a few marks of your pen!

(Isolani hands over the paper to Octavio, respectfully.)

Ter. Nay, nay, first come first served. There is no precedence here.

(Octavio runs over the paper with apparent indifference. Tertsky watches him at some distance.)

Goetz. (*to Tertsky,*) Noble Count! with your permission—Good night.

Ter. Where's the hurry? Come, one other composing draught.—(*To the servants.*)—Ho!

Goetz. Excuse me—an't able.

Ter. A thimble-full!

Goetz. Excuse me.

Tief. (*sits down,*) Pardon me, nobles.—This standing does not agree with me.

Ter. Consult only your own convenience, General.

Tief. Clear at head, sound in stomach—only my legs won't carry me any longer.

Iso. (*pointing at his corpulence,*) Poor legs! how *should* they? Such an unmerciful load!

(Octavio subscribes his name, and reaches over the paper to Tertsky, who gives it to Isolani; and he goes to the table to sign his name.)

Tief. 'Twas that war in Pomerania that first brought it on. Out in all weathers—ice and snow—no help for it.—I shall never get the better of it all the days of my life.

Goetz. Why, in simple verity, your Swede makes no nice enquiries about the season.

Ter. (*observing Isolani, whose hand trembles excessively, so that he can scarcely direct his pen.*)

Have you had that ugly complaint long, noble brother?—Despatch it.

Iso. The sins of youth! I have already tried the Chalybeate waters. Well—I must bear it.

(Tertsky gives the paper to Maradas; he steps to the table to subscribe.)

Oct. (*advancing to Butler*) You are not over fond of the orgies of Bacchus, Colonel! I have observed it. You would, I think, find yourself more to your liking in the uproar of a battle, than of a feast.

But. I must confess, 'tis not in my way.

Oct. (*stepping nearer to him friendlily*) Nor in mine either, I can assure you; and I'm not a little glad, my much honoured Colonel Butler, that we agree so well in our opinions. A half dozen good friends at most, at a small round table, a glass of genuine Tokay, open hearts, and a rational conversation—that's my taste!

But. And mine too, when it can be had.

(The paper comes to Tiefenbach, who glances over it at the same time with Goetz and Kolatto. Maradas in the mean time returns to Octavio, all this takes place, the conversation with Butler proceeding uninterrupted.)

Oct. (*introducing Maradas to Butler*) Don Balthasar Maradas! likewise a man of our stamp, and long ago your admirer. (*Butler bows.*)

Oct. (*continuing*) You are a stranger here—'twas but yesterday you arrived;—you are ignorant of the ways and means here. 'Tis a wretched place—I know, at our age, one loves to be snug and quiet—What if you moved your lodgings?—Come, be my visitor. (*Butler makes a low bow.*) Nay, without compliment!—For a friend like you, I have still a corner remaining.

But. (*coldly*) Your obliged humble servant, my Lord Lieutenant-General!

(The paper comes to Butler, who goes to the table to subscribe it. The front of the stage is vacant, so that both the Piccolominis, each on the side where he had been from the commencement of the scene, remain alone.)

Oct. (*After having some time watched his son in silence, advances somewhat nearer to him.*) You were long absent from us, friend!

Max. I——urgent business detained me.

Oct. And, I observe, you are still absent!

Max. You know this crowd and bustle always makes me silent.

Oct. (*advancing still nearer*) May I be permitted to ask what the business was that detained you?—*Tertsky* knows it without asking!

Max. What does Tertsky know?

Oct. He was the only one who did not miss you.

Iso. (*who has been attending to them from some distance, steps up*) Well done, father! Rout out his baggage! Beat up his quarters! There is something there that should not be.

Ter. (*with the paper*) Is there none wanting? Have the whole subscribed?

Oct. All.

Ter. (*calling aloud*) Ho! who subscribes?

But. (*to Tertsky*) Count the names. There ought to be just thirty.

Ter. Here is a cross.

Tief. That's my mark.

Iso. He cannot write; but his cross is a good cross, and is honoured by Jews as well as Christians.

Oct. (*presses on to Max.*) Come, General; let us go. It is late.

Ter. One Piccolomini only has signed.

Iso. (*pointing to Max.*) Look! that is your man, that statue there, who has had neither eye, ear, nor tongue for us the whole evening.

(Max receives the paper from Tertsky, which he looks upon vacantly.)

SCENE XIV.

(To these enter Illo from the inner room. He has in his hand the golden service-cup, and is extremely distempered with drinking. Goetz and Butler follow him, endeavouring to keep him back.)

Illo. What do you want? Let me go.

Goetz and But. Drink no more, Illo! For heaven's sake, drink no more.

Illo. (*goes up to Octavio, and shakes him cordially by the hand, and then drinks.*) Octavio! I bring this to you! Let all grudge be drowned in this friendly bowl! I know well enough, ye never loved me—Devil take me!—and I never loved you!—I am always even with people in that way!—Let what's past be past—that is, you understand—forgotten! I esteem you infinitely. (*Embracing him repeatedly.*) You have not a dearer friend on earth than I—but that you know. The fellow that cries rogue to you, calls me villain—and I'll strangle him!—my *dear* friend!

Ter. (*whispering to him*) Art in thy senses? For heaven s sake, Illo! think where you are.

Illo. (*aloud*) What do you mean?—There are none but friends here, are there? (*Looks round the whole circle with a jolly and triumphant air.*) Not a sneeker among us, thank heaven!

Ter. (*to Butler, eagerly*) Take him off with you, force him off, I entreat you, Butler!

But. (*to Illo*) Field-Marshal! a word with you.

(Leads him to the side-board.)

Illo. (*cordially*) A thousand for one! Fill—Fill it once more up to the brim.—To this gallant man's health!

Iso. (*to Max. who all the while has been staring on the paper with fixed but vacant eyes*) Slow and sure, my noble brother!—Hast *parsed* it all yet?—Some words yet to go thro'?—Ha?—

Max. (*waking as from a dream*) What am I to do?

Ter. (*and at the same time Iso.*) Sign your name.

(Octavio directs his eyes on him with intense anxiety.)

Max. (*returns the paper*) Let it stay till to-morrow. It is *business*—to day I am not sufficiently collected. Send it to me to-morrow.

Ter. Nay, collect yourself a little.

Iso. Awake, man! awake!—Come, thy signature, and have done with it! What? Thou art the youngest in the whole company, and wouldst be wiser than all of us together? Look there! thy father has signed—we have all signed.

Ter. (*to Octavio*) Use your influence. Instruct him.

Oct. My son is at the age of discretion.

Illo. (*leaves the service-cup on the sideboard*) What's the dispute?

Ter. He declines subscribing the paper.

Max. I say, it may as well stay till to-morrow.

Illo. It cannot stay. We have all subscribed to it—and so must you.—You must subscribe.

Max. Illo, good night.

Illo. No!—You come not off so. The Duke shall learn who are his friends.

(All collect round Illo and Max.)

Max. What my sentiments are towards the Duke, the Duke knows, every one knows—what need of this wild stuff?

Illo. This is the thanks the Duke gets for his partiality to Italians and foreigners.—Us Bohemians he holds for little better than dullards—nothing pleases him but what's outlandish.

Ter. (*in extreme embarrassment, to the commanders, who at Illo's words gave a sudden start, as preparing to resent them.*) It is the wine that speaks and not his reason. Attend not to him, I entreat you.

Iso. (*with a bitter laugh*) Wine invents nothing: it only *tattles*.

Illo. He who is not with me is against me. Your tender consciences! Unless they can slip out by a back-door, by a puny proviso!

Ter. (*interrupting him*) He is stark mad—don't listen to him.

Illo. (*raising his voice to the highest pitch*) Unless they can slip out by a *proviso*.—What of the proviso? The devil take this proviso!

Max. (*has his attention roused, and looks again into the paper*) What is there here then of such perilous import? You make me curious—I must look closer at it.

Ter. (*in a low voice to Illo*) What are you doing, Illo? Your are ruining us.

Tief. (*to Kolatto*) Ay, ay! I observed, that

before we sat down to supper, it was read differently.

Goetz. Why, I seemed to think so too.

Iso. What do I care for that? Where there stand other names, mine can stand too.

Tief. Before supper there *was* a certain proviso therein, or short clause concerning our duties to the Emperor.

But. (*to one of the commanders*) For shame, for shame! Bethink you. What is the main business here? The question now is, whether we shall keep our General, or let him retire. One must not take these things too nicely and over-scrupulously.

Iso. (*to one of the generals*) Did the Duke make any of these provisos when he gave you your regiment?

Ter. (*to Goetz*) Or when he gave you the office of army-purveyancer, which brings you in yearly a thousand pistoles.

Illo. He is a rascal who makes us out to be rogues. If there be any one that wants satisfaction, let him say so. I am his man.

Tief. Softly, softly! 'Twas but a word or two.

Max. (*having read the paper gives it back*) Till to-morrow therefore!

Illo. (*stammering with rage and fury, loses all command over himself, and presents the paper to Max. with one hand, and his sword in the other*) Subscribe—Judas!

Iso. Out upon you, Illo!

Oct., Ter., But. (*all together*) Down with the sword.

Max. (*rushes on him suddenly and disarms him, then to Count Tertsky*) Take him off to bed.

(Max. leaves the stage. Illo cursing and raving is held back by some of the officers, and amidst a universal confusion the curtain drops.)

ACT III.

Scene, a chamber in Piccolomini's Mansion.—It is Night.

SCENE I.

Octavio Piccolomini. *A* Valet de Chamber, with Lights.

Oct. ——— And when my son comes in, conduct him hither.
What is the hour?
Val. 'Tis on the point of morning.
Oct. Set down the light. We mean not to undress.
You may retire to sleep.

[Exit Valet. Octavio paces, musing, across the chamber. Max. Piccolomini enters unobserved, and looks at his father for some moments in silence.]

Max. Art thou offended with me? Heav'n knows
That odious business was no fault of mine.
'Tis true, indeed, I saw thy signature.
What *thou* hadst sanction'd, should not, it might seem,
Have come amiss to me. But—'tis my nature—
Thou know'st, that in such matters I must follow
My own light, not another's.

Oct. (*goes up to him, and embraces him,*) Follow it,
O follow it still further, my best son!
To-night, dear boy! it hath more faithfully
Guided thee than th' example of thy father.
Max. Declare thyself less darkly.
Oct. I will do so.
For after what has taken place this night,
There must remain no secrets 'twixt us two.
(Both seat themselves).
Max. Piccolomini; what think'st thou of
The oath that was sent round for signatures?
Max. I hold it for a thing of harmless import,
Altho' I like not these set declarations.
Oct. And on no other ground hast thou refus'd
The signature they fain had wrested from thee?
Max. It was a serious business——I was absent—
The affair itself seem'd not so urgent to me.
Oct. Be open, Max. Thou hadst then no suspicion?
Max. Suspicion! what suspicion? Not the least.
Oct. Thank thy good angel, Piccolomini;
He drew thee back unconscious from the abyss.
Max. I know not what thou meanest.
Oct. I will tell thee.
Fain would they have extorted from thee, son,
The sanction of thy name to villany;
Yea, with a single flourish of thy pen,
Made thee renounce thy duty and thy honour!
Max. (*rises,*) Octavio!
Oct. Patience! Seat yourself. Much yet

Hast thou to learn from me, friend!—hast for
years
Liv'd in incomprehensible illusion.
Before thine eyes is treason drawing out
As black a web as e'er was spun from venom:
A power of hell o'erclouds thy understanding.
I dare no longer stand in silence—dare
No longer see thee wandering on in darkness,
Nor pluck the bandage from thine eyes.

Max. My father!
Yet, ere thou speak'st, a moment's pause of
thought.
If your disclosures should appear to be
Conjectures only—and almost I fear
They will be nothing further—spare them! I
Am not in that collected mood at present,
That I could listen to them quietly.

Oct. The deeper cause thou hast to hate this
light,
The more impatient cause have I, my son,
To force it on thee. To the innocence
And wisdom of thy heart I could have trusted thee
With calm assurance—but I see the net
Preparing—and it is thy heart itself
Alarms me for thine innocence—that secret,

(fixing his eyes steadfastly on his son's face,)

Which thou concealest, forces *mine* from me.

(Max. attempts to answer, but hesitates, and casts his eyes to the ground embarrassed.)

Oct. (*after a pause*) Know, then, they are
duping thee;—a most foul game
With thee and with us all—nay, hear me calmly—
The Duke even now is playing. He assumes
The mask, as if he would forsake the army;

And in this moment makes he preparations
That army from the Emperor—to *steal*,
And carry it over to the enemy!

Max. That low priest's legend I know well, but did not
Expect to hear it from thy mouth.

Oct. That mouth,
From which thou hear'st it at this present moment
Doth warrant thee that it is no priest's legend.

Max. How mere a maniac they suppose the Duke.
What, he can meditate?—the Duke?—can dream
That he can lure away full thirty thousand
Tried troops and true, all honourable soldiers,
More than a thousand noblemen among them,
From oaths, from duty, from their honour lure them,
And make them all unanimous to do
A deed that brands them scoundrels?

Oct. Such a deed,
With such a front of infamy, the Duke
No way desires—what he requires of us
Bears a far gentler appellation. Nothing
He wishes, but to give the empire peace.
And so, because the Emperor hates *this* peace,
Therefore the Duke—the Duke will *force* him to it.
All parts of the empire will he pacify.
And for his trouble will retain in payment
(What he has already in his gripe)—Bohemia!

Max. Has he, Octavio, merited of us,
That we—that we should think so vilely of him?

Oct. What *we would* think is not the question here.

The affair speaks for itself—and clearest proofs!
Hear me, my son—'tis not unknown to thee,
In what ill credit with the Court we stand.
But little dost thou know, or guess what tricks,
What base intrigues, what lying artifices,
Have been employ'd—for this sole end—to sow
Mutiny in the camp! All bands are loos'd—
Loos'd all the bands that link the officer
To his liege Emperor, all that bind the soldier
Affectionately to the citizen.
Lawless he stands, and threat'ningly beleaguers
The state he's bound to guard. To such a height
'Tis swoln, that at this hour the Emperor
Before his armies—his own armies—trembles;
Yea, in his capital, his palace, fears
The traitors' poniards, and is meditating
To hurry off and hide his tender offspring——
Not from the Swedes, not from the Lutherans—
No! from his own troops hide and hurry them!

Max. Cease, cease! thou tortur'st, shatter'st me. I know
That oft we tremble at an empty terror;
But the false phantasm brings a real misery.

Oct. It is no phantasm. An intestine war,
Of all the most unnatural and cruel,
Will burst out into flames, if instantly
We do not fly and stifle it. The Generals
Are many of them long ago won over;
The subalterns are vacillating—whole
Regiments and garrisons are vacillating.
To foreigners our strong holds are entrusted;
To that suspected Schafgotch is the whole
Force of Silesia given up; to Tertsky

Five regiments, foot and horse—to Isolani,
To Illo, Kinsky, Butler, the best troops.
Max. Likewise to both of us.
Oct. Because the Duke
Believes he has secur'd us—means to lure us
Still further on by splendid promises.
To me he portions forth the princedoms Glatz
And Sagan; and too plain I see the angel
With which he doubts not to catch *thee*.
Max. No! no!
I tell thee—no!
Oct. O open yet thine eyes!
And to what purpose think'st thou he has call'd us
Hither to Pilsen? To avail himself
Of our advice? O when did Friedland ever
Need our advice? Be calm, and listen to me.
To sell ourselves are we call'd hither, and
Decline we that—to be his hostages.
Therefore doth noble Galas stand aloof;
Thy father, too, thou would'st not have seen here,
If higher duties had not held him fetter'd.
Max. He makes no secret of it—needs make none—
That we're call'd hither for his sake—he owns it.
He needs our aidance to maintain himself—
He did so much for us; and 'tis but fair
That we, too, should do somewhat now for him.
Oct. And know'st thou what it is which we must do?
That Illo's drunken mood betray'd it to thee.
Bethink thyself—what hast thou heard, what seen?
The counterfeited paper—the omission
Of that particular clause, so full of meaning,

Does it not prove that they would bind us down
To nothing good?

Max. That counterfeited paper
Appears to me no other than a trick
Of Illo's own device. These underhand
Traders in great men's interests, ever use
To urge and hurry all things to the extreme.
They see the Duke at variance with the court,
And fondly think to serve him, when they widen
The breach irreparably. Trust me, father,
The Duke knows nothing of all this.

Oct. It grieves me
That I must dash to earth, that I must shatter
A faith so specious; but I may not spare thee!
For this is not a time for tenderness.
Thou must take measures, speedy ones—must act.
I therefore will confess to thee, that all
Which I've intrusted to thee now—that all
Which seems to thee so unbelievable,
That—yes, I will tell thee—(*a pause*)—Max. I had it all
From his own mouth—from the Duke's mouth I had it.

Max. (*in excessive agitation,*) No!—no!—never!

Oct. Himself confided to me
What I, 'tis true, had long before discover'd
By other means—himself confided to me,
That 'twas his settled plan to join the Swedes;
And, at the head of the united armies,
Compel the Emperor———

Max. He is passionate.
The court has stung him—he is sore all over

With injuries and affronts; and in a moment
Of irritation, what if he, for once,
Forgot himself? He's an impetuous man.

Oct. Nay, in cold blood, he did confess this to me;
And having construed my astonishment
Into a scruple of his power, he show'd me
His written evidences—show'd me letters,
Both from the Saxon and the Swede, that gave
Promises of aidance, and defin'd th' amount.

Max. It cannot be!—can *not* be!—*can* not be!
Dost thou not see, it cannot!
Thou wouldst of necessity have shown him
Such horror, such deep loathing—that or he
Had tak'n thee for his better genius, or
Thou stood'st not now a living man before me—

Oct. I have laid open my objections to him,
Dissuaded him with pressing earnestness;
But my *abhorrence*, the full sentiment
Of my *whole* heart—that I have still kept sacred
To my own consciousness.

Max. And *thou* hast been
So treacherous? That looks not like my father!
I trusted not thy words, when thou didst tell me
Evil of him; much less can I *now* do it,
That thou calumniatest thy own self.

Oct. I did not thrust myself into his secresy.

Max. Uprightness merited his confidence.

Oct. He was no longer worthy of sincerity.

Max. Dissimulation, sure, was still less worthy
Of thee, Octavio!

Oct. Gave I him a cause
To entertain a scruple of my honour?

Max. That he did not, evinc'd his confidence.

Oct. Dear son, it is not always possible
Still to preserve that infant purity
Which the voice teaches in our inmost heart.
Still in alarm, for ever on the watch
Against the wiles of wicked men, e'en Virtue
Will sometimes bear away her outward robes
Soil'd in the wrestle with Iniquity.
This is the curse of every evil deed,
That, propagating still, it brings forth evil.
I do not cheat my better soul with sophisms;
I but perform my orders; the Emperor
Prescribes my conduct to me. Dearest boy,
Far better were it, doubtless, if we all
Obey'd the heart at all times; but so doing,
In this our present sojourn with bad men,
We must abandon many an honest object.
'Tis now our call to serve the Emperor,
By what means he can best be serv'd—the heart
May whisper what it will—this is our call!

Max. It seems a thing appointed that to-day
I should not comprehend, not understand thee.
The Duke, thou say'st, did honestly pour out
His heart to thee, but for an evil purpose;
And thou dishonestly hast cheated him
For a good purpose!—Silence, I entreat thee—
My friend thou stealest not from me—
Let me not lose my father!

Oct. (*suppressing resentment*) As yet thou
know'st not all, my son. I have
Yet somewhat to disclose to thee.
(*After a pause*)
Duke Friedland
Hath made his preparations. He relies
Upon his stars. He deems us unprovided,

And thinks to fall upon us by surprise.
Yea, in his dream of hope, he grasps already
The golden circle in his hand. He errs.
We too have been in action—he but grasps
His evil fate, most evil, most mysterious!

Max. O nothing rash, my sire. By all that's good
Let me invoke thee—no precipitation!

Oct. With light tread stole he on his evil way,
And light of tread hath Vengeance stole on after him.
Unseen she stands already, dark behind him—
But one step more—he shudders in her grasp!
Thou hast seen Questenberg with me. As yet
Thou know'st but his ostensible commission—
He brought with him a *private* one, my son,
And that was for me only.

Max. May I know it?

Oct. (*seizes the patent,*) Max!
(*A pause.*)

——In this disclosure place I in thy hands
The Empire's welfare and thy father's life.
Dear to thy inmost heart is Wallenstein:
A powerful tie of love, of veneration,
Hath knit thee to him from thy earliest youth.
Thou nourishest the *wish*—O let me still
Anticipate thy loitering confidence!
The *hope* thou nourishest to knit thyself
Yet closer to him——

Max. Father——

Oct. O my son!
I trust thy heart undoubtingly. But am I
Equally sure of thy collectedness?
Wilt thou be able, with calm countenance,

To enter this man's presence, when that I
Have trusted to thee his whole fate?

Max. According
As thou dost trust me, father, with his crime.

(Octavio takes a paper out of his escrutoire, and gives it to him.)

Max. What? how?—a full imperial patent!

Oct. Read it.

Max. (*just glances on it,*) Duke Friedland sentenc'd and condemn'd!

Oct. Even so.

Max. (*throws down the paper,*) O this is too much!—O unhappy error!

Oct. Read on. Collect thyself.

Max. (*after he has read further with a look of affright and astonishment on his father.*)
How!—what!—Thou!—thou!

Oct. But for the present moment, till the King
Of Hungary may safely join the army,
Is the command assign'd to me.

Max. And think'st thou,
Dost thou believe, that thou wilt tear it from him?
O never hope it!—Father! father! father!
An inauspicious office is enjoin'd thee.
This paper here—this! and wilt thou enforce it?
The mighty, in the middle of his host,
Surrounded by his thousands, him would'st thou
Disarm—degrade! Thou art lost, both thou and all of us.

Oct. What hazard I incur thereby, I know.
In the great hand of God I stand. The Almighty
Will cover with his shield the imperial house,
And shatter, in his wrath, the work of darkness.
The Emperor hath true servants still; and, even

Here in the camp, there are enough brave men,
Who for the good cause will fight gallantly.
The faithful have been warn'd—the dangerous
Are closely watch'd. I wait but the first step,
And then immediately——
Max. What! on suspicion?
Immediately?
Oct. The Emperor is no tyrant.
The deed alone he'll punish, not the wish.
The Duke hath yet his destiny in his power.
Let him but leave the treason uncompleted,
He will be silently displac'd from office,
And make way to his Emperor's royal son.
An honourable exile to his castles
Will be a benefaction to him rather
Than punishment. But the first open step——
Max. What call'st thou such a step? A wicked step
Ne'er will he take: but thou might'st easily,
Yea, thou hast done it, misinterpret him.
Oct. Nay, howsoever punishable were
Duke Friedland's purposes, yet still the steps
Which he hath taken openly, permit
A mild construction. It is my intention
To leave this paper wholly unenforc'd
Till some act is committed which convicts him
Of a high-treason, without doubt or plea,
And that shall sentence him.
Max. But who the judge?
Oct. Thyself.
Max. For ever, then, this paper will lie idle.
Oct. Too soon, I fear, its powers must all be prov'd.
After the counter-promise of this evening,

It cannot be but he must deem himself
Secure of the majority with *us*;
And of the army's general sentiment
He hath a pleasing proof in that petition
Which thou deliver'st to him from the regiments.
Add this too—I have letters that the Rhinegrave
Hath chang'd his route, and travels by forc'd marches
To the Bohemian Forest. What this purports,
Remains unknown; and, to confirm suspicion,
This night a Swedish nobleman arriv'd here.

Max. I have thy word. Thou'lt not proceed to action
Before thou hast convinc'd me—me myself.

Oct. Is it possible? Still, after all thou know'st,
Canst thou believe still in his innocence?

Max. (*with enthusiasm*) Thy judgment may mistake; my heart cannot.

(moderates his voice and manner,)

These reasons might expound thy spirit or mine,
But they expound not Friedland—I have faith:
For as he knits his fortunes to the stars,
Even so doth he resemble them in secret,
Wonderful, still inexplicable courses!
Trust me, they do him wrong. All will be solv'd.
These smokes, at once, will kindle into flame—
The edges of this black and stormy cloud
Will brighten suddenly, and we shall view
The Unapproachable glide out in splendour.

Oct. I will await it.

SCENE II.

Octavio and Max. as before. To them the Valet of the Chamber.

Oct. How now, then?
Val. A despatch is at the door.
Oct. So early? From whom comes he then?
Who is it?
Val. That he refus'd to tell me.
Oct. Lead him in:
And, hark you—let it not transpire.

[Exit Valet—the Cornet steps in.]

Ha! Cornet—is it you? and from Count Galas?
Give me your letters.
Cor. The Lieutenant-general
Trusted it not to letters.
Oct. And what is it?
Cor. He bade me tell you—Dare I speak openly here?
Oct. My son knows all.
Cor. We have him.
Oct. Whom?
Cor. *Sisina*,
The old negociator.
Oct. (*eagerly*) And you have him?
Cor. In the Bohemian forest, Captain Mohrbrand
Found and secur'd him yester morning early:
He was proceeding then to Regenspurg,
And on him were despatches for the Swede.
Oct. And the despatches——
Cor. The Lieutenant-general
Sent them that instant to Vienna, and
The prisoner with them.

Oct. This is, indeed, a tiding!
That fellow is a precious casket to us,
Enclosing weighty things.—Was much found on him?

Cor. I think, six packets, with Count Tertsky's arms.

Oct. None in the Duke's own hand?

Cor. Not that I know.

Oct. And old Sesina?

Cor. He was sorely frighten'd,
When it was told him he must to Vienna.
But the Count Altringer bade him take heart,
Would he but make a full and free confession.

Oct. Is Altringer then with your lord? I heard
That he lay sick at Linz.

Cor. These three days past
He's with my master, the Lieutenant-general,
At Frauemburg. Already have they sixty
Small companies together, chosen men:
Respectfully they greet you with assurances,
That they are only waiting your commands.

Oct. In a few days may great events take place.
And when must you return?

Cor. I wait your orders.

Oct. Remain till evening.

(Cornet signifies his assent and obeisance, and is going.)

Oct. No one saw you—ha?

Cor. No living creature. Thro' the cloister wicket
The Capuchins, as usual, let me in.

Oct. Go, rest your limbs, and keep yourself conceal'd.
I hold it probable, that yet ere evening
I shall despatch you. The developement

Of this affair approaches: ere the day,
That even now is dawning in the heaven,
Ere this eventful day hath set, the lot
That must decide our fortunes will be drawn.
(Exit Cornet.

SCENE III.

OCTAVIO AND MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Oct. Well—and what now, son? All will soon be clear,
For all, I'm certain, went thro' that Sesina.

Max. (who through the whole of the foregoing scene has been in a violent and visible struggle of feelings, at length starts as one resolved.)

I will procure me light a shorter way.
Farewell.

Oct. Where now?—Remain here.

Max. To the Duke.

Oct. (*alarmed*) What——

Max. (*returning*) If thou hast believ'd that I shall act
A part in this thy play———
Thou hast miscalculated on me grievously.
My way must be straight on. True with the tongue,
False with the heart—I may not, cannot be:
Nor can I suffer that a man should trust me—
As his friend trust me—and then lull my conscience
With such low pleas as these:—"I ask'd him not—
He did it all at his own hazard—and
My *mouth* has never lied to him."—No, no!

What a friend takes me for, that I must be.
—I'll to the Duke; ere yet this day is ended
Will I demand of him that he do save
His good name from the world, and with one stride
Break through and rend this fine-spun web of yours.
He can, he will!—*I* still am his believer.
Yet I'll not pledge myself, but that those letters
May furnish you, perchance, with proofs against him.
How far may not this Tertsky have proceeded—
What may not he himself, too, have permitted
Himself to do, to snare the enemy,
The laws of war excusing? Nothing, save
His own mouth shall convict him—nothing less!
And face to face will I go question him.

Oct. Thou wilt?

Max. I will, as sure as this heart beats.

Oct. I have, indeed, miscalculated on thee.
I calculated on a prudent son,
Who would have blest the hand beneficent
That pluck'd him back from the abyss—and lo!
A fascinated being I discover,
Whom his two eyes befool, whom passion wilders,
Whom not the broadest light of noon can heal.
Go, question him!—Be mad enough, I pray thee.
The purpose of thy father, of thy Emperor,
Go, give it up free booty!—Force me, drive me
To an open breach before the time. And now,
Now that a miracle of heaven had guarded
My secret purpose even to this hour,
And laid to sleep Suspicion's piercing eyes,
Let me have liv'd to see that mine own son,
With frantic enterprise, annihilates

My toilsome labours and state-policy.

Max. Ay—this state-policy! O how I curse it!
You will some time, with your state-policy,
Compel him to the measure: it may happen,
Because ye are *determin'd* that he is guilty,
Guilty ye'll *make* him. All retreat cut off,
You close up every outlet, hem him in
Narrower and narrower, till at length ye force him—
Yes, *ye*,—ye *force* him, in his desperation,
To set fire to his prison.—Father! father!
That never can end well—it cannot—will not!
And let it be decided as it may,
I see with boding heart the near approach
Of an ill-starr'd unblest catastrophe.
For this great Monarch-spirit, if he fall,
Will drag a world into the ruin with him.
And as a ship, that midway on the ocean
Takes fire, at once, and with a thunder-burst
Explodes, and with itself shoots out its crew
In smoke and ruin betwixt sea and heaven;
So will he, falling, draw down in his fall
All us, who're fix'd and mortic'd to his fortune.
Deem of it what thou wilt; but pardon me,
That I must bear me on in my own way.
All must remain pure betwixt him and me;
And, ere the day-light dawns, it must be known
Which I must lose—my father, or my friend.

(During his exit the curtain drops.)

ACT IV.

Scene—a room fitted up for astrological labours, and provided with celestial charts, with globes, telescopes, quadrants, and other mathematical instruments.—Seven colossal figures, representing the planets, each with a transparent star of a different colour on its head, stand in a semi-circle in the back-ground, so that Mars and Saturn are nearest the eye.—The remainder of the scene, and its disposition, is given in the fourth scene of the second act.—There must be a curtain over the figures, which may be dropped, and conceal them on occasions. [In the fifth scene of this act it must be dropped; but, in the seventh scene, it must be again drawn up wholly or in part.]

SCENE I.

Wallenstein at a back table, on which a speculum astrologicum is described with chalk. Seni is taking observations through a window.

Wal. All well—and now let it be ended, Seni.
—Come,
The dawn commences, and Mars rules the hour.
We must give o'er the operation. Come,
We know enough.
Seni. Your Highness must permit me
Just to contemplate Venus. She's now rising:
Like as a sun, so shines she in the east.
Wal. She is at present in her perigee,
And shoots down now her strongest influences.
(Contemplating the figure on the table.)
Auspicious aspect—fateful in conjunction,
At length the mighty three corradiate;
And the two stars of blessing, Jupiter
And Venus, take between them the malignant
Slily-malicious Mars, and thus compel

Into *my* service that old mischief-founder:
For long he view'd me hostilely, and ever
Will beam oblique, or perpendicular,
Now in the quartile, now in the secundan,
Shot his red lightnings at my stars, disturbing
Their blessed influences and sweet aspects.
Now they have conquer'd the old enemy,
And bring him in the heavens a prisoner to me.

Seni. (*who has come down from the window*)
And in a corner house, your Highness—think of that!
That makes each influence of double strength.

Wal. And sun and moon, too, in the sextile aspect,
The soft light with the veh'ment—so I love it.
Sol is the heart, Luna the head of heaven.
Bold be the plan, fiery the execution.

Seni. And both the mighty lumina by no
Maleficus affronted. Lo! Saturnus,
Innocuous, powerless, in cadente domo.

Wal. The empire of Saturnus is gone by:
Lord of the secret birth of things is he;
Within the lap of earth, and in the depths
Of the imagination dominates;
And his are all things that eschew the light.
The time is o'er of brooding and contrivance;
For Jupiter, the lustrous, lordeth now,
And the dark work, complete of preparation,
He draws by force into the realm of light.
Now must we hasten on to action, ere
The scheme, and most auspicious positure
Parts o'er my head, and takes once more its flight;
For the heavens journey still, and sojourn not.

(There are knocks at the door).

There's some one knocking there. See who it is.

Ter. (*from without*) Open, and let me in.

Wal. Ay—'tis Tertsky.

What is there of such urgence? We are busy.

Ter. (*from without*) Lay all aside at present,
I entreat you.

It suffers no delaying.

Wal. Open, Seni!

(While Seni opens the door for Tertsky, Wallenstein draws the curtain over the figures.)

Ter. (*enters*) Hast thou already heard it? He
is taken.

Galas has giv'n him up to the Emperor.

[Seni draws off the black table, and exit.

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

Wal. (*to Tertsky*) Who has been taken?—
Who is given up?

Ter. The man who knows our secrets, who
knows every

Negotiation with the Swede and Saxon,

Thro' whose hands all and every thing has pass'd—

Wal. (*drawing back*) Nay, not Sesina?—Say,
No! I entreat thee.

Ter. All on his road for Regenspurg to the
Swede

He was plung'd down upon by Galas' agent,

Who had been long in ambush, lurking for him.

There must have been found on him my whole
packet

To Thur, to Kinsky, to Oxenstirn, to Arnheim:

All this is in their hands; they have now an
insight
Into the whole—our measures, and our motives.

SCENE III.

To them enters Illo.

Illo. (*to Tertsky*) Has he heard it?
Ter. He has heard it.
Illo. (*to Wallenstein*) Think'st thou still
To make thy peace with the Emp'ror, to regain
His confidence?—E'en were it now thy wish
To abandon all thy plans, yet still they know
What thou hast wish'd; then forward thou must
press;
Retreat is now no longer in thy power.
Ter. They have documents against us, and in
hands,
Which show beyond all power of contradiction—
Wal. Of my hand-writing—no iota. Thee
I punish for thy lies.
Illo. And thou believ'st
That what this man, that what thy sister's husband
Did in thy name, will not stand on thy reckoning?
His word must pass for thy word with the Swede,
And not with those that hate thee at Vienna.
Ter. In writing thou gav'st nothing—But be-
think thee,
How far thou venturedst by word of mouth
With this Sesina? And will he be silent?
If he can save himself by yielding up
Thy secret purposes, will he retain them?
Illo. Thyself dost not conceive it possible;
And since they now have evidence authentic
How far thou hast already gone, speak!—tell us,

What art thou waiting for? Thou canst no longer
Keep thy command; and beyond hope of rescue
Thou'rt lost, if thou resign'st it.
Wal. In the army
Lies my security. The army will not
Abandon me. Whatever they may know,
The power is mine, and they must gulp it down—
And substitute I caution for my fealty;
They must be satisfied, at least appear so.
Illo. The army, Duke, *is* thine now—for this moment—
'Tis thine: but think with terror on the slow,
The quiet power of time. From open vi'lence
The attachment of thy soldiery secures thee
To-day—to-morrow; but grant'st thou them a respite,
Unheard, unseen, they'll undermine that love
On which thou now dost feel so firm a footing,
With wily theft will draw away from thee
One after th' other——
Wal. 'Tis a cursed accident!
Illo. O I will call it a most blessed one
If it work on thee as it ought to do,
Hurry thee on to action—to decision—
The Swedish General——
Wal. He's arriv'd!—Know'st thou
What his commission is——
Illo. To thee alone
Will he intrust the purpose of his coming.
Wal. A cursed, cursed accident!—Yes, yes,
Sesina knows too much, and wont be silent.
Ter. He's a Bohemian fugitive and rebel,
His neck is forfeit. Can he save himself
At thy cost, think you he will scruple it?

And if they put him to the torture, will he,
Will *he*, that dastardling, have strength enough—
Wal. (*lost in thought*) Their confidence is lost
—irreparable!
And I may act what way I will, I shall
Be and remain for ever in their thought
A traitor to my country. How sincerely
Soever I return back to my duty,
It will no longer help me——
Illo. Ruin thee,
That it will do! Not thy fidelity,
Thy weakness will be deem'd the sole occasion—
Wal. (*pacing up and down in extreme agitation*)
What! I must realize it now in earnest,
Because I toy'd too freely with the thought?
Accursed he who dallies with a devil!
And must I—I *must* realize it now—
Now, while I have the power, it *must* take place?
Illo. Now—now—ere they can ward and
parry it!
Wal. (*looking at the paper of signatures*) I
have the Generals' words—a written
promise!
Max. Piccolomini stands not here—how's that?
Ter. It was——he fancied——
Illo. Mere self-willedness.
There needed no such thing 'twixt him and you.
Wal. He is quite right—there needeth no such
thing.
The regiments, too, deny to march for Flanders—
Have sent me in a paper of remonstrance,
And openly resist the imperial orders.
The first step to revolt 's already taken.
Illo. Believe me, thou wilt find it far more easy

To lead them over to the enemy
Than to the Spaniard.
Wal. I will hear, however,
What the Swede has to say to me.
Illo. (*eagerly to Tertsky*) Go, call him!
He stands without the door in waiting.
Wal. Stay!
Stay yet a little. It hath taken me
All by surprise,—it came too quick upon me;
'Tis wholly novel, that an accident,
With its dark lordship, and blind agency,
Should force me on with it.
Illo. First hear him only,
And after weigh it. [*Exeunt Tertsky and Illo.*

SCENE IV.

Wal. (*in soliloquy*) Is it possible?
Is't so? I *can* no longer what I *would*?
No longer draw back at my liking? I
Must *do* the deed because I *thought* of it,
And fed this heart here with a dream? Because
I did not scowl temptation from my presence,
Dallied with thoughts of possible fulfilment,
Commenced no movement, left all time uncertain,
And only kept the road, the access open?
By the great God of Heaven! It was not
My serious meaning, it was ne'er resolve.
I but amus'd myself with thinking of it.
The free-will tempted me, the power to do
Or not to do it.—Was it criminal
To make the fancy minister to hope,
To fill the air with pretty toys of air,
And clutch fantastic sceptres moving t ward me?
Was not the will kept free? Beheld I not

The road of duty close beside me—but
One little step, and once more I was in it!
Where am I? Whither have I been transported?
No road, no track behind me, but a wall,
Impenetrable, insurmountable,
Rises obedient to the spells I mutter'd
And meant not—my own doings tower behind me.
(Pauses and remains in deep thought.)
A punishable man I seem, the guilt,
Try what I will, I cannot roll off from me;
The equivocal demeanour of my life
Bears witness on my prosecutor's party;
And even my purest acts from purest motives
Suspicion poisons with malicious gloss.
Were I that thing, for which I pass, that traitor,
A goodly outside I had sure reserv'd,
Had drawn the cov'ring thick and double round me,
Been calm and chary of my utterance.
But being conscious of the innocence
Of my intent, my uncorrupted will,
I gave way to my humours, to my passion:
Bold were my words, because my deeds were *not*.
Now every planless measure, chance event,
The threat of rage, the vaunt of joy and triumph,
And all the May-games of a heart o'erflowing,
Will they connect, and weave them all together
Into one web of treason; all will be plain,
My eye ne'er absent from the far-off mark,
Step tracing step, each step a politic progress;
And out of all they'll fabricate a charge
So specious, that I must myself stand *dumb*.
I am caught in my own net, and only force,
Naught but a sudden *rent* can liberate me.
(Pauses again.)

How else! since that the heart's unbias'd instinct
Impell'd me to the daring deed, which now
Necessity, self-preservation, *orders*.
Stern is the on-look of necessity,
Not without shudder may a human hand
Grasp the mysterious urn of destiny.
My deed was mine, remaining in my bosom.
Once suffer'd to escape from it's safe corner
Within the heart, its nursery and birth-place,
Sent forth into the foreign, it belongs
For ever to those sly malicious powers
Whom never art of man conciliated.

(Paces in agitation through the chamber, then pauses, and after the pause, breaks out again into audible soliloquy.)

What is thy enterprise? thy aim? thy object?
Hast honestly confess'd it to thyself?
Power seated on a quiet throne thou'dst shake,
Power on an ancient consecrated throne,
Strong in possession, founded in old custom;
Power by a thousand tough and stringy roots
Fix'd to the people's pious nursery-faith.
This, this will be no strife of strength with strength.
That fear'd I not. I brave each combatant,
Whom I can look on, fixing eye to eye,
Who full himself of courage kindles courage
In me too. 'Tis a foe invisible
The which I fear—a fearful enemy,
Which in the human heart opposes me,
By its coward fear alone made fearful to me.
Not that, which full of life, instinct with pow'r,
Makes known its present being, that is not
The true, the perilously formidable.
O no! it is the common, the quite common,

The thing of an eternal yesterday.
What ever was, and ever more returns,
Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 'twas sterling!
For of the wholly common is man made,
And custom is his nurse! Woe then to them,
Who lay irreverent hands upon his old
House furniture, the dear inheritance
From his forefathers. For time consecrates;
And what is grey with age becomes religion.
Be in possession, and thou hast the right,
And sacred will the many guard it for thee!

(To the Page, who here enters.)

The Swedish officer?—Well, let him enter.

(The Page exit, Wallenstein fixes his eye in deep thought on the door.)

Yet is it pure—as yet!—the crime has come
Not o'er this threshold yet—so slender is
The boundary that divideth life's two paths.

SCENE V.

WALLENSTEIN AND WRANGEL.

Wal. (after having fixed a searching look on him)
Your name is Wrangel?

Wran. Gustavus Wrangel, General
Of the Sudermanian blues.

Wal. It was a Wrangel
Who injur'd me materially at Stralsund,
And by his brave resistance was the cause
Of th' opposition which that sea-port made.

Wran. It was the doing of the element
With which you fought, my Lord! and not my merit.
The Baltic Neptune did assert his freedom;

The sea and land, it seem'd, were not to serve
One and the same.

Wal. (*makes a motion for him to take a seat, and seats himself*) And where are your credentials?

Come you provided with full powers, Sir General?

Wran. There are so many scruples yet to solve——

Wal. (*having read the credentials*) An able letter!—Ay—he is a prudent,
Intelligent master, whom you serve, Sir General!
The Chancellor writes me, that he but fulfils
His late departed Sovereign's own idea
In helping me to the Bohemian crown.

Wran. He says the truth. Our great King, now in heaven,
Did ever deem most highly of your Grace's
Pre-eminent sense and military genius;
And always the commanding intellect,
He said, should have command, and be the King.

Wal. Yes, he *might* say it safely.—General Wrangel,

(Taking his hand affectionately).

Come, fair and open.—Trust me, I was always
A Swede at heart. Ey! that did you experience
Both in Silesia and at Nuremburg;
I had you often in my power, and let you
Always slip out by some back door or other.
'Tis this for which the court can ne'er forgive me,
Which drives me to this present step: and since
Our interests so run in one direction,
E'en let us have a thorough confidence
Each in the other.

Wran. Confidence will come,

Has each but only first security.

Wal. The chancellor still, I see, does not quite
trust me,
And, I confess—the game does not lie wholly
To my advantage—Without doubt he thinks
If I can play false with the Emperor,
Who is my Sov'reign, I can do the like
With th' enemy, and that *the one*, too, were
Sooner to be forgiven me than the *other*.
Is not this your opinion too, Sir General?

Wran. I have here an office merely, no opinion.

Wal. The Emperor hath urged me to the
uttermost.
I can no longer honourably serve him.
For my security, in self-defence,
I take this hard step which my conscience blames.

Wran. That I believe. So far would no one go
Who was not forc'd to it.

(After a pause.)

What may have impelled
Your princely Highness in this wise to act
Toward your Sovereign Lord and Emperor,
Beseems not us to expound or criticise.
The Swede is fighting for his good old cause,
With his good sword and conscience. This con-
currence,
This opportunity, is in our favour,
And all advantages in war are lawful.
We take what offers without questioning;
And if all have its due and just proportions——

Wal. Of what then are ye doubting! Of my
will?
Or of my power? I pledg'd me to the Chancellor,
Would he trust *me* with sixteen thousand men,

That I would instantly go over to them
With eighteen thousand of the Emperor's troops.
Wran. Your Grace is known to be a mighty war-chief,
To be a second Attila and Pyrrhus.
'Tis talk'd of still with fresh astonishment,
How some years past, beyond all human faith,
You called an army forth, like a creation:
But yet——
Wal. But yet?
Wran. But still the Chancellor thinks,
It might yet be an easier thing from nothing
To call forth sixty-thousand men of battle,
Than to persuade one sixtieth part of them—
Wal. What now? Out with it, friend!
Wran. To break their oaths.
Wal. And he thinks so? He judges like a Swede,
And like a Protestant. You Lutherans
Fight for your Bible. You are int'rested
About the cause; and with your *hearts* you follow
Your banners.—Among *you*, whoe'er deserts
To the enemy, hath broken covenant
With two Lords at one time.—We've no such fancies.
Wran. Great God in Heaven! Have then the people here
No house and home, no fire-side, no altar?
Wal. I will explain that to you, how it stands—
The Austrian *has* a country, ay, and loves it,
And has good cause to love it—but this army,
That calls itself th' Imperial, this that houses
Here in Bohemia, this has none—no country;
This is an outcast of all foreign lands

Unclaim'd by town or tribe, to whom belongs
Nothing, except the universal sun.
Wran. But then the nobles and the officers?
Such a desertion, such a felony,
It is without example, my Lord Duke,
In the world's history.
Wal. They all are mine—
Mine unconditionally—mine on all terms.
Not me, your own eyes you may trust.

(He gives him the paper containing the written oath. Wrangel reads it through, and having read it, lays it on the table, remaining silent.)

So then?
Now comprehend you?
Wran. Comprehend, who can!
My Lord Duke! I will let the mask drop—yes!
I've full powers for a final settlement.
The Rhinegrave stands but four days march from here
With fifteen thousand men, and only waits
For orders to proceed and join your army.
These orders *I* give out, immediately
We're compromis'd.
Wal. What asks the Chancellor?
Wran. (*considerately*) Twelve regiments, every man a Swede—my head
The warranty—and all might prove at last
Only false play——
Wal. (*starting*) Sir Swede!
Wran. (*calmly proceeding*) Am therefore forc'd
T' insist thereon, that he do formally,
Irrevocably break with th' Emperor,
Else not a Swede is trusted to Duke Friedland.

Wal. Come, brief and open! what is the demand?

Wran. That he forthwith disarm the Spanish reg'ments
Attach'd to th' Emperor, that he seize Prague,
And to the Swedes give up that city, with
The strong pass Egra.

Wal. That is much indeed!
Prague!—Egra's granted—But—but Prague!—
'Twon't do.
I give you every security
Which you may ask of me in common reason—
But Prague—Bohemia—these, Sir General,
I can myself protect.

Wran. We doubt it not.
But 'tis not the protection that is now
Our sole concern. We want security,
That we shall not expend our men and money
All to no purpose.

Wal. 'Tis but reasonable.

Wran. And till we are indemnified, so long
Stays Prague in pledge.

Wal. Then trust you us so little?

Wran. (*rising*) The Swede, if he would treat well with the German,
Must keep a sharp look-out. We have been call'd
Over the Baltic, we have sav'd the empire
From ruin—with our best blood have we seal'd
The liberty of faith, and gospel truth.
But now already is the benefaction
No longer felt, the load alone is felt,——
Ye look askance with evil eye upon us,
As foreigners, intruders in the empire.
And would fain send us, with some paltry sum

Of money, home again to our old forests.
No, no! my Lord Duke! no!—it never was
For Judas' pay, for chinking gold and silver,
That we did leave our King by the *Great Stone.
No, not for gold and silver have there bled
So many of our Swedish nobles—neither
Will we, with empty laurels for our payment,
Hoist sail for our own country. *Citizens*
Will we remain upon the soil, the which
Our monarch conquer'd for himself, and died.

Wal. Help to keep down the common enemy,
And the fair border land must needs be yours.

Wran. But when the common enemy lies vanquish'd,
Who knits together our new friendship then!
We know, Duke Friedland! though perhaps the Swede
Ought not t' have known it, that you carry on
Secret negotiations with the Saxons.
Who is our warranty, that *we* are not
The sacrifices in those articles
Which 'tis thought needful to conceal from us?

Wal. (*rises*) Think you of something better, Gustave Wrangel!
Of Prague no more.

Wran. Here my commission ends.

Wal. Surrender up to you my capital!
Far liever would I face about, and step
Back to my Emperor.

Wran. If time yet permits———

Wal. That lies with me, even now, at any hour.

* A great stone near Lützen, since called the Swede's Stone, the body of their great king having been found at the foot of it, after the battle in which he lost his life.

Wran. Some days ago, perhaps. To-day, no longer;
No longer since Sesina's been a prisoner.

(Wallenstein is struck, and silenced.)

My Lord Duke, hear me—We believe that you
At present do mean honourably by us.
Since *yesterday* we're sure of that—and now
This paper warrants for the troops, there's nothing
Stands in the way of our full confidence.
Prague shall not part us. Hear! The Chancellor
Contents himself with Albstadt; to your Grace
He gives up Ratschin and the narrow side,
But Egra, above all, must open to us,
Ere we can think of any junction.

Wal. You,
You therefore must I trust, and you not me?
I will consider of your proposition.

Wran. I must entreat that your consideration
Occupy not too long a time. Already
Has this negociation, my Lord Duke!
Crept on into the second year. If nothing
Is settled this time, will the Chancellor
Consider it as broken off for ever.

Wal. Ye press me hard. A measure, such as this,
Ought to be *thought* of.

Wran. Ay! but think of this too,
That sudden action only can procure it
Success—think first of this, your Highness.

[Exit Wrangel.

SCENE VI.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, AND ILLO (RE-ENTER.)

Illo. Is't all right?
Ter. Are you compromis'd?
Illo. This Swede
Went smiling from you. Yes! you're compromis'd.
Wal. As yet is nothing settled: and (well weigh'd)
I feel myself inclin'd to leave it so.
Ter. How? What is that?
Wal. Come on me what will come,
The doing evil to avoid an evil
Cannot be good!
Ter. Nay, but bethink you, Duke?
Wal. To live upon the mercy of these Swedes!
Of these proud-hearted Swedes! I could not bear it.
Illo. Goest thou as fugitive, as mendicant?
Bring'st thou not more to them than thou receiv'st?

SCENE VII.

To these enter the Countess Tertsky.

Wal. Who sent for you? There is no business here
For women.
Coun. I am come to bid you joy.
Wal. Use thy authority, Tertsky, bid her go.
Coun. Come I perhaps too early? I hope not.
Wal. Set not this tongue upon me, I entreat you,

You know it is the weapon that destroys me.
I am routed, if a woman but attack me.
I cannot traffic in the trade of words
With that unreasoning sex.
Coun. I had already
Giv'n the Bohemians a king.
Wal. (*sarcastically*) They have one,
In consequence, no doubt.
Coun. (*to the others,*) Ha! what new scruple?
Ter. The Duke will not.
Coun. He *will not* what he *must!*
Illo. It lies with you now. Try. For I am silenc'd,
When folks begin to talk to me of conscience,
And of fidelity.
Coun. How? then, when all
Lay in the far off distance, when the road
Stretch'd out before thine eyes interminably,
Then hadst thou courage and resolve; and now,
Now that the dream is being realized,
The purpose ripe, the issue ascertained,
Dost thou begin to play the dastard now?
Plann'd merely, 'tis a common felony;
Accomplish'd, an immortal undertaking;
And with success comes pardon hand in hand;
For all event is God's arbitrement.
Ser. (*enters,*) The Colonel Piccolomini.
Coun. (*hastily*) —Must wait.
Wal. I cannot see him now. Another time.
Ser. But for two minutes he entreats an audience;
Of the most urgent nature is his business.
Wal. Who knows what he may bring us? I will hear him.

Coun. (*laughs*) Urgent for him, no doubt; but thou may'st wait.
Wal. What is it?
Coun. Thou shalt be inform'd hereafter.
First let the Swede and thee be compromised.

[Exit Servant.

Wal. If there were yet a choice; if yet some milder
Way of escape were possible—I still
Will choose it, and avoid the last extreme.
Coun. Desir'st thou nothing further? Such a way
Lies still before thee. Send this Wrangel off.
Forget thou thy old hopes, cast far away
All thy past life; determine to commence
A new one. Virtue hath her heroes too,
As well as Fame and Fortune.—To Vienna—
Hence—to the Emperor—kneel before the throne;
Take a full coffer with thee—say aloud,
Thou didst but wish to prove thy fealty;
Thy whole intention but to dupe the Swede.
Illo. For that, too, 'tis too late. They know too much.
He would but bear his own head to the block.
Coun. I fear not that. They have not evidence
To attaint him legally, and they avoid
The avowal of an arbitrary power.
They'll let the Duke resign without disturbance.
I see how all will end. The king of Hungary
Makes his appearance, and 'twill of itself
Be understood, that then the Duke retires.
There will not want a formal declaration.
The young King will administer the oath
To the whole army; and so all returns

To the old position. On some morrow morning
The Duke departs; and now 'tis stir and bustle
Within his castles. He will hunt, and build,
Superintend his horses' pedigrees,
Creates himself a court, gives golden keys,
And introduceth strictest ceremony
In fine proportions, and nice etiquette;
Keeps open table with high cheer; in brief
Commenceth mighty king—in miniature.
And while he prudently demeans himself,
And gives himself no actual importance,
He will be let appear whate'er he likes;
And who dares doubt, the Friedland will appear
A mighty Prince to his last dying hour?
Well now, what then? Duke Friedland is as others,
A fire-new Noble, whom the war hath rais'd
To price and currency, a Jonah's gourd,
An over-night creation of court-favour,
Which with an undistinguishable ease
Makes Baron or makes Prince.

Wal. (*in extreme agitation*) Take her away.
Let in the young Count Piccolomini.

Coun. Art thou in earnest? I entreat thee!
Canst thou
Consent to bear thyself to thy own grave,
So ignominiously to be dried up?
Thy life, that arrogated such a height,
To end in such a nothing! To be nothing,
When one was always nothing, is an evil
That asks no stretch of patience, a light evil;
But to become a nothing, having been—

Wal. (*starts up in violent agitation,*) Shew me a way out of this stifling crowd,

Ye Powers of aidance! Shew me such a way
As *I* am capable of going.—I
Am no tongue-hero, no fine virtue-prattler;
I cannot warm by thinking! cannot say
To the good luck that turns her back upon me,
Magnanimously: 'Go! I need thee not.'
Cease I to work, I am annihilated.
Dangers nor sacrifices will I shun,
If so I may avoid the last extreme;
But ere I sink down into nothingness,
Leave off so little, who begun so great,
Ere that the world confuses me with those
Poor wretches, whom a day creates and crumbles,
This age and after-ages speak my name
With hate and dread; and Friedland be redemption
For each accursed deed!

Coun. What is there here, then,
So against nature? Help me to perceive it!
O let not Superstition's nightly goblins
Subdue thy clear bright spirit! Art thou bid
To murder?—with abhorr'd accursed poniard,
To violate the breasts that nourish'd thee?
That *were* against our nature, that might aptly
Make thy flesh shudder, and thy whole heart sicken;—
Yet not a few, and for a meaner object,
Have ventur'd even this, ay, and perform'd it.
What is there in thy case so black and monstrous?
Thou art accus'd of treason—whether with
Or without justice, is not now the question—
Thou art lost if thou dost not avail thee quickly
Of the power which thou possessest.—Friedland!
Duke!

Tell me, where lives that thing so meek and tame,
That doth not all his living faculties
Put forth in preservation of his life?
What deed so daring, which necessity
And desperation will not sanctify?

Wal. Once was this Ferdinand so gracious to me:
He lov'd me; he esteem'd me; I was plac'd
The nearest to his heart. Full many a time
We, like familiar friends, both at one table,
Have banquetted together. He and I—
And the young kings themselves held me the basin
Wherewith to wash me—and is't come to this?

Coun. So faithfully preserv'st thou each small favour,
And hast no memory for contumelies?
Must I remind thee how at Regenspurg
This man repaid thy faithful services?
All ranks and all conditions in the empire
Thou hadst wrong'd, to make him great,—hadst loaded on thee,
On *thee*, the hate, the curse of the whole world.
No friend existed for thee in all Germany,
And why? because thou hadst existed only
For th' Emperor. To th' Emperor alone
Clung Friedland in that storm which gather'd round him.
At Regenspurg in the Diet—and he dropp'd thee!
He let thee fall! He let thee fall a victim
To the Bavarian, to that insolent!
Depos'd, stript bare of all thy dignity
And power, amid the taunting of thy foes,
Thou wert let drop into obscurity.—

Say not, the restoration of thy honour
Has made atonement for that first injustice.
No honest good-will was it that replac'd thee,
The law of hard necessity replac'd thee,
Which they had fain oppos'd, but that they could not.

Wal. Not to their good wishes, that is certain,
Nor yet to his affection I'm indebted
For this high office; and if I abuse it,
I shall therein abuse no confidence.

Coun. Affection! confidence!—They *needed* thee.
Necessity, impetuous remonstrant!
Who not with empty names, or shews of proxy,
Is serv'd, who'll have the thing and not the symbol,
Ever seeks out the greatest and the best,
And at the rudder places *him*, e'en though
She had been forc'd to take him from the rabble,
She, this Necessity, it was that plac'd thee
In this high office, it was she that gave thee
Thy letters patent of inauguration.
For, to the uttermost moment that they can,
This race still help themselves at cheapest rate
With slavish souls, with puppets! At the approach
Of extreme peril, when a hollow image
Is found a hollow image and no more,
Then falls the power into the mighty hands
Of nature, of the spirit giant-born,
Who listens only to himself, knows nothing
Of stipulations, duties, reverences;
And, like th' emancipated force of fire,
Unmaster'd scorches, ere it reaches them,
Their fine-spun webs, their artificial policy.

Wal. 'Tis true! they saw me always as I am—
Always! I did not cheat them in the bargain.
I never held it worth my pains to hide
The bold, all-grasping habit of my soul.
Coun. Nay rather—thou hast ever shown thyself
A formidable man, without restraint;
Hast exercis'd the full prerogatives
Of thy impetuous nature, which had been
Once granted to thee. Therefore, Duke, not *thou*,
Who hast still remain'd consistent with thyself,
But *they* are in the wrong, who fearing thee,
Intrusted such a power in hands they fear'd.
For, by the laws of spirit, in the right
Is every individual character
That acts in strict consistence with itself.
Self-contradiction is the only wrong.
Wert thou another being, then, when thou
Eight years ago pursuedst thy march with fire
And sword, and desolation, through the circles
Of Germany, the universal scourge,
Didst mock all ordinances of the Empire,
The fearful rights of strength alone exertedst,
Trampledst to earth each rank, each magistracy,
All to extend thy Sultan's domination?
Then was the time to break thee in, to curb
Thy haughty will, to teach thee ordinance.
But no! the Emperor felt no touch of conscience,
What serv'd him pleas'd him, and without a murmur
He stamp'd his broad seal on these lawless deeds.
What at that time was right, because thou didst it
For him, to-day is all at once become
Opprobrious, foul, because it is directed

Against him.—O most flimsy superstition!
Wal. (*rising*) I never saw it in this light before.
'Tis even so. The Emperor perpetrated
Deeds through my arm, deeds most unorderly.
And even this prince's mantle, which I wear,
I owe to what were services to him,
But most high misdemeanours 'gainst the empire.
Coun. Then betwixt thee and him (confess it, Friedland!)
The point can be no more than right and duty,
Only of power and th' opportunity.
That opportunity, lo! it comes yonder,
Approaching with swift steeds; then with a swing
Throw thyself up into the chariot seat,
Seize with firm hand the reins, ere thy opponent
Anticipate thee, and himself make conquest
Of the now empty seat. The moment comes,
It is already here, when thou must write
The absolute total of thy life's vast sum.
The constellations stand victorious o'er thee,
The planets shoot good fortune in fair junctions,
And tell thee, "Now's the time!" The starry courses
Hast thou thy life long measur'd to no purpose?
The quadrant and the circle, were they play-things?
(pointing to the different objects in the room.)
The zodiacs, the rolling orbs of heaven,
Hast pictur'd on these walls, and all around thee,
In dumb, foreboding symbols hast thou plac'd
These seven presiding lords of destiny—
For toys? Is all this preparation nothing?
Is there no marrow in this hollow art,
That even to thyself it doth avail

Nothing, and has no influence over thee
In the great moment of decision?——

Wal. (during this last speech walks up and down with inward struggles, labouring with passions; stops suddenly, stands still, then interrupting the Countess,)

Send Wrangel to me—I will instantly
Despatch three couriers———

Illo. (*hurrying out*) God in heaven be prais'd!

Wal. It is *his* evil genius and *mine*.
Our evil genius! It chastises *him*
Through me, the instrument of his ambition;
And I expect no less than that revenge
E'en now is whetting for *my* breast the poniard.
Who sows the serpent's teeth, let him not hope
To reap a joyous harvest. Every crime
Has, in the moment of its perpetration,
Its own avenging angel—dark misgiving,
An ominous sinking at the inmost heart.
He can no longer trust me.—Then no longer
Can I retreat—so come that which must come,
Still destiny preserves its due relations;
The heart within us is its absolute
Vicegerent. (to Tertsky)

Go, conduct you Gustave Wrangel
To my state-cabinet.—Myself will speak to
The couriers.—And despatch immediately
A servant for Octavio Piccolomini.

(to the Countess, who cannot conceal her triumph)

No exultation!—woman, triumph not!
For jealous are the powers of destiny.
Joy premature, and shouts ere victory,
Encroach upon their rights and privileges.
We sow the seed, and they the growth determine.

[While he is making his exit, the curtain drops.]

ACT V.

Scene as in the preceding Act.

SCENE I.

WALLENSTEIN, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

Wal. (*coming forward in conversation,*) He
sends me word from Linz, that he lies sick;
But I have sure intelligence, that he
Secretes himself at Frauenberg with Galas.
Secure them both, and send them to me hither.
Remember, thou tak'st on thee the command
Of those same Spanish regiments,—constantly
Make preparation, and be never ready;
And if they urge thee to draw out against me,
Still answer *yes*, and stand as thou wert fetter'd.
I know, that it is doing thee a service
To keep thee out of action in this business.
Thou lov'st to linger on in fair appearances;
Steps of extremity are not thy province,
Therefore have I sought out this part for thee.
Thou wilt this time be of most service to me
By thy inertness. The mean time, if fortune
Declare itself on my side, thou wilt know
What is to do. (Enter Max. Piccolomini.)
Now go, Octavio.
This night must thou be off, take my own horses:
Him here I keep with me—make short farewell—
Trust me. I think we all shall meet again
In joy and thriving fortunes.
Oct. (*to his son*) I shall see you
Yet ere I go.

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Max. (*advances to him*) My General!
Wal. That am I no longer, if
Thou styl'st thyself the Emperor's officer.
Max. Then thou wilt leave the army, General?
Wal. I have renounc'd the service of the Emperor.
Max. And thou wilt leave the army?
Wal. Rather hope I
To bind it nearer still and faster to me.
(He seats himself.)
Yes, Max., I have delay'd to open it to thee,
Even till the hour of acting 'gins to strike.
Youth's fortunate feeling doth seize easily
The absolute right, yea, and a joy it is
To exercise the single apprehension
Where the sums square in proof;
But where it happens, that of two sure evils
One must be taken, where the heart not wholly
Brings itself back from out the strife of duties,
There 'tis a blessing to have no election,
And blank necessity is grace and favour.—
This is now present: do not look behind thee—
It can no more avail thee. Look thou forwards!
Think not! judge not! prepare thyself to act!
The Court—it hath determin'd on my ruin,
Therefore I will to be beforehand with them.
We'll join the Swedes—right gallant fellows are they,
And our good friends.
(He stops himself, expecting Piccolomini's answer,)
I have ta'en thee by surprise. Answer me not.

I grant thee time to recollect thyself.

(He rises, and retires to the back of the stage. Max. remains for a long time motionless, in a trance of excessive anguish. At his first motion Wallenstein returns, and places himself before him.)

Max. My General, this day thou makest me
Of age to speak in my own right and person,
For till this day I have been spared the trouble
To find out my own road. Thee have I follow'd
With most implicit, unconditional faith,
Sure of the right path if I follow'd thee.
To-day, for the first time, dost thou refer
Me to myself, and forcest me to make
Election between thee and my own heart.

Wal. Soft cradled thee thy fortune till to-day:
Thy duties thou couldst exercise in sport,
Indulge all lovely instincts, act for ever
With undivided heart. It can remain
No longer thus. Like enemies, the roads
Start from each other. Duties strive with duties.
Thou must needs choose thy party in the war
Which is now kindling 'twixt thy friend and him
Who is thy Emperor.

Max. War! is that the name?
War is as frightful as heaven's pestilence,
Yet it is good, is it heaven's will as that is.
Is that a good war, which against the Emperor
Thou wagest with the Emperor's own army?
O God of Heaven! what a change is this.
Beseems it me to offer such persuasion
To thee, who, like the fix'd star of the pole
Wert all I gaz'd at on life's trackless ocean?
O! what a rent thou makest in my heart!
The ingrained instinct of old reverence,
The holy habit of obediency,

Must I pluck life asunder from thy name?
Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me—
It always was a god looking at me!
Duke Wallenstein, its power is not departed:
The senses still are in thy bonds; although
Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself.

Wal. Max. hear me.

Max. O! do it not, I pray thee, do it not!
There is a pure and noble soul within thee,
Knows not of this unblest, unlucky doing.
Thy will is chaste, it is thy fancy only
Which hath polluted thee—and innocence,
It will not let itself be driv'n away
From that world-awing aspect. Thou wilt not,
Thou canst not end in this. It would reduce
All human creatures to disloyalty
Against the nobleness of their own nature.
'Twill justify the vulgar misbelief,
Which holdeth nothing noble in free will,
And trusts itself to impotence alone,
Made powerful only in an unknown power.

Wal. The world will judge me sternly; I expect it.
Already have I said to my own self
All thou canst say to me. Who but avoids
Th' extreme—can he by going round avoid it?
But here there is no choice. Yes—I must use
Or suffer violence—so stands the case,
There remains nothing possible but that.

Max. O that is never possible for thee!
'Tis the last desperate resource of those
Cheap souls, to whom their honour, their good name
Is their poor *saving*, their last worthless *keep*,

Which having stak'd and lost, they stake themselves
In the mad rage of gaming. Thou art rich,
And glorious; with an unpolluted heart
Thou canst make conquest of whate'er seems highest!
But he, who once hath acted infamy,
Does nothing more in this world.

Wal. (*grasps his hand*) Calmly, Max.!
Much that is great and excellent will we
Perform together yet. And if we only
Stand on the height with dignity, 'tis soon
Forgotten, Max., by what road we ascended.
Believe me, many a crown shines spotless now,
That yet was deeply sullied in the winning.
To the evil spirit doth the earth belong,
Not to the good. All that the powers divine
Send from above, are universal blessings:
Their light rejoices us, their air refreshes,
But never yet was man enrich'd by them:
In their eternal realm no *property*
Is to be struggled for—all there is general.
The jewel, the all-valued gold we win
From the deceiving powers, deprav'd in nature,
That dwell beneath the day and blessed sun-light.
Not without sacrifices are they render'd
Propitious, and there lives no soul on earth
That e'er retir'd unsullied from their service.

Max. Whate'er is human, to the human being
Do I allow—and to the vehement
And striving spirit readily I pardon
Th' excess of action; but to thee, my General!
Above *all* others make I large concession.
For thou must move a world, and be the master—

He kills thee, who condemns thee to inaction.
So be it then! maintain thee in thy post
By violence. Resist the Emperor,
And if it must be, force with force repel:
I will not praise it, yet I can forgive it.
But not—not to the *traitor*—yes!—the word
Is spoken out———
Not to the traitor can I yield a pardon.
That is no mere excess! that is no error
Of human nature—that is wholly diff'rent,
O that is black, black as the pit of hell!

(Wallenstein betrays a sudden agitation.)

Thou canst not hear it *nam'd*, and wilt thou *do* it?
O turn back to thy duty. That thou canst
I hold it certain. Send me to Vienna.
I'll make thy peace for thee with th' Emperor.
He knows thee not. But I do know thee. He
Shall see thee, Duke! with my unclouded eye,
And I bring back his confidence to thee.

Wal. It is too late. Thou know'st not what has happen'd.

Max. Were it too late, and were it gone so far,
That a crime only could prevent thy fall,
Then—fall! fall honourably, even as thou stood'st.
Lose the command. Go from the stage of war.
Thou canst with splendour do it—do it too
With innocence. Thou hast liv'd much for others,
At length live thou for thy own self. I follow thee.
My destiny, I never part from thine.

Wal. It is too late! Even now, while thou art losing
Thy words, one after the other are the mile-stones

Left fast behind by my post couriers,
Who bear the order on to Prague and Egra,

(Max. stands as convulsed, with a gesture and countenance expressing the most intense anguish.)

Yield thyself to it. We act as we are forc'd.
I cannot give assent to my own shame
And ruin. *Thou*—no—thou canst not forsake me!
So let us do, what must be done, with dignity,
With a firm step. What am I doing worse
Than did fam'd Cæsar at the Rubicon,
When he the legions led against his country,
The which his country had deliver'd to him?
Had he thrown down the sword he had been lost,
As I were, if I but disarm'd myself.
I trace out something in me of his spirit.
Give me his luck, *that other thing* I'll bear.

(Max. quits him abruptly. Wallenstein, startled and overpowered, continues looking after him, and is still in this posture when Tertsky enters.)

SCENE III.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

Ter. Max. Piccolomini just left you?
Wal. Where is Wrangel?
Ter. He is already gone.
Wal. In such a hurry?
Ter. It is as if the earth had swallowed him.
He had scarce left thee when I went to seek him.
I wish'd some words with him—but he was gone.
How, when, and where, could no one tell me.
Nay,
I half believe it was the devil himself;
A human creature could not so at once
Have vanish'd.

Illo. (*enters,*) Is it true that thou wilt send
Octavio?
Ter. How, Octavio! Whither send him?
Wal. He goes to Frauenberg, and will lead
hither
The Spanish and Italian regiments.
Illo. No!—
Nay, Heaven forbid!
Wal. And why should Heaven forbid?
Illo. Him!—that deceiver! Would'st thou
trust to him
The soldiery? Him wilt thou let slip from thee,
Now, in the very instant that decides us—
Ter. Thou wilt not do this!—No! I pray
thee, no!
Wal. Ye are whimsical.
Illo. O but for this time, Duke,
Yield to our warning! Let him not depart.
Wal. And why should I not trust him only this
time,
Who have always trusted him? What, then, has
happen'd
That I should lose my good opinion of him?
In complaisance to your whims, not my own,
I must, forsooth, give up a rooted judgment.
Think not I am a woman. Having trusted him
E'en 'till to-day, to-day too will I trust him.
Ter. Must it be he—he only? Send another.
Wal. It must be he, whom I myself have
chosen;
He is well fitted for the business. Therefore
I gave it him.
Illo. Because he's an Italian—
Therefore is he well fitted for the business.

Wal. I know you love them not—nor sire
nor son—
Because that I esteem them, love them—visibly
Esteem them, love them more than you and others,
E'en as they merit. Therefore are they eye-
blights,
Thorns in your foot-path. But your jealousies,
In what affect they me or my concerns?
Are they the worse to *me*, because you hate them?
Love or hate one another as you will,
I leave to each man his own moods and likings;
Yet know the worth of each of you to me.

Illo. Von Questenberg, while he was here, was
always
Lurking about with this Octavio.

Wal. It happen'd with my knowledge and per-
mission.

Illo. I know that secret messengers came to him
From Galas———

Wal. That's not true.

Illo. O thou art blind
With thy deep-seeing eyes.

Wal. Thou wilt not shake
My faith for me—my faith which founds itself
On the profoundest science. If 'tis false,
Then the whole science of the stars is false.
For know, I have a pledge from fate itself,
That he is the most faithful of my friends.

Illo. Hast thou a pledge, that this pledge is
not false?

Wal. There exist moments in the life of man,
When he is nearer the great Soul of the world
Than is man's custom, and possesses freely
The power of questioning his destiny:

And such a moment 'twas, when in the night
Before the action in the plains of Lützen,
Leaning against a tree, thoughts crowding thoughts,
I look'd out far upon the ominous plain.
My whole life, past and future, in this moment
Before my mind's eye glided in procession,
And to the destiny of the next morning
The spirit, fill'd with anxious presentiment,
Did knit the most remov'd futurity.
Then said I also to myself, 'So many
Dost thou command. They follow all thy stars,
And as on some great number set their all
Upon thy single head, and only man
The vessel of thy fortune. Yet a day
Will come, when Destiny shall once more scatter
All these in many a several direction:
Few be they who will stand out faithful to thee.'
I yearn'd to know which one was faithfullest
Of all, this camp included. Great Destiny,
Give me a sign! And he shall be the man,
Who, on th' approaching morning, comes the first
To meet me with some token of his love:
And thinking this, I fell into a slumber.
Then midmost in the battle was I led
In spirit. Great the pressure and the tumult!
Then was my horse kill'd under me: I sank;
And over me away, all unconcernedly,
Drove horse and rider—and thus trod to pieces
I lay, and panted like a dying man.
Then seiz'd me suddenly a saviour arm.
It was Octavio's—I awoke at once.
'Twas broad day, and *Octavio* stood before me.
'My brother,' said he, 'do not ride to-day

The dapple, as you're wont; but mount the horse
Which I have chosen for thee. Do it, brother!
In love to me. A strong dream warn'd me so.'
It was the swiftness of this horse that snatch'd me
From the hot pursuit of Bannier's dragoons.
My cousin rode the dapple on that day.
And never more saw I or horse or rider.

Illo. That was a chance.

Wal. (*significantly*) There's no such thing as chance.

In brief, 'tis sign'd and seal'd that this Octavio
Is my good angel—and now no word more.

(He is retiring.)

Ter. This is my comfort—Max. remains our hostage.

Illo. And he shall never stir from here alive.

Wal. (*stops, and turns himself round*) Are ye not like the women, who, for ever
Only recur to their first word, altho'
One had been talking reason by the hour?
Know, that the human being's thoughts and deeds
Are not, like ocean billows, blindly mov'd.
The inner world, his microcosmus, is
The deep shaft, out of which they spring eternally,
They grow by certain laws, like the tree's fruit—
No juggling chance can metamorphose them.
Have I the human *kernel* first examin'd?
Then I know, too, the future will and action.

SCENE IV.

Scene—a chamber in Piccolomini's dwelling-house.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, ISOLANI, (ENTERING.)

Iso. Here am I—Well! who comes yet of the others?

Oct. (*with an air of mystery*) But, first, a word
with you, Count Isolani.
Iso. (*assuming the same air of mystery*) Will
it explode, ha?—Is the Duke about
To make th' attempt? In me, friend, you may
place
Full confidence.—Nay, put me to the proof.
Oct. That may happen.
Iso. Noble brother, I am
Not one of those men who in words are valiant,
And when it comes to action skulk away.
The Duke has acted towards me as a friend.
God know it is so; and I owe him all——
He may rely on my fidelity.
Oct. That will be seen hereafter.
Iso. Be on your guard.
All think not as I think; and there are many
Who still hold with the Court—yes, and they say
That those stol'n signatures bind them to nothing.
Oct. I am rejoic'd to hear it.
Iso. You rejoice!
Oct. That the Emperor hath yet such gallant
servants
And loving friends.
Iso. Nay, jeer not, I entreat you.
They are no such worthless fellows, I assure you.
Oct. I am assur'd already. God forbid
That I should jest!—In very serious earnest
I am rejoic'd to see an honest cause
So strong.
Iso. The devil!—what!—why, what means
this?
Are you not, then——For what, then, am I here?
Oct. That you may make full declaration
whether

You will be call'd the friend or enemy
Of th' Emperor.
Iso. (*with an air of defiance*) That declaration, friend,
I'll make to him in whom a right is plac'd
To put that question to me.
Oct. Whether, Count,
That right is mine, this paper may instruct you,
Iso. (*stammering*) Why—why—what! this is the Emperor's hand and seal? (*Reads.*)
'Whereas the officers collectively
Throughout our army will obey the orders
Of the Lieutenant-General Piccolomini,
As from ourselves.'——*Hem!*—Yes! so!—Yes! yes!—
I—I give you joy, Lieutenant-General!
Oct. And you, submit you to the order?
Iso. I——
But you have taken me so by surprize—
Time for reflection one *must* have——
Oct. Two minutes.
Iso. My God! But then the case is——
Oct. Plain and simple.
You must declare you, whether you determine
To act a treason 'gainst your Lord and Sovereign,
Or whether you will serve him faithfully.
Iso. Treason!—My God!—But who talks then of treason?
Oct. That is the case. The Prince-duke is a traitor—
Means to lead over to the enemy
The Emperor's army.—Now, Count!—brief and full—
Say, will you break your oath to th' Emperor?

Sell yourself to the enemy?—Say, will you?
Iso. What mean you? I—I break my oath, d'ye say,
To his Imperial Majesty?
Did I say so?—When, when have I said that?
Oct. You have not said it yet—not yet. This instant
I wait to hear, Count, whether you *will* say it.
Iso. Aye! that delights me now, that you yourself
Bear witness for me that I never said so.
Oct. And you renounce the Duke then?
Iso. If he's planning
Treason—why, treason breaks all bonds asunder.
Oct. And are determin'd, too, to fight against him?
Iso. He has done me service—but if he's a villain,
Perdition seize him!—All scores are rubb'd off.
Oct. I am rejoic'd that you're so well dispos'd.
This night break off in th' utmost secrecy
With all the light-arm'd troops—it must appear
As came the order from the Duke himself.
At Frauenberg's the place of rendezvous;
There will Count Galas give you further orders.
Iso. It shall be done. But you'll remember me
With th' Emperor—how well-dispos'd you found me.
Oct. I will not fail to mention it honourably.

[Exit Isolani. A Servant enters.

What, Colonel Butler!—Show him up.
Iso. (*returning*) Forgive me, too, my bearish ways, old father!
Lord God! how should I know, then, what a great

Person I had before me.

Oct. No excuses.

Iso. I am a merry lad, and if at time
A rash word might escape me 'gainst the court
Amidst my wine—you know no harm was meant.

[Exit.

Oct. You need not be uneasy on that score.
That has succeeded. Fortune favour us
With all the others only but as much!

SCENE V.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, BUTLER

But. At your command, Lieutenant-General.

Oct. Welcome, as honour'd friend and visitor.

But. You do me too much honour.

Oct. (*after both have seated themselves*) You have not
Return'd the advances which I made you yesterday—
Misunderstood them, as mere empty forms.
That wish proceeded from my heart—I was
In earnest with you—for 'tis now a time
In which the honest should unite most closely.

But. 'Tis only the like-minded can unite.

Oct. True! and I name all honest men like-minded.
I never charge a man but with those acts
To which his character deliberately
Impels him; for alas! the violence
Of blind misunderstandings often thrusts
The very best of us from the right track.
You came thro' Frauenberg. Did the Count Galas

Say nothing to you? Tell me. He's my friend.
But. His words were lost on *me.*
Oct. It grieves me sorely
To hear it, for his counsel was most wise.
I had myself the like to offer.
But. Spare
Yourself the trouble—me th' embarrassment,
To have deserv'd so ill your good opinion.
Oct. The time is precious—let us talk openly.
You know how matters stand here. Wallenstein
Meditates treason—I can tell you further—
He has committed treason; but few hours
Have past, since he a covenant concluded
With th' enemy. The messengers are now
Full on their way to Egra and to Prague.
To-morrow he intends to lead us over
To th' enemy. But he deceives himself;
For prudence wakes—the Emperor has still
Many and faithful friends here, and they stand
In closest union, mighty tho' unseen.
This manifesto sentences the Duke—
Recals the obedience of the army from him,
And summons all the loyal, all the honest,
To join and recognize in me their leader.
Choose—will you share with us an honest cause?
Or with the evil share an evil lot.
But. (*rises*) His lot is mine.
Oct. Is that your last resolve?
But. It is.
Oct. Nay, but bethink you, Colonel Butler!
As yet you have time. Within my faithful breast
That rashly utter'd word remains interr'd.
Recal it, Butler! choose a better party.
You have not chosen the right one.

But. (*going*) Any other
Commands for me, Lieutenant-General?

Oct. See your white hairs! Recal that word!

But. Farewell!

Oct. What would you draw this good and gallant sword
In such a cause? Into a curse would you
Transform the gratitude which you have earn'd
By forty years' fidelity from Austria?

But. (*laughing with bitterness*) Gratitude from the house of Austria. (*He is going.*)

Oct. (*permits him to go as far as the door, then calls after him*) Butler!

But. What wish you?

Oct. How was't with the Count?

But. Count? what?

Oct. (*coldly*) The title that you wish'd I mean.

But. (*starts in sudden passion*) Hell and damnation!

Oct. (*coldly*) You petition'd for it—
And your petition was repell'd—Was it so?

But. Your insolent scoff shall not go by unpunish'd.
Draw!

Oct. Nay! your sword to its sheath! and tell me calmly
How all that happen'd. I will not refuse you
Your satisfaction afterwards.—Calmly, Butler!

But. Be the whole world acquainted with the weakness
For which I never can forgive myself.
Lieutenant-General! Yes—I have ambition.
Ne'er was I able to endure contempt.
It stung me to the quick, that birth and title

Should have more weight than merit has in th' army.
I would fain not be meaner than my equal,
So in an evil hour I let myself
Be tempted to that measure—It was folly!
But yet so hard a penance it deserv'd not.
It might have been refus'd; but wherefore barb
And venom the refusal with contempt?
Why dash to earth and crush with heaviest scorn
The grey-hair'd man, the faithful veteran?
Why to the baseness of his parentage
Refer him with such cruel roughness, only
Because he had a weak hour and forgot himself?
But nature gives a sting e'en to the worm
Which wanton power treads on in sport and insult.

Oct. You must have been calumniated. Guess you
The enemy, who did you this ill service?

But. Be't who it will—a most low-hearted scoundrel,
Some vile court-minion must it be, some Spaniard,
Some young squire of some ancient family,
In whose light I may stand, some envious knave,
Stung to his soul by my fair self-earn'd honours!

Oct. But tell me! Did the Duke approve that measure?

But. Himself impell'd me to it, used his interest
In my behalf with all the warmth of friendship.

Oct. Ay? Are you sure of that?

But. I read the letter.

Oct. And so did I—but the contents were different. (Butler is suddenly struck.)

By chance I'm in possession of that letter—

Can leave it to your own eyes to convince you.
(He gives him the letter.)
But. Ha! what is this?
Oct. I fear me, Colonel Butler,
An infamous game have they been playing with you.
The Duke, you say, impell'd you to this measure?
Now, in this letter talks he in contempt
Concerning you; counsels the minister
To give sound chastisement to your conceit,
For so he calls it.
(Butler reads through the letter, his knees tremble, he seizes a chair, and sinks down in it.)
You have no enemy, no persecutor;
There's no one wishes ill to you. Ascribe
The insult you receiv'd to the Duke only.
His aim is clear and palpable. He wish'd
To tear you from your Emperor—he hop'd
To gain from your revenge what he well knew
(What your long-tried fidelity convinc'd him)
He ne'er could dare expect from your calm reason.
A blind tool would he make you, in contempt
Use you as means of most abandon'd ends.
He has gain'd his point. Too well has he succeeded
In luring you away from that good path
On which you had been journeying forty years!
But. (*his voice trembling*) Can e'er the Emperor's Majesty forgive me?
Oct. More than forgive you. He would fain compensate
For that affront, and most unmerited grievance
Sustain'd by a deserving, gallant veteran.
From his free impulse he confirms the present,
Which the Duke made you for a wicked purpose.

The regiment, which you now command, is yours.

(Butler attempts to rise, sinks down again. He labours inwardly with violent emotions; tries to speak, and cannot. At length he takes his sword from the belt, and offers it to Piccolomini.)

Oct. What wish you? Recollect yourself, friend.

But. Take it.

Oct. But to what purpose? Calm yourself.

But. O take it!
I am no longer worthy of this sword.

Oct. Receive it then anew from my hands—and
Wear it with honour for the right cause ever.

But. ——— Perjure myself to such a gracious Sovereign!

Oct. You'll make amends. Quick! break off from the Duke!

But. Break off from him!

Oct. What now? Bethink thyself.

But. (*no longer governing his emotion*)
Only break off from him!—He dies! he dies!

Oct. Come after me to Frauenberg, where now
All, who are loyal, are assembling under
Counts Altringer and Galas. Many others
I've brought to a remembrance of their duty.
This night be sure, that you escape from Pilsen.

But. (*strides up and down in excessive agitation, then steps up to Octavio with resolved countenance.*)
Count Piccolomini! Dare that man speak
Of honour to you, who once broke his troth.

Oct. He, who repents so deeply of it, dares.

But. Then leave me here, upon my word of honour!

Oct. What's your design?

But. Leave me and my regiment.
Oct. I have full confidence in you. But tell me
What are you brooding?
But. That the deed will tell you.
Ask me no more at present. Trust to me.
Ye may trust safely. By the living God
Ye give him over, not to his good angel!
Farewell! [*Exit Butler.*
Ser. (*enters with a billet*) A stranger left it, and is gone.
The Prince-Duke's horses wait for you below.
[Exit Servant.
Oct. (*reads*) "Be sure, make haste! Your faithful Isolan."
—O that I had but left this town behind me.
To split upon a rock so near the haven!—
Away! This is no longer a safe place for me!
Where can my son be tarrying?

SCENE VI.

OCTAVIO AND MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

(Max enters almost in a state of derangement from extreme agitation, his eyes roll wildly, his walk is unsteady, and he appears not to observe his father, who stands at a distance, and gazes at him with a countenance expressive of compassion. He paces with long strides through the chamber, then stands still again, and at last throws himself into a chair, staring vacantly at the object directly before him.)

Oct. (*advances to him*) I am going off, my son.
(Recciving no answer, he takes his hand.)
My son, farewell.
Max. Farewell.
Oct. Thou wilt soon follow me?
Max. I follow thee?

Thy way is crooked—it is not my way.

(Octavio drops his hand, and starts back.)

O, hadst thou been but simple and sincere,
Ne'er had it come to this—all had stood otherwise.
He had not done that foul and horrible deed,
The virtuous had retained their influence o'er him·
He had not fallen into the snares of villains.
Wherefore so like a thief, and thief's accomplice
Didst creep behind him—lurking for thy prey?
O, unblest falsehood! Mother of all evil!
Thou misery-making demon, it is thou
That sink'st us in perdition. Simple truth,
Sustainer of the world, had sav'd us all!
Father, I will not, I cannot excuse thee!
Wallenstein has deceiv'd me—O, most foully!
But thou hast acted not much better.

Oct. Son!
My son, ah! I forgive thy agony!

Max. (*rises and contemplates his father with looks of suspicion*) Was't possible? hadst thou the heart, my father,
Had'st thou the heart to drive it to such lengths,
With cold premeditated purpose? Thou—
Had'st thou the heart, to wish to see him guilty,
Rather than sav'd? Thou risest by his fall.
Octavio, 'twill not please me.

Oct. God in Heaven!

Max. O, woe is me! sure I have chang'd my nature.
How comes suspicion here—in the free soul?
Hope, confidence, belief, are gone; for all
Lied to me, all that I e'er lov'd or honour'd.
No! No! Not all; She—she yet lives for me,
And she is true, and open as the Heavens!

Deceit is every where, hypocrisy,
Murder, and poisoning, treason, perjury:
The single holy spot is our love,
The only unprofan'd in human nature.

Oct. Max!—we will go together. 'Twill be better.

Max. What? ere I've taken a last parting leave,
The very last—no never!

Oct. Spare thyself
The pang of necessary separation.
Come with me! Come, my son!

(Attempts to take him with him.)

Max. No! as sure as God lives, no!

Oct. (*more urgently*) Come with me, I command thee! I, thy father.

Max. Command me what is human. I stay here.

Oct. Max! in the Emperor's name I bid thee come.

Max. No Emperor hath power to prescribe
Laws to the heart; and would'st thou wish to rob me
Of the sole blessing which my fate has left me,
Her sympathy. Must then a cruel deed
Be done with cruelty? The unalterable
Shall I perform ignobly—steal away,
With stealthy coward flight forsake her? No!
She shall behold my suffering, my sore anguish,
Hear the complaints of the disparted soul,
And weep tears o'er me. O! the human race
Have steely souls—but she is as an angel.
From the black deadly madness of despair
Will she redeem my soul, and in soft words

Of comfort, plaining, loose this pang of death!
Oct. Thou wilt not tear thyself away, thou canst not.
O, come, my son! I bid thee save thy virtue.
Max. Squander not thou thy words in vain;
The heart I follow, for I dare trust to it.
Oct. (*trembling, and losing all self-command*) Max! Max! if that most damned thing could be,
If thou—my son—my own blood—(dare I *think* it?
Do sell thyself to him, the infamous;
Do stamp this brand upon our noble house,
Then shall the world behold the horrible deed,
And in unnatural combat shall the steel
Of the son trickle with the father's blood.
Max. O hadst thou always better thought of men,
Thou hadst then acted better. Curst suspicion!
Unholy miserable doubt! To him
Nothing on earth remains unwrench'd and firm,
Who has no faith.
Oct. And if I trust thy heart,
Will it be always in thy power to follow it?
Max. The heart's voice *thou* hast not o'er-power'd—as little
Will Wallenstein be able to o'erpower it.
Oct. O Max! I see thee never more again!
Max. Unworthy of thee wilt thou never see me.
Oct. I go to Frauenberg—the Pappenheimers
I leave thee here, the Lothrings too; Toskana
And Tiefenbach remain here to protect thee.
They love thee, and are faithful to their oath,
And will far rather fall in gallant contest

Than leave their rightful leader, and their honour.

Max. Rely on this, I either leave my life
In the struggle, or conduct them out of Pilsen.

Oct. Farewell, my son!

Max. Farewell!

Oct. How? not one look
Of filial love? No grasp of the hand at parting?
It is a bloody war, to which we are going,
And the event uncertain and in darkness.
So us'd we not to part—it was not so!
Is it then true? I have a son no longer

(Max. falls into his arms, they hold each other for a long time in a speechless embrace, then go away at different sides. The curtain drops.)

THE

DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

ACT I.

Scene—A Chamber in the House of the Duchess of Friedland.

SCENE I.

COUNTESS TERTSKY, THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN.

(The two latter sit at the same table at work.)

Coun. (*watching them from the opposite side*)
So you have nothing, niece, to ask me? Nothing?
I have been waiting for a word from you.
And could you then endure in all this time
Not once to speak his name?

(Thekla remaining silent, the Countess rises and advances to her.)

Why, how comes this?
Perhaps I am already grown superfluous,
And other ways exist, besides through me?
Confess it to me, Thekla! have you seen him?

Thek. To-day and yesterday I have not seen him.

Coun. And not heard from him either? Come, be open!

Thek. No syllable.

Coun. And still you are so calm?

Thek. I am.
Coun. May't please you, leave us, Lady Neubrunn! [Exit Lady Neubrunn.

SCENE II.

THE COUNTESS, THEKLA.

Coun. It does not please me, Princess! that he holds
Himself so *still*, exactly at *this* time.
Thek. Exactly at *this* time?
Coun. He now knows all.
'Twere now the moment to declare himself.
Thek. If I'm to understand you, speak less darkly.
Coun. 'Twas for that purpose that I bade her leave us.
Thekla, you are no more a child. Your heart
Is now no more in nonage; for you love,
And boldness dwells with love—that *you* have prov'd.
Your nature moulds itself upon your father's
More than your mother's spirit. Therefore may you
Hear, what were too much for her fortitude.
Thek. Enough! no further preface, I entreat you,
At once, out with it! Be it what it may,
It is not possible that it should torture me
More than this introduction. What have you
To say to me? Tell me the whole, and briefly!
Coun. You'll not be frighten'd—
Thek. Name it, I entreat you.

Coun. It lies within your power to do your father
A weighty service—
Thek. Lies within *my* power?
Coun. Max. Piccolomini loves you. You can link him
Indissolubly to your father.
Thek. I?
What need of me for that? And is he not
Already link'd to him?
Coun. He was.
Thek. And wherefore
Should he not be so now—not be so always?
Coun. He cleaves to the Emp'ror too.
Thek. Not more than duty
And honour may demand of him.
Coun. We ask
Proofs of his love, and not proofs of his honour.
Duty and honour!
Those are ambiguous words with many meanings.
You should interpret them for him: his love
Should be the sole definer of his honour.
Thek. How?
Coun. Th' Emperor or you must he renounce.
Thek. He will accompany my father gladly
In his retirement. From himself you heard,
How much he wish'd to lay aside the sword.
Coun. He must *not* lay the sword aside, we mean;
He must unsheath it in your father's cause.
Thek. He'll spend with gladness and alacrity
His life, his heart's blood in my father's cause,
If shame or injury be intended him.
Coun. You will not understand me. Well, hear then!

Your father has fallen off from the Emperor,
And is about to join the enemy
With the whole soldiery—

Thek. Alas, my mother!

Coun. There needs a great example to draw on
The army after him. The Piccolomini
Possess the love and rev'rence of the troops;
They govern all opinions, and wherever
They lead the way, none hesitate to follow;
The son secures the father to our interests—
You've much in your hands at this moment.

Thek. Ah,
My miserable mother! what a death-stroke
Awaits thee!—No! She never will survive it.

Coun. She will accommodate her soul to that
Which is and must be. I do know your mother.
The far-off future weighs upon her heart
With torture of anxiety; but is it
Unalterably, actually present,
She soon resigns herself, and bears it calmly.

Thek. O my fore-boding bosom! Even now,
E'en now 'tis here, that icy hand of horror!
And my young hope lies shuddering in its grasp.
I knew it well—no sooner had I enter'd,
A heavy, ominous presentiment
Reveal'd to me, that spirits of death were hov'ring
Over my happy fortune. But why think I
First of myself? My mother! O my mother!

Coun. Calm yourself! Break not out in vain lamenting!
Preserve you for your father the firm friend,
And for yourself the lover; all will yet
Prove good and fortunate.

Thek. Prove *good*? What good?

Must we not part? Part ne'er to meet again?
Coun. He parts not from you! He *can* not
part from you.
Thek. Alas for his sore anguish! It will rend
His heart asunder.
Coun. If indeed he loves you,
His resolution will be speedily taken.
Thek. His resolution will be speedily taken—
O do not doubt of that! A resolution!
Does there remain one to be *taken!*
Coun. Hush!
Collect yourself! I hear your mother coming.
Thek. How shall I bear to see her?
Coun. Collect yourself.

SCENE III.

To them enter the Duchess.

Duch. (*to the Countess*) Who was here, sister?
I heard some one talking,
And passionately too.
Coun. Nay! There was no one.
Duch. I am grown so timorous, every trifling
noise
Scatters my spirits, and announces to me
The footstep of some messenger of evil.
And can you tell me, sister, what the event is?
Will he agree to do the Emperor's pleasure,
And send th' horse-regiments to the Cardinal;
Tell me, has he dismiss'd Von Questenberg
With a favourable answer?
Coun. No, he has not.
Duch. Alas! then all is lost! I see it coming,
The worse that can come! Yes, they will depose
him;

The accursed business of the Regenspurg diet
Will all be acted o'er again!
Coun. No! never!
Make your heart easy, sister, as to that.

(Thekla, in extreme agitation, throws herself upon her mother, and enfolds her in her arms, weeping.)

Duch. Yes, my poor child!
Thou too hast lost a most affectionate godmother
In th' empress. O that stern unbending man!
In this unhappy marriage what have I
Not suffer'd, not endur'd. For ev'n as if
I had been link'd on to some wheel of fire,
That restless, ceaseless, whirls impetuous onward,
I have past a life of frights and horrors with him,
And ever to the brink of some abyss
With dizzy headlong violence he whirls me.
Nay, do not weep, my child! Let not my sufferings
Presignify unhappiness to thee,
Nor blacken with their shade, the *fate* that waits thee.
There lives no second Friedland: thou, my child,
Hast not to fear thy mother's destiny.
Thek. O let us supplicate him, dearest mother!
Quick! quick! here's no abiding place for us.
Here every coming hour broods into life
Some new affrightful monster.
Duch. Thou wilt share
An easier, calmer lot, my child! We too,
I and thy father, witness'd happy days.
Still think I with delight of those first years,
When he was making progress with glad effort,
When his ambition was a genial fire,
that consuming *flame* which now it is.

The Emperor lov'd him, trusted him; and all
He undertook, could not but be successful.
But since that ill-starr'd day at Regenspurg,
Which plung'd him headlong from his dignity,
A gloomy uncompanionable spirit,
Unsteady and suspicious, has possess'd him.
His quiet mind forsook him, and no longer
Did he yield up himself in joy and faith
To his old luck, and individual power:
But thenceforth turn'd his heart and best affections
All to those cloudy sciences, which never
Have yet made happy him who follow'd them.

Coun. You see it, sister! as *your* eyes permit you.
But surely this is not the conversation
To pass the time in which we are waiting for him.
You know he will be soon here. Would you have him
Find *her* in this condition!

Duch. Come, my child!
Come, wipe away thy tears, and show thy father
A cheerful countenance. See, the tie-knot here
Is off—this hair must not hang so dishevell'd.
Come, dearest! dry thy tears up. They deform
Thy gentle eye—well now—what was I saying?
Yes, in good truth, this Piccolomini
Is a most noble and deserving gentleman.

Coun. That is he, sister!

Thek. (to the Countess, with marks of great oppression of spirits.)
Aunt, you will excuse me? (*is going*)

Coun. But whither? See, your father comes.

Thek. I cannot see him now.

Coun. Nay, but bethink you.

Thek. Believe me, I cannot sustain his presence.
Coun. But he will miss you, will ask after you.
Duch. What now? Why is she going?
Coun. She's not well.
Duch. What ails then my beloved child?
(anxiously.)

(Both follow the Princess, and endeavour to detain her. During this Wallenstein appears, engaged in conversation with Illo.)

SCENE IV.

WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

Wal. All quiet in the camp?
Illo. It is all quiet.
Wal. In a few hours may couriers come from Prague
With tidings that this capital is ours.
Then we may drop the mask, and to the troops
Assembled in this town, make known the measure
And its result together. In such cases
Example does the whole. Whoever is foremost
Still leads the herd. An imitative creature
Is man. The troops at Prague conceive no other,
Than that the Pilsen army has gone through
The forms of homage to us; and in Pilsen
They shall swear fealty to us, because
The example has been given them by Prague.
Butler, you tell me, has declared himself.
Illo. At his own bidding, unsolicited,
He came to offer you himself and regiment.
Wal. I find we must not give implicit credence
To every warning voice that makes itself
Be listen'd to in th' heart. To hold us back,
Oft does the lying spirit counterfeit
The voice of truth and inward revelation,

Scatt'ring false oracles. And thus have I
To intreat forgiveness, for that secretly
I've wrong'd this honourable gallant man,
This Butler: for a feeling, of the which
I am not master, (*fear* I would not call it)
Creeps o'er me instantly, with sense of shudd'ring,
At his approach, and stops love's joyous motion.
And this same man, against whom I am warn'd,
This honest man is he, who reaches to me
The first pledge of my fortune.

Illo. And doubt not
That his example will win over to you
The best men in the army.

Wal. Go and send
Isolani hither. Send him immediately.
He is under recent obligations to me.
With him will I commence the trial. Go.

[Exit Illo.

Wal. (*turns himself round to the females*) Lo,
there the mother with the darling daughter,
For once we'll have an interval of rest—
Come! my heart yearns to live a cloudless hour
In the beloved circle of my family.

Coun. 'Tis long since we've been thus together, brother.

Wal. (*to the Countess, aside,*) Can she sustain
the news? Is she prepar'd?

Coun. Not yet.

Wal. Come here, my sweet girl! Seat thee
by me.
For there is a good spirit on thy lips.
Thy mother prais'd to me thy ready skill:
She says a voice of melody dwells in thee,
Which doth enchant the soul. Now such a voice

Will drive away for me the evil demon
That beats his black wings close above my head.

Duch. Where is thy lute, my daughter? Let thy father
Hear some small trial of thy skill.

Thek. My mother!
I—

Duch. Trembling? Come, collect thyself. Go, cheer
Thy father.

Thek. O my mother! I—I cannot.

Coun. How, what is that, niece?

Thek. (*to the Countess*) O spare me—sing—now—in this sore anxiety,
Of the o'erburthen'd soul—to sing to *him*,
Who is thrusting, even now, my mother headlong
Into her grave.

Duch. How, Thekla? Humoursome?
What! shall thy father have express'd a wish
In vain?

Coun. Here is the lute.

Thek. My God! how can I—

(The orchestra plays. During the ritornello, Thekla expresses, in her gestures and countenance, the struggle of her feelings; and at the moment that she should begin to sing, contracts herself together, as one shuddering, throws the instrument down, and retires abruptly.)

Duch. My child! O she is ill—

Wal. What ails the maiden?
Say, is she often so?

Coun. Since then, herself
Has now betray'd it, I too must no longer
Conceal it.

Wal. What?

Coun. She loves him!

Wal. Loves him! Whom?
Coun. Max. does she love! Max. Piccolomiui.
Hast thou ne'er notic'd it? Nor yet my sister?
Duch. Was it this that lay so heavy on her heart?
God's blessing on thee, my sweet child! Thou need'st
Never take shame upon thee for thy choice.
Coun. This journey, if 'twere not thy aim, ascribe it
To thine own self. Thy should'st have chosen another
To have attended her.
Wal. And does he know it?
Coun. Yes, and he hopes to win her.
Wal. Hopes to win her!
Is the boy mad?
Coun. Well—hear it from themselves.
Wal. He thinks to carry off Duke Friedland's daughter?
Ay?—The thought pleases me.
The young man has no grovelling spirit.
Coun. Since
Such and such constant favour you have shown him.
Wal. He chooses finally to be my heir.
And true it is, I love the youth; yea, honour him.
But must he, therefore, be my daughter's husband?
Is it daughters only? Is it only children
That we must show our favour by?
Duch. His noble disposition and his manners—
Wal. Win him my heart, but not my daughter.
Duch. Then
His rank, his ancestors—

Wal. Ancestors! What?
He is a subject; and my son-in-law
I will seek out upon the thrones of Europe.
Duch. O dearest Albrecht! Climb we not too high,
Lest we should fall too low.
Wal. What? have I paid
A price so heavy to ascend this eminence,
And jut out high above the common herd,
Only to close the mighty part I play
In life's great drama, with a common kinsman?
Have I for this—
(stops suddenly, repressing himself.)
She is the only thing
That will remain behind of me on earth;
And I will see a crown around her head,
Or die in the attempt to place it there.
I hazard all—all! and for this alone,
To lift her into greatness—
Yea, in this moment, in the which we are speaking—
(he recollects himself.)
And I must now, like a soft-hearted father,
Couple together in good peasant fashion
The pair, that chance to suit each other's liking—
And I must do it now, even now, when I
Am stretching out the wreath, that is to twine
My full accomplish'd work—no! she is the jewel,
Which I have treasur'd long, my last, my noblest,
And 'tis my purpose not to let her from me
For less than a king's sceptre.
Duch. O my husband!
You're ever building, building to the clouds,
Still building higher, and still higher building,

And ne'er reflect, that the poor narrow basis
Cannot sustain the giddy tottering column.
Wal. (*to the Countess*) Have you announc'd
the place of residence
Which I have destin'd for her?
Coun. No! not yet.
'Twere better, you yourself disclos'd it to her.
Duch. How? Do we not return to Karn then?
Wal. No.
Duch. And to no other of your lands or seats?
Wal. You would not be secure there.
Duch. Not secure
In the Emperor's realms, beneath the Emperor's
Protection?
Wal. Friedland's wife may be permitted
No longer to hope *that*.
Duch. O God in heaven!
And have you brought it even to this?
Wal. In Holland
You'll find protection.
Duch. In a Lutheran country?
What? And you send us into Lutheran coun-
tries?
Wal. Duke Franz, of Lauenberg, conducts
you thither.
Duch. Duke Franz of Lauenberg?
The ally of Sweden, the Emperor's enemy.
Wal. The Emperor's enemies are mine no
longer.
Duch. (*casting a look of terror on the Duke
and the Countess.*)
Is it then true? It is. You are degraded?
Depos'd from the command? O God in heaven

Coun. (*aside to the Duke*) Leave her in this belief.
Thou seest she cannot
Support the real truth.

SCENE V.

To them enter Count Tertsky.

Coun. —Tertsky!
What ails him? What an image of affright!
He looks as he had seen a ghost.
Ter. (*leading Wallenstein aside*) Is it thy command that all the Croats—
Wal. Mine!
Ter. We are betray'd.
Wal. What?
Ter. They are off! This night
The Jägers likewise—all the villages
In the whole round are empty.
Wal. Isolani?
Ter. Him thou hast sent away. Yes surely.
Wal. I?
Ter. No! Hast thou not sent him off? Nor Deodate?
They are vanish'd both of them.

SCENE VI.

To them enter Illo

Illo. Has Tertsky told thee?
Ter. He knows all.
Illo. And likewise
That Esterhatzy, Goetz, Maradas, Kaunitz,
Kolatto, Palfi, have forsaken thee?
Ter. Damnation!

Wal (*winks at them*) Hush!

Coun. (*who has been watching them anxiously from the distance, and now advances to them*)
Tertsky! Heaven! What is it? What has happened?

Wal (*scarcely suppressing his emotions*) Nothing! let us be gone!

Ter. (*following him*) Theresa, it is nothing,

Coun. (*holding him back*) Nothing? Do I not see, that all the life blood
Has left your cheeks—look you not like a ghost?
That even my brother but affects a calmness?

Page. (*enters*) An Aid-de-camp inquires for the Count Tertsky.

(Tertsky follows the Page.)

Wal. Go, hear his business. (to Illo.)
This could not have happened
So unsuspected without mutiny.
Who was on guard at the gates?

Illo. 'Twas Tiefenbach.

Wal. Let Tiefenbach leave guard without delay,
And Tertsky's grenadiers relieve him.

(Illo is going.)
Stop!
Hast thou heard aught of Butler?

Illo. Him I met.
He will be here himself immediately.
Butler remains unshaken.

[Illo exit. Wallenstein is following him.

Coun. Let him not leave thee, sister? go, detain him!
There's some misfortune.

Duch. (*clinging to him*) Gracious heaven!
What is it?

Wal. Be tranquil! leave me, sister! dearest wife!
We are in camp, and this is nought unusual;
Here storm and sunshine follow one another
With rapid interchanges. These fierce spirits
Champ the curb angrily, and never yet
Did quiet bless the temples of the leader.
If I am to stay, go you. The plaints of women
Ill suit the scene where men must act.

(He is going: Tertsky returns.)

Ter. Remain here. From this window must we see it.

Wal. (*to the Countess*) Sister, retire!

Coun. No—never.

Wal. 'Tis my will.

Ter. (*leads the Countess aside, and drawing her attention to the Duchess.*)
Theresa!

Duch. Sister, come! since he commands it.

SCENE VII.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

Wal. (*stepping to the window*) What now, then?

Ter. There are strange movements among all the troops,
And no one knows the cause. Mysteriously,
With gloomy silentness, the several corps
Marshal themselves, each under its own banners.
Tiefenbach's corps make threatening movements; only

The Pappenheimers still remain aloof
In their own quarters, and let no one enter.
Wal. Does Piccolomini appear among them?
Ter. We are seeking him: he is no where to
be met with.
Wal. What did the Aid-de-camp deliver to
you?
Ter. My regiments had despatched him; yet
once more
They swear fidelity to thee, and wait
The shout for onset, all prepar'd, and eager.
Wal. But whence arose this larum in the
camp?
It should have been kept secret from the army,
Till fortune had decided for us at Prague.
Ter. O that thou hadst believ'd me! Yester
evening
Did we conjure thee not to let that skulker,
That fox, Octavio, pass the gates of Pilsen.
Thou gav'st him thy own horses to flee from thee.
Wal. The old tune still! Now, once for all,
no more
Of this suspicion—it is doting folly.
Ter. Thou did'st confide in Isolani too;
And lo! he was the first that did desert thee.
Wal. It was but yesterday I rescued him
From abject wretchedness. Let that go by.
I never reckon'd yet on gratitude.
And wherein doth he wrong in going from me?
He follows still the god whom all his life
He has worshipp'd at the gaming table. With
My fortune, and my seeming destiny,
He made the bond, and broke it not with me.
I am but the ship in which his hopes were stow'd.

And with the which well-pleas'd and confident
He travers'd the open sea; now he beholds it
In imminent jeopardy among the coast-rocks,
And hurries to preserve his wares. As light
As the free bird from the hospitable twig
Where it had nested, he flies off from me:
No human tie is snapp'd betwixt us two.
Yea, he deserves to find himself deceiv'd,
Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man.
Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life
Impress their characters on the smooth forehead,
Nought sinks into the bosom's silent depth:
Quick sensibility of pain and pleasure
Moves the light fluids lightly; but no soul
Warmeth the inner frame.

Ter. Yet, would I rather
Trust the smooth brow than that deep furrow'd one.

SCENE VIII.

Wallenstein, Tertsky, Illo, who enters agitated with rage.

Illo. Treason and mutiny!

Ter. And what further now?

Illo. Tiefenbach's soldiers, when I gave the orders
To go off guard—Mutinous villains!

Ter. Well?

Wal. What follow'd?

Illo. They refus'd obedience to them.

Ter. Fire on them instantly! Give out the order.

Wal. Gently! What cause did they assign?

Illo. No other,
They said, had right to issue orders but

Lieutenant-General *Piccolomini.*

Wal. (*in a convulsion of agony*) What? How is that?

Illo. He takes that office on him by commission,
Under sign-manual of the Emperor.

Ter. From th' Emperor—hear'st thou, Duke?

Illo. At his incitement
The Generals made that stealthy flight—

Ter. Duke! hear'st thou?

Illo. Caraffa, too, and Montecuculi,
Are missing, with six other Generals,
All whom he had induc'd to follow him.
This plot he has long had in writing by him
From the Emperor; but 'twas finally concluded,
With all the detail of the operation
Some days ago with the Envoy Questenberg.
(Wallenstein sinks down into a chair and covers his face.)

Ter. O hadst thou but believed me!

SCENE IX.

To them enter the Countess.

Coun. This suspense,
This horrid fear—I can no longer bear it.
For heaven's sake, tell me, what has taken place.

Illo. The regiments are all falling off from us.

Ter. Octavio Piccolomini is a traitor.

Coun. O my foreboding!
(rushes out of the room.)

Ter. Hadst thou but believ'd me!
Now seest thou how the stars have lied to thee.

Wal. The stars lie not; but we have here a work
Wrought counter to the stars and destiny.

The science is still honest: this false heart
Forces a lie on the truth-telling heaven.
On a divine law divination rests;
Where Nature deviates from that law, and stumbles
Out of her limits, there all science errs.
True, I did not suspect! Were it superstition
Never by such suspicion t' have affronted
The human form, O may that time ne'er come
In which I shame me of th' infirmity.
The wildest savage drinks not with the victim,
In whose breast he means to plunge the sword.
This, this, Octavio, was no hero's deed:
'Twas not thy prudence that did conquer mine;
A bad heart triumph'd o'er an honest one.
No shield receiv'd the assassin stroke: thou plungest
Thy weapon on an unprotected breast—
Against such weapons I am but a child.

SCENE X.

To these enter Butler.

Ter. (*meeting him*) O look there! Butler!
Here we've still a friend!
Wal. (*meets him with outspread arms, and embraces him with warmth*) Come to my heart, old comrade? Not the sun
Looks out upon us more revivingly
In the earliest month of spring,
Than a friend's countenance in such an hour.
But. My General! I come—
Wal. (*leaning on Butler's shoulder*) Know'st thou already?

That old man has betray'd me to the Emperor.
What say'st thou? Thirty years have we together
Liv'd out, and held out, sharing joy and hardship.
We have slept in one camp-bed, drunk from one
glass,
One morsel shar'd! I lean'd myself on *him*,
As now I lean me on *thy* faithful shoulder.
And now in the very moment, when, all love,
All confidence, my bosom beat to his,
He sees and takes the advantage, stabs the knife
Slowly into my heart.
(he hides his face in Butler's breast.)
But. Forget the false one.
What is your present purpose?
Wal. Well remember'd!
Courage, my soul! I am still rich in friends,
Still lov'd by destiny; for in the moment,
That it unmasks the plotting hypocrite,
It sends and proves to me one *faithful* heart.
Of the hypocrite no more! Think not, his loss
Was that which struck the pang: O no! his
treason
Is that which strikes this pang! No more of him!
Dear to my heart, and honour'd were they both,
And the young man—yes—he *did* truly love me,
He—he—has not deceiv'd me. But enough,
Enough of this—Swift counsel now beseems us,
The courier, whom Count Kinsky sent from
Prague,
I expect him every moment: and whatever
He may bring with him, we must take good care
To keep it from the mutineers. Quick, then!
Despatch some messenger you can rely on
To meet him, and conduct him to me.
(Illo is going.)

But. (*detaining him*) My General, whom expect you then?

Wal. The courier
Who brings me word of the event at Prague.

But. (*hesitating*) Hem!

Wal. And what now?

But. You do not know it?

Wal. Well?

But. From what that larum in the camp arose?

Wal. From what?

But. That courier—

Wal. (*with eager expectation*) Well?

But. Is already here.

Ter. and *Illo.* (*at the same time*) Already here?

Wal. My courier?

But. For some hours.

Wal. And I not know it?

But. The centinels detain him
In custody.

Illo. (*stamping with his foot*) Damnation!

But. And his letter
Was broken open, and is circulated
Through the whole camp.

Wal. You know what it contains?

But. Question me not?

Ter. Illo! alas for us!

Wal. Hide nothing from me—I can hear the worst.
Prague then is lost. It is. Confess it freely.

But. Yes! Prague *is* lost. And all the several regiments
At Budweiss, Tabor, Braunau, Konigingratz,
At Brun, and Znaym, have forsaken you,
And ta'en the oaths of fealty anew

To the Emperor. Yourself, with Kinsky, Tertsky,
And Illo, have been sentenc'd.

(Tertsky and Illo express alarm and fury. Wallenstein remains firm and collected.)

Wal. 'Tis decided!
'Tis well! I have receiv'd a sudden cure
From all the pangs of doubt: with steady stream
Once more my life-blood flows! My soul's secure!
In the night only Friedland's stars can beam.
Ling'ring, irresolute, with fitful fears
I drew the sword—'twas with an inward strife,
While yet the choice was mine. The murd'rous knife
Is lifted for my heart! Doubt disappears!
I fight now for my head and for my life.

[Exit Wallenstein, the others follow him.

SCENE XI.

Countess Tertsky enters from a side room.

Coun. I can endure no longer. No!
(looks around her)
Where are they?
No one is here. They leave me all alone,
Alone in this sore anguish of suspense.
And I must wear the outward show of calmness
Before my sister, and shut in within me
The pangs and agonies of my crowded bosom.
It is not to be borne.—If all should fail;
If—if he must go over to the Swedes,
An empty-handed fugitive, and not
As an ally, a covenanted equal,
A proud commander with his army following;
If we must wander on from land to land,
Like the Count Palatine, of fallen greatness
An ignominious monument—But no!

That day I will not see! And could himself
Endure to sink so low, I would not bear
To see him so low sunken.

SCENE XII.

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

Thek. (*endeavouring to hold back the Duchess*)
Dear mother, do stay here!

Duch. No! Here is yet
Some frightful mystery that is hidden from me.
Why does my sister shun me? Don't I see her
Full of suspense and anguish roam about
From room to room?—Art thou not full of terror?
And what import these silent nods and gestures
Which stealthwise thou exchangest with her?

Thek. Nothing;
Nothing, dear mother!

Duch. (*to the Countess*) Sister, I will know.

Coun. What boots it now to hide it from her?
Sooner
Or later she *must* learn to hear and bear it.
'Tis not the time now to indulge infirmity;
Courage beseems us now, a heart collect,
And exercise and previous discipline
Of fortitude. One word, and over with it!
Sister, you are deluded. You believe,
The Duke has been depos'd—The Duke is not
Depos'd—he is———

Thek. (*going to the Countess*) What? do you
wish to kill her?

Coun. The Duke is———

Thek. (*throwing her arms around her mother*)
O stand firm! stand firm, my mother!

Coun. Revolted is the Duke, he is preparing
To join the enemy; the army leave him,
And all has fail'd.

(During these words the Duchess totters, and falls in a fainting-fit into the arms of her daughter. While Thekla is calling for help, the curtain drops.)

ACT II.

Scene—A spacious room in the Duke of Friedland's palace.

SCENE I.

Wal. (*in armour*) Thou hast gain'd thy point,
Octavio! Once more am I
Almost as friendless as at Regenspurg;
There I had nothing left me, but myself—
But what one man can do, you have now experience.
The twigs have you hew'd off, and here I stand
A leafless trunk. But in the sap within
Lives the creating power, and a new world
May sprout forth from it. Once already have I
Prov'd myself worth an army to you—I alone!
Before the Swedish strength your troops had melted;
Beside the Lech sank Tilly, your last hope;
Into Bavaria, like a winter torrent,
Did that Gustavus pour, and at Vienna
In his own palace did the Emperor tremble.
Soldiers were scarce, for still the multitude
Follow the luck: all eyes were turn'd on me,

Their helper in distress: the Emperor's pride
Bow'd itself down before the man he had injur'd.
'Twas I must rise, and with creative word
Assemble forces in the desolate camps.
I did it. Like a god of war, my name
Went thro' the world. The drum was beat—
and, lo!
The plough, the work-shop is forsaken, all
Swarm to the old familiar, long-lov'd banners;
And as the wood-choir rich in melody
Assemble quick around the bird of wonder,
When first his throat swells with his magic song,
So did the warlike youth of Germany
Croud in, around the image of my eagle.
I feel myself the being that I was.
It is the soul that builds itself a body;
And Friedland's camp will not remain unfill'd.
Lead then your thousands out to meet me—true!
They are accustom'd under me to conquer,
But not against me. If the head and limbs
Separate from each other, 'twill be soon
Made manifest, in which the soul abode,

(Illo and Tertsky enter.)

Courage, friends! Courage! We are still un-
vanquish'd;
I feel my footing firm; five regiments, Tertsky,
Are still our own, and Butler's gallant troops;
And a host of sixteen thousand Swedes to-morrow.
I was not stronger, when nine years ago
I march'd forth, with glad heart and high of hope,
To conquer Germany for the Emperor.

SCENE II.

Wallenstein, Illo, Tertsky. (To them enter Neumann, who leads Tertsky aside, and talks with him.)

Ter. What do they want?
Wal. What now?
Ter. Ten Cuirassiers
From Pappenheim request leave to address you
In the name of the regiment.
Wal. (*hastily, to Neumann*) Let them enter.
[Exit Neumann.
This
May end in something. Mark you. They are still
Doubtful, and may be won.

SCENE III.

Wallenstein, Tertsky, Illo, Ten Cuirassiers, (led by an Anspessade,* march up and arrange themselves, after the word of command, in one front before the Duke, and make their obeisances. He takes his hat off, and immediately covers himself again.)

Ans. Halt! Front! Present!
Wal. (*after he has run through them with his eye, to the Anspessade*) I know thee well.
Thou art out of Brüggin in Flanders:
Thy name is Mercy.
Ans. Henry Mercy.
Wal. Thou wert cut off on the march, surrounded by the Hessians, and didst fight thy way with a hundred and eighty men through their thousand.

* Anspessade, in German, Gefreiter, a soldier inferior to a corporal, but above the centinels. The German name implies that he is exempt from mounting guard.

Ans. 'Twas even so, General!

Wal. What reward hadst thou for this gallant exploit?

Ans. That which I ask'd for: the honour to serve in this corps.

Wal. (*turning to a second*) Thou wert among the volunteers that seized and made booty of the Swedish battery at Altenburg.

Second Cuir. Yes, General!

Wal. I forget no one with whom I have exchanged words. (*a pause*) Who sends you?

Ans. Your noble regiment, the Cuirassiers of Piccolomini.

Wal. Why does not your colonel deliver in your request, according to the custom of service?

Ans. Because we would first know *whom* we serve.

Wal. Begin your address.

Ans. (*giving the word of command*) Shoulder your arms!

Wal. (*turning to a third*) Thy name is Risbeck, Cologne is thy birth-place.

Third Cuir. Risbeck of Cologne.

Wal. It was thou that broughtest in the Swedish colonel, Diebald, prisoner, in the camp at Nuremburg.

Third Cuir. It was not I, General!

Wal. Perfectly right! It was thy elder brother, thou hadst a younger brother too: Where did he stay?

Third Cuir. He is stationed at Olmutz with the Imperial army.

Wal. (*to the Anspessade*) Now then—begin.

Ans. There came to hand a letter from the Emperor

Commanding us——
Wal. (*interrupting him*) Who chose you?
Ans. Every company
Drew its own man by lot.
Wal. Now! to the business.
Ans. There came to hand a letter from the Emperor
Commanding us collectively, from thee
All duties of obedience to withdraw,
Because thou wert an enemy and traitor.
Wal. And what did you determine?
Ans. All our comrades
At Brannau, Budweiss, Prague and Olmutz, have
Obey'd already, and the regiments here,
Tiefenbach and Toscana, instantly
Did follow their example. But—but we
Do not believe that thou art an enemy
And traitor to thy country, hold it merely
For lie and trick, and a trump'd up Spanish story! (With warmth.)
Thyself shalt tell us what thy purpose is,
For we have found thee still sincere and true:
No mouth shall interpose itself betwixt
The gallant General and the gallant troops.
Wal. Therein I recognize my Pappenheimers.
Ans. And this proposal makes thy regiment to thee:
Is it thy purpose merely to preserve
In thy own hands this military sceptre,
Which so becomes thee, which the Emperor
Made over to thee by a covenant;
Is it thy purpose merely to remain
Supreme commander of the Austrian armies;
We will stand by thee, General! and guarantee

Thy honest rights against all opposition.
And should it chance, that all the other regiments
Turn from thee, by ourselves will we stand forth
Thy faithful soldiers, and, as is our duty,
Far rather let ourselves be cut to pieces,
Than suffer thee to fall. But if it be
As the Emperor's letter says, if it be true,
That thou in trait'rous wise wilt lead us over
To the enemy, which God in heaven forbid!
Then we too will forsake thee, and obey
That letter———

Wal. Hear me, children!

Ans. Yes, or no!
There needs no other answer.

Wal. Yield attention.
You're men of sense, examine for yourselves;
Ye think, and do not follow with the herd:
And therefore have I always shown you honour
Above all others; suffer'd you to reason;
Have treated you as free men, and my orders
Were but the echoes of your prior suffrage.—

Ans. Most fair and noble has thy conduct been
To us, my General! With thy confidence
Thou hast honour'd us, and shown us grace and favour
Beyond all other regiments; and thou seest
We follow not the common herd. We will
Stand by thee faithfully. Speak but one word—
Thy word shall satisfy us, that it is not
A treason which thou meditatest—that
Thou meanest not to lead the army over
To the enemy; nor e'er betray thy country.

Wal. Me, me, are they betraying. Th' Emperor

Hath sacrificed me to my enemies;
And I must fall, unless my gallant troops
Will rescue me. See! I confide in you.
And be your hearts my strong hold! At this
breast
The aim is taken, at this hoary head.
This is your Spanish gratitude, this is our
Requital for that murderous fight at Lützen!
For this we threw the naked breast against
The halbert, made for this the frozen earth
Our bed, and the hard stone our pillow! never
stream
Too rapid for us, no wood too impervious;
With cheerful spirit we pursued that Mansfield
Through all the turns and windings of his flight;
Yea, our whole life was but one restless march;
And homeless, as the stirring wind, we travell'd
O'er the war-wasted earth. And now, even now,
That we have well nigh finish'd the hard toil,
The unthankful, the curse-laden toil of weapons,
With faithful indefatigable arm
Have roll'd the heavy war-load up the hill,
Behold? this boy of the Emperor's bears away
The honours of the peace, an easy prize!
He'll weave, forsooth, into his flaxen locks
The olive branch, the hard-earn'd ornament
Of this grey head, grown grey beneath the
helmet.

Ans. That shall he not, while we can hinder it!
No one, but thou, who hast conducted it
With fame, shall end this war, this frightful war!
Thou ledst us out into the bloody field
Of death, thou and no other shall conduct us
home,

Rejoicing to the lovely plains of peace—
Shalt share with us the fruits of the long toil.—
Wal. What? Think you then at length in late old age
To enjoy the fruits of toil? Believe it not.
Never, no never, will you see the end
Of the contest! you and me, and all of us,
This war will swallow up! War, war, not peace,
Is Austria's wish; and therefore, because I
Endeavour'd after peace, therefore I fall.
For what cares Austria, how long the war
Wears out the armies and lays waste the world?
She will but wax and grow amid the ruin,
And still win new domains.
(The Cuirassiers express agitation by their gestures.)
Ye're mov'd—I see
A noble rage flash from your eyes, ye warriors!
Oh that my spirit might possess you now,
Daring as once it led you to the battle!
Ye would stand by me with your veteran arms,
Protect me in my rights; and this is noble!
But think not that *you* can accomplish it,
Your scanty number! to no purpose will you
Have sacrificed you for your General.
(Confidentially)
No! let us tread securely, seek for friends;
The Swedes have proffer'd us assistance, let us
Wear for a while the appearance of good will,
And use them for our profit, till we both
Carry the fate of Europe in our hands,
And from our camp to the glad jubilant world
Lead peace forth with the garland on her head!
Ans. 'Tis then but mere appearances which thou
Dost put on with the Swede? Thou'lt not betray

The Emperor? Wilt not turn us into Swedes?
This is the only thing which we desire
To learn from thee.
Wal. What care I for the Swedes?
I hate them as I hate the pit of hell,
And, under Providence, I trust right soon
To chase them to their homes across their Baltic.
My cares are only for the whole: I have
A heart—it bleeds within me for the miseries
And piteous groaning of my fellow Germans.
Ye are but common men, but yet ye think
With minds not common; ye appear to me
Worthy before all others, that I whisper ye
A little word or two in confidence!
See now! already for full fifteen years
The war-torch has continu'd burning, yet
No rest, no pause of conflict. Swede and German!
Papist and Lutheran! neither will give way
To the other, every hand's against the other.
Each one is party and no one a judge.
Where shall this end? Where's he that will unravel
This tangle, ever tangling more and more.
It must be cut asunder.
I feel that I am the man of destiny,
And trust, with your assistance, to accomplish it.

SCENE IV.

To these enter Butler.

But. (*passionately*) General! This is not right!
Wal. What is not right?
But. It must needs injure us with all honest men.

Wal. But what?
But. It is an open proclamation
Of insurrection.
Wal. Well, well—but what is it?
But. Count Tertsky's regiments tear the Imperial Eagle
From off the banners, and instead of it,
Have rear'd aloft thy arms.
Ans. (*abruptly to the Cuirassiers*) Right about! March!
Wal. Curs'd be this counsel, and accurs'd who gave it!
(To the Cuirassiers, who are retiring.)
Halt, children, halt. There's some mistake in this!
Hark!—I will punish it severely. Stop!
They do not hear. (*To Illo.*) Go after them, assure them,
And bring them back to me, cost what it may.
(Illo hurries out.)
This hurls us headlong. Butler! Butler!
You are my evil genius, wherefore must you
Announce it in their presence? It was all
In a fair way. They were half won, those madmen
With their improvident over-readiness—
A cruel game is fortune playing with me.
The zeal of friends it is that razes me,
And not the hate of enemies.

SCENE V.

To these enter the Duchess, who rushes into the chamber. Thekla and the Countess follow her.

Duch. O Albrecht!
What hast thou done?

Wal. And now comes this beside.
Coun. Forgive me, brother! It was not in my power.
They know all.
Duch. What hast thou done?
Coun. (*to Tertsky*) Is there no hope? Is all lost utterly?
Ter. All lost. No hope. Prague in the Emperor's hands,
The soldiery have ta'en their oaths anew.
Coun. That lurking hypocrite, Octavio!
Count Max. is off too?
Ter. Where can *he* be? He's
Gone over to the Emperor with his father.

(Thekla rushes out into the arms of her mother, hiding her face in her bosom.)

Duch. (*infolding her in her arms*) Unhappy child! and more unhappy mother!
Wal. (*aside to Tertsky*) Quick! Let a carriage stand in readiness
In the court behind the palace. Scherfenberg
Be their attendant; he is faithful to us;
To Egra he'll conduct them, and we follow.

(To Illo who returns.)

Thou hast not brought them back?
Illo. Hear'st thou the uproar?
The whole corps of the Pappenheimers is
Drawn out: the younger Piccolomini,
Their colonel, they require; for they affirm,
That he is in the palace here, a prisoner;
And if thou dost not instantly deliver him,
They will find means to free him with the sword.

(All stand amazed.)

Ter. What shall we make of this?
Wal. Said I not so?

O my prophetic heart! he is still here.
He has not betray'd me—he could not betray me.
I never doubted it.
Coun. If he be
Still here, then all goes well; for I know what
(embracing Thekla.)
Will keep him here for ever.
Ter. It can't be.
His father has betray'd us, is gone over
To the Emperor—the son could not have ventur'd
To stay behind.
Thek. (*her eye fixed on the door*) There he is!

SCENE VI.

To these enter Max. Piccolomini.

Max. Yes! here he is! I can endure no longer
To creep on tiptoe round this house, and lurk
In ambush for a favourable moment.
This loitering, this suspense exceeds my powers.
(Advancing to Thekla, who has thrown herself into her mother's arms.)
Turn not thine eyes away. O look upon me!
Confess it freely before all. Fear no one.
Let who will hear that we both love each other.
Wherefore continue to conceal it? Secrecy
Is for the happy—misery, hopeless misery,
Needeth no veil! Beneath a thousand suns
It dares act openly.
(He observes the Countess looking on Thekla with expressions of triumph.)
No, Lady! No.
Expect not, hope it not. I am not come
To stay: to bid farewell, farewell for ever,
For this I come! 'Tis over! I must leave thee!
Thekla, I must—*must* leave thee! Yet thy hatred

Let me not take with me. I pray thee, grant me
One look of sympathy, only one look.
Say that thou dost not hate me. Say it to me,
Thekla!

(Grasps her hand.)

O God! I cannot leave this spot—I cannot.
Cannot let go this hand. O tell me, Thekla!
That thou dost suffer with me, art convinc'd
That I can not act otherwise.

(Thekla, avoiding his look, points with her hand to her father. Max. turns round to the Duke, whom he had not till then perceived.)

Thou here? It was not thou, whom here I sought.
I trusted never more to have beheld thee.
My business is with her alone. Here will I
Receive a full acquittal from this heart—
For any other I'm no more concern'd.

Wal. Think'st thou, that fool-like, I shall let thee go,
And act the mock-magnanimous with thee?
Thy father is become a villain to me;
I hold thee for his son, and nothing more;
Nor to no purpose shalt thou have been given
Into my power. Think not, that I will honour
That ancient love, which so remorselessly
He mangled. They are now past by, those hours
Of friendship and forgiveness. Hate and vengeance
Succeed—'tis now their turn—I, too, can throw
All feelings of the man aside—can prove
Myself as much a monster as thy father!

Max. (*calmly*) Thou wilt proceed with me as thou hast power.
Thou know'st, I neither brave nor fear thy rage.

What has detain'd me here, that, too, thou know'st. (Taking Thekla by the hand.)

See, Duke! All—all would I have owed to thee,
Would have receiv'd from thy paternal hand
The lot of blessed spirits. This hast thou
Laid waste for ever—that concerns not thee.
Indifferent thou tramplest in the dust
Their happiness, who most are thine. The god
Whom thou dost serve, is no benignant deity.
Like as the blind, irreconcilable,
Fierce element, incapable of compact,
Thy heart's wild impulse only dost thou follow.

Wal. Thou art describing thy own father's heart.

The adder! O, the charms of hell o'erpower'd me.
He dwelt within me, to my inmost soul
Still to and fro he pass'd, suspected never!
On the wide ocean, in the starry heaven
Did mine eyes seek the enemy, whom I
In my heart's heart had folded! Had I been
To *Ferdinand* what Octavio was to *me*,
War had I ne'er denounc'd against him. No,
I never could have done it. The Emp'ror was
My austere master only, not my friend.
There was already war 'twixt him and me,
When he deliver'd the commander's staff
Into my hands; for there's a natural,
Unceasing war 'twixt cunning and suspicion;
Peace exists only betwixt confidence
And faith. Who poisons confidence, he murders
The future generations.

Max. I will not
Defend my father. Woe is me, I cannot!

Hard deeds and luckless have ta'en place; one crime
Drags after it the other in close link.
But we are innocent: how have we fallen
Into this circle of mishap and guilt?
To whom have we been faithless? Wherefore must
The evil deeds and guilt reciprocal
Of our two fathers, twine like serpents round us?
Why must our fathers'
Unconquerable hate rend us asunder,
Who love each other?

Wal. Max., remain with me.
Go you not from me, Max! Hark! I will tell thee—
How when at Prague, our winter quarters, thou
Wert brought into my tent a tender boy,
Not yet accustom'd to the German winters;
Thy hand was frozen to the heavy colours;
Thou would'st not let them go—
At that time did I take thee in my arms,
And with my mantle did I cover thee:
I was thy nurse, no woman could have been
A kinder to thee; I was not asham'd
To do for thee all little offices,
However strange to me; I tended thee
Till life return'd; and when thine eyes first open'd,
I had thee in my arms. Since then, when have I
Alter'd my feelings towards thee? Many thousands
Have I made rich, presented them with lands;
Rewarded them with dignities and honours;
Thee have I *lov'd:* my heart, my self, I gave
To thee! They all were aliens: *Thou* wert

Our child and inmate.* Max.! Thou can'st not
leave me;
It cannot be; I may not, will not think
That Max. can leave me.
Max. O my God!
Wal. I have
Held and sustain'd thee from thy tott'ring child-
hood.
What holy bond is there of natural love?
What human tie, that does not knit thee to me?
I love thee, Max.! What did thy father for thee,
Which I too have not done to the height of duty?
Go hence, forsake me, serve thy Emperor;
He will reward thee with a pretty chain
Of gold, with his ram's fleece will he reward
thee;
For that the friend, the father of thy youth,
For that the holiest feeling of humanity,
Was nothing worth to thee.
Max. O God! How can I
Do otherwise? Am I not forc'd to do it?
My oath—my duty—honour—
Wal. How? Thy duty?
Duty to whom? Who art thou? Max! bethink
thee
What duties may'st *thou* have? If I am acting
A criminal part toward the Emperor,
It is my crime, not thine. Dost thou belong
To thine own self? Art thou thine own com-
mander?

* This is a poor and inadequate translation of the affectionate simplicity of the original—

Sie alle waren Fremdlinge, *Du* warst
Das Kind des Hauses.

Indeed the whole speech is in the best style of Massinger. *O si sic omnia!*

Stand'st thou, like me, a freeman in the world,
That in thy actions thou should'st plead free agency?
On me thou'rt planted; I am thy Emperor:
To obey *me*, to *belong* to me, this is
Thy honour, this a law of nature to thee!
And if the planet, on the which thou liv'st
And hast thy dwelling, from its orbit starts,
It is not in thy choice, whether or no
Thou'lt follow it. Unfelt it whirls thee onward
Together with his ring and all his moons.
With little guilt stepp'st thou into this contest;
Thee will the world not censure, it will praise thee,
For that thou held'st thy friend more worth to thee
Than names and influences more remov'd.
For justice is the virtue of the ruler,
Affection and fidelity the subject's.
Not every one doth it beseem to question
The far-off high Arcturus. Most securely
Wilt thou pursue the nearest duty—let
The pilot fix his eye upon the pole-star.

SCENE VII.

To these enter Neumann.

Wal. What now?

Neu. The Pappenheimers are dismounted,
And are advancing now on foot, determin'd,
With sword in hand, to storm the house, and free
The Count, their colonel.

Wal. (*to Tertsky*) Have the cannon planted.
I will receive them with chain-shot.

[Exit Tertsky.

Prescribe to me with sword in hand! Go,
Neumann!
'Tis my command that they retreat this moment,
And in their ranks in silence wait my pleasure.

[Neumann exit. Illo steps to the window.

Coun. Let him go, I entreat thee, let him go.
Illo. (*at the window*) Hell and perdition!
Wal. What is it?
Illo. They scale the council-house, the roof's uncover'd.
They level at this house the cannon———
Max. Madmen!
Illo. They are making preparation now to fire on us.
Duch. and Coun. Merciful Heaven!
Max. (*to Wallenstein*) Let me go to them!
Wal. Not a step!
Max. (*pointing to Thekla and the Duchess*) But their life! Thine!
Wal. What tidings bring'st thou, Tertsky?

SCENE VIII.

To these Tertsky (returning.)

Ter. Message and greeting from our faithful reg'ments.
Their ardour may no longer be curb'd in.
They entreat permission to commence th' attack,
And if thou would'st but give the word of onset,
They could now charge the enemy in rear,
Into the city wedge them, and with ease
O'erpower them in the narrow streets.
Illo. O come!
Let not their ardour cool. The soldiery

Of Butler's corps stand by us faithfully;
We are the greater number. Let us charge them,
And finish here in Pilsen the revolt.

Wal. What? shall this town become a field of slaughter,
And brother-killing discord, fire-eyed,
Be let loose through its streets to roam and rage?
Shall the decision be deliver'd over
To deaf remorseless rage, that hears no leader?
Here is no room for battle, only for butchery.
Well, let it be. I have long thought of it,
So let it burst then. (turns to Max.)
Well, how is it with thee?
Wilt thou attempt a heat with me. Away!
Thou art free to go. Oppose thyself to me,
Front against front, and lead them to the battle;
Thou'rt skill'd in war, thou hast learn'd somewhat under me;
I need not be asham'd of my opponent,
And never hadst thou fairer opportunity
To pay me for thy schooling.

Coun. Is it then,
Can it have come to this?—What! cousin, cousin!
Have you the heart?

Max. The regiments that are trusted to my care
I have pledg'd my troth to bring away from Pilsen
True to the Emperor, and this promise will I
Make good, or perish. More than this no duty
Requires of me. I will not fight against thee,
Unless compell'd; for though an enemy,
Thy head is holy to me still.

(Two reports of cannon; Illo and Tertsky hurry to the window.)

Wal. What's that?
Ter. He falls.
Wal. Falls! Who?
Illo. Tiefenbach's corps
Discharg'd the ordnance.
Wal. Upon whom?
Illo. On Neumann,
Your messenger.
Wal. (*starting up*) Ha! Death and hell!
I will—
Ter. Expose thyself to their blind frenzy?
Duch. and Coun. No!
For God's sake, No!
Illo. Not yet, my General!
Coun. O, hold him! hold him!
Wal. Leave me———
Max. Do it not;
Not yet! This rash and bloody deed has thrown them
Into a frenzy-fit—allow them time——
Wal. Away! too long already have I loiter'd.
They are embolden'd to these outrages,
Beholding not my face. They shall behold
My countenance, shall hear my voice——
Are they not *my* troops? Am I not their General,
And their long-fear'd commander? Let me see,
Whether indeed they do no longer know
That countenance, which was their sun in battle!
From the balcony, (mark!) I show myself
To these rebellious forces, and at once
Revolt is mounded, and the high-swoln current
Shrinks back into the old bed of obedience.

Exit Wallenstein; Illo, Tertsky, and Butler follow.

SCENE IX.

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, MAX. THEKLA.

Coun. (*to the Duchess*) Let them but see him
—there is hope still, sister.
Duch. Hope! I have none!
Max. (*who during the last scene has been standing at a distance in a visible struggle of feelings, advances,*) This can I not endure.
With most determin'd soul did I come hither,
My purpos'd action seem'd unblameable
To my own conscience—and I must stand here
Like one abhorr'd, a hard inhuman being;
Yea, loaded with the curse of all I love!
Must see all whom I love in this sore anguish,
Whom I, with one word, can make happy—O!
My heart revolts within me, and two voices
Make themselves audible within my bosom.
My soul's benighted; I no longer can
Distinguish the right track. O, well and truly
Didst thou say, father, I relied too much
On my own heart. My mind moves to and fro—
I know not what to do.
Coun. What! you know not?
Does not your own heart tell you? O! then I
Will tell it you. Your father is a traitor,
A frightful traitor to us—he has plotted
Against our General's life, has plung'd us all
In misery—and you're his son! 'Tis yours
To make the *amends*—Make you the son's fidelity
Outweigh the father's treason, that the name
Of Piccolomini be not a proverb
Of infamy, a common form of cursing
To the posterity of Wallenstein.

Max. Where is that voice of truth which I
dare follow?
It speaks no longer in *my* heart. We all
But utter what our passionate wishes dictate
O that an angel would descend from Heaven,
And scoop for me the right, the uncorrupted,
With a pure hand from the pure Fount of Light.
(His eyes glance on Thekla.)
What other angel seek I? To this heart,
To this unerring heart, will I submit it,
Will ask thy love, which has the power to bless
The happy man alone, averted ever
From the disquieted and guilty—*canst* thou
Still love me, if I stay? Say that thou can'st,
And I am the Duke's———

Coun. Think, niece———

Max. Think nothing, Thekla!
Speak what thou *feelest*.

Coun. Think upon your father.

Max. I did not question thee as Friedland's
daughter.
Thee, the beloved, and the unerring god
Within thy heart, I question. What's at stake?
Not whether diadem of royalty
Be to be won or no—that mightst thou *think* on.
Thy friend, and *his* soul's quiet, are at stake;
The fortune of a thousand gallant men,
Who will all follow me: shall I forswear
My oath and duty to the Emperor?
Say, shall I send into Octavio's camp
The parricidal ball? For when the ball
Has left its cannon, and is on its flight,
It is no longer a dead instrument;
It lives, a spirit passes into it,

The avenging furies seize possession of it,
And with sure malice guide it the worst way.
Thek. O! Max.———
Max. (*interrupting her*) Nay, not precipitately either, Thekla.
I understand thee. To thy noble heart
The hardest duty might appear the highest.
The human, not the great part, would I act.
Ev'n from my childhood to this present hour,
Think what the Duke has done for me, how lov'd me,
And think, too, how my father has repaid him.
O likewise the free lovely impulses
Of hospitality, the pious friend's
Faithful attachment, these, too, are a holy
Religion to the heart; and heavily
The shudderings of nature do avenge
Themselves on the barbarian that insults them.
Lay all upon the balance, all—then speak,
And let thy heart decide it.
Thek. O, thine own
Hath long ago decided. Follow thou
Thy heart's first feeling———
Coun. Oh! ill-fated woman!
Thek. Is it possible, that that can be the right,
The which thy tender heart did not at first
Detect and seize with instant impulse? Go,
Fulfil thy duty! I should ever love thee.
Whate'er thou hadst chosen, thou would'st still have acted
Noble and worthy of thee—but repentance
Shall ne'er disturb thy soul's fair peace.
Max. Then I
Must leave thee, must part from thee!

Thek. Being faithful
To thine own self, thou art faithful, too, to me;
If our fates part, our hearts remain united.
A bloody hatred will divide for ever
The houses, Piccolomini and Friedland;
But we belong not to our houses—Go!
Quick! quick! and separate thy righteous cause
From our unholy and unblessed one!
The curse of heaven lies upon our head;
'Tis dedicate to ruin. Even me
My father's guilt drags with it to perdition.
Mourn not for me;
My destiny will quickly be decided.

(Max. clasps her in his arms in extreme emotion. There is heard from behind the Scene a loud, wild, long continued cry—Vivat Ferdinandus, accompanied by warlike instruments. Max. and Thekla remain without motion in each other's embraces.)

SCENE X.

To these enter Tertsky.

Coun. (*meeting him*) What meant that cry?
What was it?
Ter. All is lost!
Coun. What! they regarded not his countenance?
Ter. 'Twas all in vain.
Duch. They shouted Vivat!
Ter. To the Emperor.
Coun. The traitors!
Ter. Nay! he was not once permitted
Even to address them. Soon as he began,
With deafening noise of warlike instruments
They drown'd his words. But here he comes.

SCENE XI.

To these enter Wallenstein, accompanied by Illo and Butler.

Wal. (*as he enters*) Tertsky!

Ter. My General.

Wal. Let our regiments hold themselves
In readiness to march; for we shall leave
Pilsen ere evening. [*Exit Tertsky.*
Butler!

But. Yes, my General.

Wal. The governor at Egra is your friend
And countryman. Write to him instantly
By a post courier. He must be advis'd,
That we are with him early on the morrow.
You follow us yourself, your regiment with you.

But. It shall be done, my General!

Wal. (*steps between Max. and Thekla, who have remained during this time in each other's arms.*) Part!

Max. O God!

(Cuirassiers enter with drawn swords, and assemble in the back-ground. At the same time there are heard from below some spirited passages out of the Pappenheim march, which seem to address Max.)

Wal. (*to the Cuirassiers*) Here he is, he is at liberty: I keep him
No longer.

(He turns away, and stands so that Max. cannot pass by him nor approach the Princess.)

Max. Thou know'st that I have not yet learnt to live
Without thee! I go forth into a desert,
Leaving my all behind me. O do not turn
Thine eyes away from me! O once more show me

Thy ever dear and honour'd countenance.

(Max. attempts to take his hand, but is repelled: he turns to the Countess.)

Is there no eye that has a look of pity for me?

(The Countess turns away from him; he turns to the Duchess.)

My mother!

Duch. Go where duty calls you. Haply
The time may come, when you may prove to us
A true friend, a good angel at the throne
Of the Emperor.

Max. You give me hope; you would not
Suffer me wholly to despair. No! No!
Mine is a certain misery—Thanks to heaven
That offers me a means of ending it.

(The military music begins again. The stage fills more and more with armed men. Max. sees Butler, and addresses him.)

And you here, Colonel Butler—and will you
Not follow me? Well, then, remain more faithful
To your new lord, than you have prov'd yourself
To the Emperor. Come, Butler, promise me,
Give me your hand upon it, that you'll be
The guardian of his life, its shield, its watchman.
He is attainted, and his princely head
Fair booty for each slave that trades in murder.
Now he doth need the faithful eye of friendship,
And those whom here I see—

(casting suspicious looks on Illo and Butler.)

Illo. Go—seek for traitors
In Galas', in your father's quarters. Here
Is only one. Away! away! and free us
From his detested sight. Away!

(Max. attempts once more to approach Thekla. Wallenstein prevents him. Max. stands irresolute, and in apparent anguish. In the mean time the stage fills more and more; and the horns sound from below, louder and louder, and each time after a shorter interval.)

Max. Blow, blow! O were it but the Swedish
Trumpets,
And all the naked swords, which I see here,
Were plunged into my breast! What purpose
you?
You come to tear me from this place! Beware
Ye drive me not to desperation.—Do it not!
Ye may repent it!

(the stage is entirely filled with armed men.)

Yet more! weight upon weight to drag me down!
Think what ye're doing. It is not well done
To choose a man despairing for your leader;
You tear me from my happiness. Well, then,
I dedicate your souls to vengeance. Mark!
For your own ruin you have chosen me:
Who goes with me, must be prepar'd to perish.

(He turns to the back-ground, there ensues a sudden and violent movement among the Cuirassiers; they surround him, and carry him off in wild tumult. Wallenstein remains immoveable. Thekla sinks into her mother's arms. The curtain falls. The music becomes loud and overpowering, and passes into a complete war-march —the orchestra joins it—and continues during the interval between the second and third Act.)

ACT III.

Scene, the Burgomaster's House at Egra.

SCENE I.

But. (*just arrived*) Here then he is, by his
destiny conducted.
Here, Friedland, and no farther! From Bohemia
Thy meteor rose, travers'd the sky awhile,

And here upon the borders of Bohemia
Must sink.
Thou hast forsworn the ancient colours,
Blind man! yet trustest to thy ancient fortunes.
Profaner of the altar and the hearth,
Against thy Emperor and fellow-citizens
Thou mean'st to wage the war. Friedland, beware—
The evil spirit of revenge impels thee—
Beware, thou, that revenge destroy thee not.

SCENE II.

BUTLER, GORDON.

Gor. Is it you?
How my heart sinks! The Duke a fugitive traitor!
His princely head attainted! O my God!
But. You have receiv'd the letter which I sent you
By a post courier.
Gor. Yes! and in obedience to it
Open'd the strong hold to him without scruple.
For an imperial letter orders me
To follow your commands implicitly.
But yet forgive me: when even now I saw
The Duke himself, my scruples recommenced.
For truly, not like an attainted man,
Into this town did Friedland make his entrance;
His wonted majesty beam'd from his brow,
And calm, as in the days when all was right,
Did he receive from me the accounts of office;
'Tis said, that fallen pride learns condescension;
But, sparing and with dignity, the Duke

Weigh'd every syllable of approbation,
As masters praise a servant who has done
His duty, and no more.
But. 'Tis all precisely
As I related in my letter. Friedland
Has sold the army to the enemy,
And pledg'd himself to give up Prague and Egra.
On this report the regiments all forsook him,
The five excepted that belong to Tertsky,
And which have follow'd him, as thou hast seen.
The sentence of attainder is pass'd on him,
And every loyal subject is required
To give him up to justice, dead or living.
Gor. A traitor to the Emperor—such a noble!
Of such high talents! What is human greatness?
I often said, this can't end happily.
His might, his greatness, and this obscure power
Are but a cover'd pit-fall. The human being
May not be trusted to self-government.
The clear and written law, the deep trod foot-
marks
Of ancient custom, are all necessary,
To keep him in the road of faith and duty.
The authority intrusted to this man
Was unexampled and unnatural,
It plac'd him on a level with his Emperor,
Till the proud soul unlearn'd submission. Woe
is me;
I mourn for him! for where he fell, I deem
Might none stand firm. Alas! dear General,
We in our lucky mediocrity
Have ne'er experienc'd, cannot calculate,
What dangerous wishes such a height may breed
In the heart of such a man.

But. Spare your laments
Till he need sympathy; for at this present
He is still mighty, and still formidable.
The Swedes advance to Egra by forc'd marches,
And quickly will the junction be accomplish'd.
This must not be! The Duke must never leave
This strong hold on free footing; for I have
Pledg'd life and honour here to hold him pris'ner,
And your assistance 'tis on which I calculate.

Gor. O that I had not liv'd to see this day!
From his hand I receiv'd this dignity.
He did himself intrust this strong hold to me,
Which I am now requir'd to make his dungeon.
We subalterns have no will of our own:
The free, the mighty man alone may listen
To the fair impulse of his human nature.
Ah! we are but the poor tools of the law,
Obedience the sole virtue we dare aim at.

But. Nay, let it not afflict you, that your power
Is circumscrib'd. Much liberty, much error!
The narrow path of duty is securest.

Gor. And all, then, have deserted him, you say?
He has built up the luck of many thousands,
For kingly was his spirit: his full hand
Was ever open. Many a one from dust
(with a side glance at Butler.)
Hath he selected, from the very dust
Hath rais'd him into dignity and honour.
And yet no friend, not one friend hath he purchas'd,
Whose heart beats true to him in the evil hour.

But. Here's one I see.

Gor. I have enjoy'd from him

No grace or favour. I could almost doubt
If ever, in his greatness, he once thought on
An old friend of his youth. For still my office
Kept me at distance from him; and when first
He to this citadel appointed me,
He was sincere and serious in his duty.
I do not then abuse his confidence,
If I preserve my fealty in that,
Which to my fealty was first deliver'd.

But. Say, then, will you fulfil th' attainder on him?

Gor. (*pauses reflecting—then as in deep dejection.*) If it be so—if all be as you say—
If he've betray'd the Emperor, his master,
Have sold the troops, have purpos'd to deliver
The strong holds of the country to the enemy—
Yea, truly!—there is no redemption for him—
Yet it is hard, that me the lot should destine
To be the instrument of his perdition;
For we were pages at the court of Bergau
At the same period; but I was the senior.

But. I have heard so ———

Gor. 'Tis full thirty years since then.
A youth who scarce had seen his twentieth year
Was Wallenstein, when he and I were friends:
Yet even then he had a daring soul:
His frame of mind was serious and severe
Beyond his years; his dreams were of great objects.
He walk'd amidst us of a silent spirit,
Communing with himself: yet I have known him
Transported on a sudden into utterance
Of strange conceptions; kindling into splendour,
His soul reveal'd itself, and he spake so

That we look'd round perplex'd upon each other,
Not knowing whether it were craziness,
Or whether 't were a god that spoke in him.
But. But was it where he fell two story high
From a window-ledge, on which he had fallen asleep,
And rose up free from injury? From this day
(It is reported) he betray'd clear marks
Of a distemper'd fancy.
Gor. He became,
Doubtless, more self-enwrapt and melancholy;
He made himself a Catholic. Marvellously
His marvellous preservation had transform'd him.
Thenceforth he held himself for an exempted
And privileg'd being, and, as if he were
Incapable of dizziness or fall,
He ran along the unsteady rope of life.
But now our destinies drove us asunder:
He pac'd with rapid step the way of greatness,
Was count, and prince, duke regent, and dictator.
And now is all, all this too little for him;
He stretches forth his hands for a king's crown,
And plunges in unfathomable ruin.
But. No more, he comes.

SCENE III.

To these enter Wallenstein, in conversation with the Burgomaster of Egra.

Wal. You were at one time a free town. I see
Ye bear the half eagle in your city arms.
Why the *half* eagle only?
Bur. We were free,
But for these last two hundred years has Egra
Remain'd in pledge to the Bohemian crown;

Therefore we bear the half eagle, the other half
Being cancell'd till the empire ransom us,
If ever that should be.

Wal. Ye merit freedom.
Only be firm and dauntless. Lend your ears
To no designing, whispering court-minions.
What may your imposts be?

Bur. So heavy that
We totter under them. The garrison
Lives at our costs.

Wal. I will relieve you. Tell me,
There are some Protestants among you still?

(The Burgomaster hesitates.)

Yes, yes; I know it. Many lie conceal'd
Within these walls—confess now—you yourself—

(Fixes his eye on him. The Burgomaster alarmed.)

Be not alarm'd. I hate the Jesuits.
Could my will have determin'd it, they had
Been long ago expell'd the empire. Trust me—
Mass-book or bible—'tis all one to me.
Of that the world has had sufficient proof.
I built a church for the reform'd in Glogan
At my own instance. Hark'e, Burgomaster!
What is your name?

Bur. Pachhälbel, may it please you.

Wal. Hark'e!——————
But let it go no further, what I now
Disclose to you in confidence.

(Laying his hand on the Burgomaster's shoulder, with a certain solemnity.)

The times
Draw near to their fulfilment, Burgomaster!
The high will fall, the low will be exalted.
Hark'e! But keep it to yourself! The end
Approaches of the Spanish double monarchy—

A new arrangement is at hand. You saw
The three moons that appear'd at once in the heaven.

Bur. With wonder and affright!

Wal. Whereof did two
Strangely transform themselves to bloody daggers,
And only one, the middle moon, remain'd
Steady and clear.

Bur. We applied it to the Turks.

Wal. The Turks! That all?—I tell you, that two empires
Will set in blood, in the east and in the west,
And Luth'ranism alone remain.
(observing Gordon and Butler.)
I'faith,
'Twas a smart cannonading that we heard
This evening, as we journey'd hitherward;
'Twas on our left hand. Did you hear it here?

Gor. Distinctly. The wind brought it from the south.

But. It seem'd to come from Weiden or from Neustadt.

Wal. 'Tis likely. That's the route the Swedes are taking.
How strong is the garrison?

Gor. Not quite two hundred
Competent men, the rest are invalids.

Wal. Good! and how many in the vale of Jochim.

Gor. Two hundred arquebussiers have I sent thither
To fortify the posts against the Swedes.

Wal. Good! I commend your foresight. At the works too

You have done somewhat?

Gor. Two additional batteries
I caused to be run up. They were needless.
The Rhinegrave presses hard upon us, General!

Wal. You have been watchful in your Emperor's service.
I am content with you, Lieutenant-Colonel.
(to Butler.)
Release the outposts in the vale of Jochim
With all the stations in the enemy's route.
(to Gordon.)
Governor, in your faithful hands I leave
My wife, my daughter, and my sister. I
Shall make no stay here, and wait but the arrival
Of letters, to take leave of you, together
With all the regiments.

SCENE IV.

To these enter Count Tertsky.

Ter. Joy, General; joy! I bring you welcome tidings.

Wal. And what may they be?

Ter. There has been an engagement
At Neustadt; the Swedes gain'd the victory.

Wal. From whence did you receive the intelligence?

Ter. A countryman from Tirschenseil convey'd it.
Soon after sun rise did the fight begin!
A troop of the Imperialists from Fachau
Had forc'd their way into the Swedish camp!
The cannonade continued full two hours;
There were left dead upon the field a thousand
Imperialists, together with their colonel;

Further than this he did not know.

Wal. How came
Imperial troops at Neustadt? Altringer,
But yesterday, stood sixty miles from there.
Count Galas' force collects at Frauenberg,
And have not the full complement. Is it possible,
That Suys, perchance, had ventur'd so far onward?
It cannot be.

Ter. We shall soon know the whole,
For here comes Illo, full of haste, and joyous.

SCENE V.

To these enter Illo.

Illo. (*to Wallenstein*) A courier, Duke! he wishes to speak with thee.

Ter. (*eagerly*) Does he bring confirmation of the victory?

Wal. (*at the same time*) What does he bring? Whence comes he?

Illo. From the Rhinegrave.
And what he brings I can announce to you
Before hand. Seven leagues distant are the Swedes;
At Neustadt did Max. Piccolomini
Throw himself on them with the cavalry;
A murd'rous fight took place; o'erpower'd by numbers
The Pappenheimers all, with Max. their leader,
(Wallenstein shudders and turns pale.)
Were left dead on the field.

Wal. (*after a pause in a low voice*) Where is the messenger? Conduct me to him.

(Wallenstein is going, when Lady Neubrunn rushes into the room. Some servants follow her and run across the stage.)

Neub. Help! Help!
Illo and *Ter.* (*at the same time*) What now?
Neub. The Princess!—
Wal. and *Ter.* Does she know it?
Neub. (*at the same time with them*) She is dying!

(hurries off the stage, and Wallenstein and Tertsky follow her.)

SCENE VI.

BUTLER, GORDON.

Gor. What's this?
But. She has lost the man she lov'd—
Young Piccolomini who fell in the battle.
Gor. Unfortunate lady!
But. You have heard what Illo
Reporteth, that the Swedes are conquerors,
And marching hitherward.
Gor. Too well I heard it.
But. They are twelve regiments strong, and there are five
Close by us to protect the Duke. We have
Only my single regiment; and the garrison
Is not two hundred strong.
Gor. 'Tis even so.
But. It is not possible with such small force
To hold in custody a man like him.
Gor. I grant it.
But. Soon the numbers would disarm us,
And liberate him.
Gor. It were to be fear'd.
But. (*after a pause*) Know, I am warranty for the event;

With my head have I pledg'd myself for his,
Must make my word good, cost it what it will,
And if alive we cannot hold him prisoner,
Why—death makes all things certain!
Gor. Butler! what?
Do I understand you? Gracious God! *You* could—
But. He must not live.
Gor. And *you* can do the deed!
But. Either you or I. This morning was his last.
Gor. You would assassinate him?
But. 'Tis my purpose.
Gor. Who leans with his whole confidence upon you!
But. Such is his evil destiny!
Gor. Your General!
The sacred person of your General!
But. My General he *has been*.
Gor. That 'tis only
An "*has been*" washes out no villany.
And without judgment pass'd?
But. The execution
Is here instead of judgment.
Gor. This were murder,
Not justice. The most guilty should be heard.
But. His guilt is clear, the Emperor has past judgment,
And we but execute his will.
Gor. We should not
Hurry to realize a bloody sentence.
A word may be recall'd, a life can never be.
But. Despatch in service pleases sovereigns.
Gor. No honest man's ambitious to press forward

To the hangman's service.
But. And no brave man loses
His colour at a daring enterprise.
Gor. A brave man hazards life, but not his conscience.
But. What then? Shall he go forth anew to kindle
The unextinguishable flame of war?
Gor. Seize him, and hold him prisoner—do not kill him!
But. Had not the Emperor's army been defeated,
I might have done so—But 'tis now past by.
Gor. O, wherefore open'd I the strong hold to him?
But. His destiny, and not the place, destroys him.
Gor. Upon these ramparts, as beseem'd a soldier,
I had fallen, defending the Emperor's citadel!
But. Yes! and a thousand gallant men have perish'd.
Gor. Doing their duty—that adorns the man!
But murder's a black deed, and nature curses it.
But. (*brings out a paper*) Here is the manifesto which commands us
To gain possession of his person. See—
It is address'd to you as well as me.
Are you content to take the consequences,
If thro' our fault he escape to the enemy.
Gor. I?—Gracious God!
But. Take it on yourself.
Come of it what it may, on you I lay it.
Gor. O God in Heaven!

But. Can you advise ought else
Wherewith to execute the Emperor's purpose?
Say, if you can. For I desire his fall,
Not his destruction.
Gor. Merciful Heaven! what must be,
I see as clear as you. Yet still the heart
Within my bosom beats with other feelings!
But. Mine is of harder stuff! Necessity
In her rough school hath steel'd me. And this Illo,
And Tertsky likewise, they must not survive him.
Gor. I feel no pang for these. Their own bad heart
Impell'd them, not the influence of the stars.
'Twas they who strew'd the seeds of evil passions
In his calm breast, and with officious villany
Water'd and nurs'd the pois'nous plants. May they
Receive their earnests to the uttermost mite!
But. And their death shall precede his!
We meant to have taken them alive this evening
Amid the merry-making of a feast,
And keep them prisoners in the citadel.
But this makes shorter work. I go this instant
To give the necessary orders.

SCENE VII.

To these enter Illo and Tertsky.

Ter. Our luck is on the turn. To-morrow come
The Swedes—twelve thousand gallant warriors, Illo!
Then straightway for Vienna. Cheerily, friend!
What! meet such news with such a moody face?

Illo. It lies with us at present to prescribe
Laws, and take vengeance on those worthless
traitors,
Those skulking cowards that deserted us;
One has already done his bitter penance,
The Piccolomini, be his the fate
Of all who wish us evil! This flies sure
To the old man's heart; he has, his whole life
long,
Fretted and toil'd to raise his ancient house
From a Count's title to the name of Prince;
And now must seek a grave for his only son.

But. 'Twas pity tho'! a youth of such heroic
And gentle temp'rament! The Duke himself,
'Twas easily seen, how near it went to his heart.

Illo. Hark'e, old friend! That is the very point
That never pleas'd me in our General—
He ever gave the preference to the Italians.
Yea, at this very moment, by my soul!
He'd gladly see us all dead ten times over,
Could he thereby recal his friend to life.

Ter. Hush, hush! Let the dead rest! This
evening's business
Is, who can fairly drink the other down—
Your regiment, Illo, gives the entertainment.
Come! we will keep a merry carnival—
The night for once be day, and mid full glasses
Will we expect the Swedish avantgarde.

Illo. Yes, let us be of good cheer for to-day,
For there's hot work before us, friends! This
sword
Shall have no rest, till it be bath'd to the hilt
In Austrian blood.

Gor. Shame, shame! what talk is this,

My Lord Field Marshal? Wherefore foam you so
Against your Emperor?
But. Hope not too much
From this first victory. Bethink you, sirs!
How rapidly the wheel of fortune turns.
The Emperor still is formidably strong.
Illo. The Emperor has soldiers, no commander,
For this king Ferdinand of Hungary
Is but a tyro. Galas? He's no luck,
And was of old the ruiner of armies.
And then this viper, this Octavio,
Is excellent at stabbing in the back,
But ne'er meets Friedland in the open field.
Ter. Trust me, my friends, it cannot but succeed;
Fortune, we know can ne'er forsake the Duke!
And only under Wallenstein can Austria
Be conqueror.
Illo. The Duke will soon assemble
A mighty army, all comes crowding, streaming
To banners, dedicate by destiny
To fame and prosperous fortune. I behold
Old times come back again, he will become
Once more the mighty lord which he has been.
How will the fools, who've now deserted him,
Look then? I can't but laugh to think of them;
For lands will he present to all his friends;
And like a king and emperor reward
True services; but we've the nearest claims.
(To Gordon.)
You will not be forgotten, Governor!
He'll take you from this nest and bid you shine
In higher station; your fidelity
Well merits it.

Gor. I am content already,
And wish to climb no higher; where great height is,
The fall must needs be great. "Great height, great depth."

Illo. Here you have no more business, for to-morrow,
The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.
Come, Tertsky, it is supper-time. What think you?
Say, shall we have the state illuminated
In honour of the Swede? And who refuses
To do it is a Spaniard and a traitor.

Ter. Nay, Nay! not that, it will not please the Duke—

Illo. What! we are masters here; no soul shall dare
Avow himself imperial where we've the rule.
Gordon! Good night, and, for the last time, take
A fair leave of the place. Send out patroles
To make secure; the watchword may be alter'd
At the stroke of ten; deliver in the keys
To the Duke himself, and then you're quit for ever
Your wardship of the gates, for on to-morrow
The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.

Ter. (*as he is going, to Butler*) You come though to the castle.

But. At the right time.

[Exeunt Tertsky and Illo.

SCENE VIII.

GORDON, BUTLER.

Gor. (*looking after them*) Unhappy men! How free from all foreboding!
They rush into the outspread net of murder,

In the blind drunkenness of victory;
I have no pity for their fate. This Illo,
This overflowing and fool-hardy villain
That would fain bathe himself in his Emperor's
blood.
But. Do as he order'd you. Send round
patroles,
Take measures for the citadel's security;
When they are within I close the castle gate,
That nothing may transpire.
Gor. (*with earnest anxiety*) Oh! haste not so!
Nay, stop; first tell me——
But. You have heard already,
To-morrow to the Swedes belongs. This night
Alone is ours. They make good expeditions,
But we will make still greater. Fare you well.
Gor. Ah! your looks tell me nothing good.
Nay, Butler,
I pray you, promise me!
But. The sun has set;
A fateful evening doth descend upon us,
And brings on their long night! Their evil stars
Deliver them unarm'd into our hands,
And from this drunken dream of golden fortunes
The dagger at their heart shall rouse them. Well,
The Duke was ever a great calculator;
His fellow-men were figures on his chess-board,
To move and station, as his game requir'd.
Other men's honour, dignity, good name,
Did he shift like pawns, and made no conscience
of it·
Still calculating, calculating still,
And yet at last his calculation proves
Erroneous; the whole game is lost; and lo!

His own life will be found among the forfeits.
Gor. O think not of his errors now; remember
His greatness, his munificence, think on all
The lovely features of his character,
On all the noble exploits of his life,
And let them, like an angel's arm, unseem.
Arrest the lifted sword.
But. It is too late.
I suffer not myself to feel compassion,
Dark thoughts and bloody are my *duty* now:
(grasping Gordon's hand.)
Gordon! 'tis not my hatred (I pretend not
To love the Duke, and have no cause to love him,)
Yet 'tis not now my hatred that impels me
To be his murderer. 'Tis his evil fate.
Hostile concurrences of many events
Control and subjugate me to the office.
In vain the human being meditates
Free action. He is but the wire work'd puppet
Of the blind power, which out of his own choice
Creates for him a dread necessity.
What too would it avail him, if there were
A something pleading for him in my heart—
Still I must kill him.
Gor. If your heart speak to you,
Follow its impulse. 'Tis the voice of God.
Think you your fortunes will grow prosperous
Bedew'd with blood, his blood? Believe it not!
But. You know not. Ask not! Wherefore should it happen,
That the Swedes gain'd the victory, and hasten
With such forced marches hitherward? Fain would I

Have given him to the Emperor's mercy.—
Gordon!
I do not wish his blood—But I must ransom
The honour of my word—it lies in pledge—
And he must die, or———
(passionately grasping Gordon's hand.)
Listen then, and know!
I am *dishonour'd* if the Duke escape us.
Gor. O! to save such a man——
But. What!
Gor. It is worth
A sacrifice.—Come, friend! be noble-minded!
Our own heart, and not other men's opinions,
Forms our true honour.
But. (*with a cold and haughty air*) He is a great lord,
This Duke—and I am but of mean importance.
This is what you would say? Wherein concerns it
The world at large, you mean to hint to me,
Whether the man of low extraction keeps
Or blemishes his honour—
So that the man of princely rank be sav'd.
We all do stamp our value on ourselves.
The price we challenge for ourselves is given us.
There does not live on earth the man so station'd,
That I despise myself compar'd with him.
Man is made great or little by his own will;
Because I am true to mine, therefore he dies.
Gor. I am endeavouring to move a rock.
Thou hadst a mother, yet no human feelings.
I cannot hinder you, but may some god
Rescue him from you!
[Exit Gordon.

SCENE IX.

But. (*alone*) I treasur'd my good name all my life long;
The Duke has cheated me of life's best jewel,
So that I blush before this poor weak Gordon!
He prizes above all his fealty;
His conscious soul accuses him of nothing;
In opposition to his own soft heart
He subjugates himself to an iron duty;
Me in a weaker moment passion warp'd;
I stand beside him, and must feel myself
The worse man of the two. What, though the world
Is ignorant of my purpos'd treason, yet
One man does know it, and can prove it too—
High-minded Piccolomini!
There lives the man who can dishonour me!
This ignominy blood alone can cleanse!
Duke Friedland, thou or I—Into my own hands
Fortune delivers me—The dearest thing a man has is himself.

(The curtain drops.)

ACT IV.

Scene—Butler's Chamber.

SCENE I.

BUTLER, MAJOR GERALDIN.

But. Find me twelve strong d-agoons, arm them with pikes,

For there must be no firing——
Conceal them somewhere near the banquet-room,
And soon as the dessert is serv'd up, rush all in
And cry—Who is loyal to the Emperor?
I will overturn the table—while you attack
Illo and Tertsky, and despatch them both.
The castle-palace is well barr'd and guarded,
That no intelligence of this proceeding
May make its way to the Duke.—Go instantly;
Have you yet sent for Captain Devereux
And the Macdonald?———

Ger. They'll be here anon.

[Exit Geraldin.

But. Here's no room for delay. The citizens
Declare for him; a dizzy drunken spirit
Possesses the whole town. They see in the Duke
A Prince of peace, a founder of new ages
And golden times. Arms too have been given out
By the town-council, and a hundred citizens
Have volunteer'd themselves to stand on guard.
Despatch then be the word. For enemies
Threaten us from without and from within.

SCENE II.

BUTLER, CAPTAIN DEVEREUX, MACDONALD.

Macd. Here we are, General.
Dev. What's to be the watchword?
But. Long live the Emperor!
Both (recoiling) How?
But. Live the House of Austria!
Dev. Have we not sworn fidelity to Friedland?
Macd. Have we not march'd to this place to protect him?

But. Protect a traitor, and his country's enemy!
Dev. Why, yes! in his name you administer'd
Our oath.
Macd. And follow'd him yourself to Egra.
But. I did it the more surely to destroy him.
Dev. So then!
Macd. An alter'd case!
But. (*to Devereux*) Thou wretched man!
So easily leav'st thou thy oath and colours?
Dev. The devil!—I but follow'd your example,
If you could prove a villain, why not we?
Macd. We've nought to do with *thinking*—
that's your business.
You are our General, and give out the orders;
We follow you, tho' the track lead to hell.
But. (*appeased*) Good then! we know each
other.
Macd. I should hope so.
Dev. Soldiers of fortune are we—who bids
most,
He has us.
Macd. 'Tis e'en so!
But. Well, for the present
Ye must remain honest and faithful soldiers.
Dev. We wish no other.
But. Ay, and make your fortunes.
Macd. That is still better.
But. Listen!
Both. We attend.
But. It is the Emperor's will and ordinance
To seize the person of the Prince-Duke Friedland,
Alive or dead.
Dev. It runs so in the letter.

Macd. Alive or dead—these were the very words.

But. And he shall be rewarded from the State
In land and gold, who proffers aid thereto.

Dev. Ay? That sounds well. The *words* sound always well
That travel hither from the court. Yes! yes!
We know already what court-words import.
A golden chain perhaps in sign of favour,
Or an old charger, or a parchment patent,
And such like.—The Prince-Duke pays better.

Macd. Yes,
The Duke's a splendid paymaster.

But. All over
With that, my friends! His lucky stars are set.

Macd. And is that certain?

But. You have my word for it.

Dev. His lucky fortunes all past by?

But. For ever.
He is as poor as we.

Macd. As poor as we?

Dev. Macdonald, we'll desert him.

But. We'll desert him!
Full twenty thousand have done that already;
We must do more, my countrymen! In short—
We—we must kill him.

Both. (*starting back*) Kill him!

But. Yes! must kill him.
And for that purpose have I chosen you.

Both. Us!

But. You, Captain Devereux, and thee, Macdonald.

Dev. (*after a pause*) Choose you some other.

But. What! art dastardly?

Thou, with full thirty lives to answer for—
Thou conscientious of a sudden?
Dev. Nay,
To assassinate our lord and General—
Macd. To whom we've sworn a soldier's oath—
But. The oath
Is null, for Friedland is a traitor.
Dev. No, no! It is too bad!
Macd. Yes, by my soul!
It is too bad. One has a conscience too—
Dev. If it were not our chieftain, who so long
Has issued the commands, and claim'd our duty.
But. Is that the objection?
Dev. Were it my own father,
And the Emperor's service should demand it of me,
It might be done perhaps—But we are soldiers,
And to assassinate our chief Commander,
This is a sin, a foul abomination,
From which no monk or confessor absolves us.
But. I am your Pope, and give you absolution.
Determine quickly!
Dev. 'Twill not do!
Macd. 'Twont do!
But. Well, off then! and—send Pestalutz to me.
Dev. (*hesitates*) The Pestalutz—
Macd. What may you want with him?
But. If you reject it, we can find enough—
Dev. Nay, if he must fall, we may earn the bounty
As well as any other. What think you,
Brother Macdonald?
Macd. Why if he *must* fall,
And *will* fall, and it can't be otherwise,

One would not give place to this Pestalutz.
Dev. (*after some reflection*) When do you purpose he should fall?
But. This night;
To-morrow will the Swedes be at our gates.
Dev. You take upon you all the consequences!
But. I take the whole upon me.
Dev. And it is
The Emperor's will, his express absolute will?
For we have instances, that folks may like
The murder and yet hang the murderer.
But. The manifesto says—alive or dead.
Alive—'tis not possible—you see it is not.
Dev. Well, dead then! dead! But how can we come at him?
The town is fill'd with Tertsky's soldiery.
Macd. Ay! and then Tertsky still remains, and Illo—
But. With these we shall begin—you understand me?
Dev. How? And must they too perish?
But. They the first.
Macd. Hear, Devereux! A bloody evening this.
Dev. Have you a man for that? Commission me—
But. 'Tis given in trust to Major Geraldin;
This is a carnival night, and there's a feast
Given at the Castle—there we shall surprise them,
And hew them down. The Pestalutz and Lesley,
Have that commission—soon as that is finish'd—
Dev. Hear, General! It will be all one to you.
Hark'e! let me exchange with Geraldin.
But. 'Twill be the lesser danger with the Duke.
Dev. Danger! The devil! What do you think me, General?

'Tis the Duke's eye, and not his sword, I fear.
But. What can his eye do to thee?
Dev. Death and hell!
Thou know'st that I'm no milk-sop, General!
But 'tis not eight days, since the Duke did send me
Twenty gold pieces for this good warm coat
Which I have on! and then for him to see me
Standing before him with the pike, his murderer,
That eye of his looking upon this coat—
Why—why—the devil fetch me! I'm no milk-sop!
But. The Duke presented thee this good warm coat,
And thou, a needy wight, hath pangs of conscience
To run him through the body in return.
A coat that is far better and far warmer
Did the Emperor give to him, the Prince's mantle.
How doth he thank the Emperor? With revolt,
And treason.
Dev. That is true. The devil take
Such thankers! I'll despatch him.
But. And would'st quiet
Thy conscience, thou hast nought to do but simply
Pull off the coat; so canst thou do the deed
With light heart and good spirits.
Dev. You are right.
That did not strike me. I'll pull off the coat—
So there's an end of it.
Macd. Yes, but there's another
Point to be thought of.
But. And what's that, Macdonald?
Macd. What avails sword or dagger against *him*?
He is not to be wounded—he is—

But. (*starting up*) What!
Macd. Safe against shot, and stab and slash!
Hard frozen,
Secur'd, and warranted by the black art!
His body is impenetrable, I tell you.
Dev. In Inglestadt there was just another—
His whole skin was the same as steel; at last
We were obliged to beat him down with gunstocks.
Macd. Hear what I'll do.
Dev. Well?
Macd. In the cloister here
There's a Dominican, my countryman.
I'll make him dip my sword and pike for me
In holy water, and say over them
One of his strongest blessings. That's probatum!
Nothing can stand 'gainst that.
But. So do, Macdonald!
But now go and select from out the regiment
Twenty or thirty able-bodied fellows,
And let them take the oaths to the Emperor.
Then, when it strikes eleven, when the first rounds
Are pass'd, conduct them, silently as may be,
To th' house—I will myself be not far off.
Dev. But how do we get through Hartschier and Gordon,
That stand on guard there in the inner chamber?
But. I have made myself acquainted with the place.
I lead you through a back-door that's defended
By one man only. Me my rank and office
Give access to the Duke at every hour.
I'll go before you—with one pointed-stroke
Cut Hartchier's wind-pipe, and make way for you.
Dev. And when we are there, by what means shall we gain

The Duke's bed-chamber, without his alarming
The servants of the Court? for he has here
A numerous company of followers.
But. The attendants fill the right wing; he hates bustle,
And lodges in the left wing quite alone.
Dev. Were it well over—hey, Macdonald? I
Feel queerly on the occasion, devil knows!
Macd. And I too. 'Tis too great a personage.
People will hold us for a brace of villains.
But. In plenty, honour, splendour.—You may safely
Laugh at the people's babble.
Dev. If the business
Squares with one's honour—if that be quite certain—
But. Set your hearts quite at ease. Ye save for Ferdinand
His crown and empire. The reward can be
No small one.
Dev. And 'tis his purpose to dethrone the Emperor?
But. Yes!—Yes!—to rob him of his crown and life.
Dev. And he must fall by the executioner's hands,
Should we deliver him up to the Emperor
Alive?
But. It were his certain destiny.
Dev. Well! Well! Come then, Macdonald he shall not
Lie long in pain.

[Exeunt Butler through one door, Macdonald and Devereux through the other.

SCENE III.

Scene—a Gothic and gloomy appartment at the Duchess Friedland's. Thekla on a seat, pale, her eyes closed. The Duchess and Lady Neubrunn busied about her. Wallenstein and the Countess in conversation.

Wal. How knew she it so soon?
Coun. She seems to have
Foreboded some misfortune. The report
Of an engagement, in the which had fallen
A colonel of the Imperial army, frighten'd her.
I saw it instantly. She flew to meet
The Swedish courier, and with sudden questioning,
Soon wrested from him the disastrous secret.
Too late we miss'd her, hastened after her,
We found her lying in his arms, all pale
And in a swoon.
Wal. A heavy, heavy blow!
And she so unprepar'd! Poor child! How is it?
(turning to the Duchess.)
Is she coming to herself?
Duch. Her eyes are opening.
Coun. She lives.
Thek. (*looking round her*) Where am I?
Wal. (*steps to her, raising her up in his arms*)
Come cheerly, Thekla! be my own brave girl!
See, there's thy loving mother. Thou art in
Thy father's arms.
Thek. (*standing up*) Where is he? Is he gone?
Duch. Who gone, my daughter?
Thek. He—the man who utter'd
That word of misery.
Duch. O! think not of it,
My Thekla!

Wal. Give her sorrow leave to talk!
Let her complain—mingle your tears with hers,
For she hath suffer'd a deep anguish; but
She'll rise superior to it, for my Thekla
Hath all her father's unsubdued heart.

Thek. I am not ill. See, I have power to stand.
Why does my mother weep? Have I alarm'd her?
It is gone by—I recollect myself.

(She casts her eyes round the room, as seeking some one.)

Where is he? Please you, do not hide him from me.
You see, I have strength enough: now I will hear him.

Duch. No, never shall this messenger of evil
Enter again into thy presence, Thekla.

Thek. My father—

Wal. Dearest daughter!

Thek. I'm not weak—
Shortly I shall be quite myself again.
You'll grant me one request?

Wal. Name it, my daughter.

Thek. Permit the stranger to be call'd to me.
And grant me leave, that by myself I may
Hear his report and question him.

Duch. No, never!

Coun. 'Tis not advisable—assent not to it.

Wal. Hush! Wherefore would'st thou speak with him, my daughter?

Thek. Knowing the whole, I shall be more collected;
I will not be deceiv'd. My mother wishes
Only to spare me. I will not be spar'd.
The worst is said already: I can hear
Nothing of deeper anguish!

Coun. and *Duch.* Do it not.

Thek. The horror overpower'd me by surprise.
My heart betray'd me in the stranger's presence;
He was a witness of my weakness, yea,
I sank into his arms; and that has sham'd me.
I must replace myself in his esteem,
And I must speak with him, perforce, that he,
The stranger, may not think ungently of me.

Wal. I see she is in the right, and am inclin'd
To grant her this request of hers. Go, call him.

(Lady Neubrunn goes to call him.)

Duch. But I, thy mother, will be present—

Thek. 'Twere
More pleasing to me, if alone I saw him:
Trust me, I shall behave myself the more
Collectedly.

Wal. Permit her her own will.
Leave her alone with him; for there are sorrows,
Where, of necessity, the soul must be
Its own support. A strong heart will rely
On its own strength alone. In her own bosom,
Not in her mother's arms, must she collect
The strength to rise superior to this blow.
It is mine own brave girl. I'll have her treated
Not as a woman, but the heroine. (*Going.*)

Coun. (*detaining him*) Where art thou going?
I heard Tertsky say
That 'tis *thy* purpose to depart from hence
To-morrow early, but to leave us here.

Wal. Yes, ye stay here, plac'd under the protection
Of gallant men.

Coun. O take us with you, brother,
Leave us not in this gloomy solitude

To brood o'er anxious thoughts. The mists of doubt
Magnify evils to a shape of horror.
Wal. Who speaks of evil? I entreat you, sister,
Use words of better omen.
Coun. Then take us with you.
O leave us not behind you in a place
That forces us to such sad omens. Heavy
And sick within me is my heart——
These walls breathe on me, like a church-yard vault.
I cannot tell you, brother, how this place
Doth go against my nature. Take us with you.
Come, sister, join you your entreaty!—Niece,
Yours too. We all entreat you, take us with you!
Wal. The place's evil omens will I change,
Making it that which shields and shelters for me
My best-belov'd.
Neub. (*returning*) The Swedish officer.
Wal. Leave her alone with him. [*Exit.*
Duch. (*to Thekla, who starts and shivers*) There —pale as death!—Child, 'tis impossible
That thou should'st speak with him. Follow thy mother.
Thek. The Lady Neubrunn then may stay with me. [Exeunt Duchess and Countess.

SCENE IV.

THEKLA, THE SWEDISH CAPTAIN, LADY NEUBRUNN.

Capt. (*respectfully approaching her*) Princess —I must entreat your gentle pardon—
My inconsiderate rash speech—How could I—

Thek. (*with dignity*) You have beheld me in my agony.
A most distressful accident occasion'd
You, from a stranger to become at once
My confidant.
Capt. I fear you hate my presence,
For my tongue spake a melancholy word.
Thek. The fault is mine. Myself did wrest it from you.
The horror which came o'er me interrupted
Your tale at its commencement. May it please you,
Continue it to the end.
Capt. Princess, 'twill
Renew your anguish.
Thek. I am firm.——
I *will* be firm. Well—how began the engagement?
Capt. We lay, expecting no attack, at Neustadt,
Intrench'd but insecurely in our camp,
When towards evening rose a cloud of dust
From the wood thitherward; our vanguard fled
Into the camp, and sounded the alarm.
Scarce had we mounted, ere the Pappenheimers,
Their horses at full speed, broke thro' the lines,
And leapt the trenches; but their heedless courage
Had borne them onward far before the others—
The infantry were still at distance, only
The Pappenheimers followed daringly
Their daring leader———

(Thekla betrays agitation in her gestures. The officer pauses till she makes a sign to him to proceed.)

Both in van and flanks

With our whole cavalry we now receiv'd them,
Back to the trenches drove them, where the foot
Stretch'd out a solid ridge of pikes to meet them.
They neither could advance, nor yet retreat;
And as they stood on every side wedg'd in,
The Rhinegrave to their leader call'd aloud,
Inviting a surrender; but their leader,
Young Piccolomini———

(Thekla, as giddy, grasps a chair.)

Known by his plume,
And his long hair, gave signal for the trenches;
Himself leapt first, the regiment all plung'd after.—
His charger, by an halbert gor'd, rear'd up,
Flung him with violence off, and over him
The horses, now no longer to be curb'd——

(Thekla, who has accompanied the last speech, with all the marks of increasing agony, trembles through her whole frame, and is falling. The Lady Neubrunn runs to her, and receives her in her arms.

Neub. My dearest Lady———
Capt. I retire.
Thek. 'Tis over.
Proceed to the conclusion.
Capt. Wild despair
Inspir'd the troops with frenzy when they saw
Their leader perish; every thought of rescue
Was spurn'd; they fought like wounded tigers; their
Frantic resistance rous'd our soldiery;
A murderous fight took place, nor was the contest
Finish'd before their last man fell.
Thek. (*faltering*) And where———
Where is—You have not told me all.

Capt. (*after a pause*) This morning
We buried him. Twelve youths of noblest birth
Did bear him to interment; the whole army
Follow'd the bier. A laurel deck'd his coffin;
The sword of the deceas'd was plac'd upon it,
In mark of honour, by the Rhinegrave's self.
Nor tears were wanting; for there are among us
Many, who had themselves experienced
The greatness of his mind, and gentle manners;
All were affected at his fate. The Rhinegrave
Would willingly have sav'd him; but himself
Made vain th' attempt—'tis said he wish'd to die.

Neub. (*to Thekla, who has hidden her countenance*) Look up, my dearest Lady——

Thek. Where is his grave?

Capt. At Neustadt, Lady; in a cloister church
Are his remains deposited, until
We can receive directions from his father.

Thek. What is the cloister's name?

Capt. Saint Catharine's.

Thek. And how far is it thither?

Capt. Near twelve leagues.

Thek. And which the way?

Capt. You go by Tirschenreit
And Falkenberg, through our advanced posts.

Thek. Who
Is their commander?

Capt. Colonel Seckendorf.

(Thekla steps to the table, and takes a ring from a casket.)

Thek. You have beheld me in my agony,
And shown a feeling heart. Please you, accept

(giving him the ring.)

A small memorial of this hour. Now go!

Capt. (*confused*) Princess———

(Thekla silently makes signs to him to go, and turns from him. The Captain lingers, and is about to speak. Lady Neubrunn repeats the signal, and he retires.)

SCENE V.

THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN.

Thek. (*falls on Lady Neubrunn's neck.*) Now,
gentle Neubrunn, show me the affection
Which thou hast ever promis'd—prove thyself
My own true friend and faithful fellow-pilgrim.
This night we must away!

Neub. Away! and whither?

Thek. Whither! There is but one place in the world.
Thither where he lies buried! To his coffin!

Neub. What would you do there?

Thek. What do there?
That wouldst thou not have ask'd, hadst thou e'er lov'd.
There, there is all that still remains of him.
That single spot is the whole earth to me.

Neub. That place of death———

Thek. Is now the only place,
Where life yet dwells for me: detain me not!
Come and make preparations: let us think
Of means to fly from hence.

Neub. Your father's rage——

Thek. That time is past———
And now I fear no human being's rage.

Neub. The sentence of the world! The tongue of calumny!

Thek. Whom am I seeking? Him who is no more.

Am I then hastening to the arms——O God!
I haste but to the grave of the beloved.
Neub. And we alone, two helpless feeble women?
Thek. We will take weapons; my arm shall protect thee.
Neub. In the dark night-time?
Thek. Darkness will conceal us.
Neub. This rough tempestuous night——
Thek. Had he a soft bed
Under the hoofs of his war-horses?
Neub. Heaven!
And then the many posts of the enemy!—
Thek. They are human beings. Misery travels free
Through the whole earth.
Neub. The journey's weary length—
Thek. The pilgrim, travelling to a distant shrine
Of hope and healing, doth not count the leagues.
Neub. How can we pass the gates?
Thek. Gold opens them.
Go, do but go.
Neub. Should we be recogniz'd—
Thek. In a despairing woman, a poor fugitive,
Will no one seek the daughter of Duke Friedland.
Neub. And where procure we horses for our flight?
Thek. My equerry procures them. Go and fetch him.
Neub. Dares he, without the knowledge of his lord?
Thek. He will. Go, only go. Delay no longer.
Neub. Dear lady! and your mother?

Thek. Oh! my mother!
Neub. So much as she has suffer'd too already;
Your tender mother—Ah! how ill prepar'd
For this last anguish!
Thek. Woe is me! my mother!
Go instantly. (Pauses.)
Neub. But think what you are doing!
Thek. What *can* be thought, already has been thought.
Neub. And being there, what purpose you to do?
Thek. There a Divinity will prompt my soul.
Neub. Your heart, dear lady, is diquieted!
And this is not the way that leads to quiet.
Thek. To a deep quiet, such as he has found,
It draws me on, I know not what to name it;
Resistless does it draw me to his grave.
There will my heart be eas'd, my tears will flow.
O hasten, make no further questioning!
There is no rest for me till I have left
These walls—they fall in on me—A dim power
Drives me from hence—Oh mercy! What a feeling!
What pale and hollow forms are those! They fill,
They crowd the place! I have no longer room here!
Mercy! Still more! More still! The hideous swarm!
They press on me; they chase me from these walls——
Those hollow, bodiless forms of living men!
Neub. You frighten me so, lady, that no longer
I dare stay here myself. I go and call
Rosenberg instantly. [*Exit Lady Neubrunn.*

SCENE VI.

Thek. His spirit 'tis that calls me: 'tis the troop
Of his true followers, who offer'd up
Themselves t' avenge his death; and they accuse me
Of an ignoble loitering—*they* would not
Forsake their leader even in death—*they* died for him!
And shall *I* live?———
For me, too, was that laurel garland twin'd
That decks his bier. Life is an empty casket.
I throw it from me. O, my only hope;
To die beneath the hoofs of trampling steeds—
That is the lot of heroes upon earth!

[Exit Thekla.

(The curtain drops.)

ACT V.

Scene—a Saloon, terminated by a gallery which extends far into the back-ground.

SCENE I.

Wallenstein, (sitting at a table,) The Swedish Captain, (standing before him.)

Wal. Commend me to your lord. I sympathize
In his good fortune; and if you have seen me
Deficient in the expressions of that joy,
Which such a victory might well demand,
Attribute it to no lack of good will,
For henceforth are our fortunes one. Farewell,
And for your trouble take my thanks. To-morrow

The citadel shall be surrender'd to you,
On your arrival.

(The Swedish Captain retires. Wallenstein sits lost in thought, his eyes fixed vacantly, and his head sustained by his hand. The Countess Tertsky enters, stands before him awhile, unobserved by him; at length he starts, sees her, and recollects himself.)

Wal. Com'st thou from her? Is she restor'd?
How is she?

Coun. My sister tells me she was more collected
After her conversation with the Swede.
She has now retired to rest.

Wal. The pang will soften.
She will shed tears.

Coun. I find thee alter'd too,
My brother! After such a victory
I had expected to have found in thee
A cheerful spirit. O remain *thou* firm!
Sustain, uphold us! For our light thou art,
Our sun.

Wal. Be quiet. I ail nothing. Where's
Thy husband.

Coun. At a banquet—he and Illo.

Wal. (*rises and strides across the saloon,*)
The night's far spent. Betake thee to thy chamber.

Coun. Bid me not go, O let me stay with thee.

Wal. (*moves to the window*) There is a busy
motion in the Heaven,
The wind doth chace the flag upon the tower,
Fast fly the clouds, the sickle of the moon,*

* These four lines are expressed in the original with exquisite felicity.

Am Himmel ist geschästige Bewegung,
Des Thurmes Fahne jagt der Wind, schnell geht
Der Wolken Zug, *die Mondes-fichel wankt*,
Und durch die Nacht zuckt ungewisse Helle.

The word "moon-sickle," reminds me of a pas
Harris, as quoted by Johnson, under the word "fa

Struggling, darts snatches of uncertain light.
No form of star is visible! That one
White stain of light, that single glimm'ring yonder,
Is from Cassiopeia, and therein
Is Jupiter. (*a pause.*) But now
The blackness of the troubled element hides him!

(He sinks into profound melancholy, and looks vacantly into the distance.)

Coun. (*looks on him mournfully, then grasps his hand*) What art thou brooding on?

Wal. Methinks,
If I but saw him, 'twould be well with me.
He is the star of my nativity,
And often marvellously hath his aspect
Shot strength into my heart.

Coun. Thou'lt see him again.

Wal. (*remains for a while with absent mind, then assumes a livelier manner, and turns suddenly to the Countess.*)

See him again? O never, never again.

Coun. How?

Wal. He is gone—is dust.

Coun. Whom mean'st thou then?

Wal. He the more fortunate! yea, he hath finish'd!
For him there is no longer any future—
His life is bright—bright without spot it *was*,
And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.

"The enlightened part of the moon appears in the form of a sickle or reaping-hook, which is while she is moving from the conjunction to the opposition, or from the new moon to the full; but from full to a new again, the enlightened part appears gibbous, and the dark *falcated*."

The words "wanken" and "schweben" are not easily translated. The English words, by which we attempt to render them, are either vulgar or pedantic, or not of sufficiently general application.

Far off is he, above desire and fear;
No more submitted to the change and chance
Of the unsteady planets. O 'tis well
With *him!* but who knows what the coming hour,
Veil'd in thick darkness, brings for us!

Coun. Thou speakest
Of Piccolomini. What was his death?
The courier had just left thee, as I came.

(Wallenstein by a motion of his hand makes signs to her to be silent.)

Turn not thine eyes upon the backward view,
Let us look forward into sunny days.
Welcome with joyous heart the victory,
Forget what it has cost thee. Not to-day,
For the first time, thy friend was to thee dead;
To thee he died, when first he parted from thee.

Wal. This anguish will be wearied down, I know;
What pang is permanent with man? From th' highest,
As from the vilest thing of every day
He learns to wean himself; for the strong hours
Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost
In him. The bloom is vanish'd from my life.
For O! he stood beside me like my youth,
Transform'd for me the real to a dream,
Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.
Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
The *beautiful* is vanish'd—and returns not.

Coun. O be not treacherous to thy own power.
Thy heart is rich enough to vivify
Itself. Thou lov'st and prizest virtues in him,
The which thyself did'st plant, thyself unfold.

Wal. (*stepping to the door*) Who interrupts us now at this late hour?
It is the Governor. He brings the keys
Of the Citadel. 'Tis midnight. Leave me, sister!
Coun. O 'tis so hard to me this night to leave thee—
A boding fear possesses me!
Wal. Fear? Wherefore?
Coun. Shouldst thou depart this night, and we at waking
Never more find thee?
Wal. Fancies!
Coun. O my soul
Has long been weigh'd down by these dark forebodings.
And if I combat and repel them waking,
They still rush down upon my heart in dreams,
I saw thee yesternight with thy first wife
Sit at a banquet, gorgeously attir'd.
Wal. This was a dream of favourable omen,
That marriage being the founder of my fortunes.
Coun. To-day I dreamt that I was seeking thee
In thy own chamber. As I enter'd, lo!
It was no more a chamber, the Chartreuse
At Gitschin 'twas, which thou thyself hast founded,
And where it is thy will that thou should'st be Interr'd.
Wal. Thy soul is busy with these thoughts.
Coun. What dost thou not believe, that oft in dreams
A voice of warning speaks prophetic to us?
Wal. There is no doubt that there exist such voices.

Yet I would not call *them*
Voices of warning that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the sun,
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events;
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.
That which we read of the fourth Henry's death,
Did ever vex and haunt me like a tale
Of my own future destiny. The king
Felt in his breast the phantom of the knife,
Long ere Ravaillac arm'd himself therewith.
His quiet mind forsook him; the phantasma
Started him in his Louvre, chas'd him forth
Into the open air; like funeral knells
Sounded that coronation festival;
And still with boding sense he heard the tread
Of those feet, that ev'n then were seeking him
Throughout the streets of Paris.

Coun. And to *thee*
The voice within thy soul bodes nothing?

Wal. Nothing.
Be wholly tranquil.

Coun. And another time
I hasten'd after thee, and thou ran'st from me
Thro' a long suit, thro' many a spacious hall.
There seem'd no end of it—door creek'd and clapp'd;
I follow'd panting, but could not o'ertake thee;
When on a sudden did I feel myself
Grasp'd from behind—the hand was cold, that grasp'd me—
'Twas thou, and thou did'st kiss me, and there seem'd

A crimson covering to envelope us.

Wal. That is the crimson tap'stry of my chamber.

Coun. (*gazing on him*) If it should come to that—if I should see thee,
Who standest now before me in the fulness
Of life— (She falls on his breast and weeps.)

Wal. The Emperor's proclamation weighs upon thee—
Alphabets wound not—and he finds no hands.

Coun. If he *should* find them, my resolve is taken—
I bear about me my support and refuge.

[Exit Countess.

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, GORDON.

Wal. All quiet in the town?

Gor. The town is quiet.

Wal. I hear a boisterous music! and the Castle
Is lighted up. Who are the revellers?

Gor. There is a banquet given at the Castle
To the Count Tertsky, and Field Marshal Illo.

Wal. In honour of the victory.—This tribe
Can show their joy in nothing else but feasting.
(Rings. The Groom of the Chamber enters.)
Unrobe me. I will lay me down to sleep.
(Wallenstein takes the keys from Gordon.)
So we are guarded from all enemies,
And shut in with sure friends.
For all must cheat me, or a face like this
(Fixing his eye on Gordon.)
Was ne'er an hypocrite's mask.
(The Groom of the Chamber takes off his mantle, collar, and scarf.)

Wal. Take care—what is that?

Gro. of the Cham. The golden chain is snapp'd in two.

Wal. Well, it has lasted long enough. Here —give it. (He takes and looks at the chain.)

'Twas the first present of the Emperor.
He hung it round me in the war of Friule,
He being then Archduke; and I have worn it
Till now from habit———
From superstition if you will. Belike,
It was to be a Talisman to me,
And while I wore it on my neck in faith,
It was to chain to me all my life long,
The volatile fortune, whose first pledge it was.
Well, be it so! Henceforward a new fortune
Must spring up for me; for the potency
Of this charm is dissolv'd.

(Groom of the Chamber retires with the vestments. Wallenstein rises, takes a stride across the room, and stands at last before Gordon in a posture of meditation.)

How the old time returns upon me! I
Behold myself once more at Burgau, where
We two were pages of the court together.
We oftentimes disputed: thy intention
Was ever good; but thou wert wont to play
The moralist and preacher, and would'st rail at me—
That I strove after things too high for me,
Giving my faith to bold unlawful dreams,
And still extol to me the golden mean.
—Thy wisdom hath been prov'd a thriftless friend
To thy own self. See, it has made thee early
A superannuated man, and (but
That my munificent stars will intervene)
Would let thee in some miserable corner
Go out, like an untended lamp.

Gor. My Prince!
With light heart the poor fisher moors his boat,
And watches from the shore the lofty ship
Stranded amid the storm.
Wal. Art thou already
In harbour then, old man? Well! I am not.
The unconquer'd spirit drives me o'er life's billows;
My planks still firm, my canvass swelling proudly.
Hope is my goddess still, and youth my inmate;
And while we stand thus front to front almost,
I might presume to say, that the swift years
Have pass'd by powerless o'er my unblanch'd hair.

(He moves with long strides across the saloon, and remains on the opposite side, over against Gordon.)

Who now persists in calling Fortune false?
To me she has prov'd faithful, with fond love
Took me from out the common ranks of men,
And, like a mother goddess, with strong arm,
Carried me swiftly up the steps of life,
Nothing is common in my destiny,
Nor in the furrows of my hand. Who dares
Interpret then my life for me, as 'twere
One of the undistinguishable many?
True, in this present moment I appear
Fallen low indeed; but I shall rise again.
The high flood will soon follow on this ebb;
The fountain of my fortune, which now stops,
Repress'd and bound by some malicious star,
Will soon in joy play forth from all its pipes.
Gor. And yet remember I the good old proverb,
'Let the night come before we praise the day.'
I would be slow from long-continued fortune
To gather hope; for hope is the companion

Given to the unfortunate by pitying Heaven.
Fear hovers round the head of prosperous men;
For still unsteady are the scales of fate.
Wal. (*smiling*) I hear the very Gordon that of old
Was wont to preach to me, now once more preaching;
I know well, that all sublunary things
Are still the vassals of vicissitude.
The unpropitious gods demand their tribute.
This, long ago, the ancient Pagans knew;
And therefore of their own accord they offer'd
To themselves injuries, so to atone
The jealousies of their divinities;
And human sacrifices bled to Typhon.
(after a pause, serious, and in a more subdued manner.)
I too have sacrific'd to him—For me
There fell the dearest friend; and through my fault
He fell! No joy from favourable fortune
Can overweigh the anguish of this stroke.
The envy of my destiny is glutted:
Life pays for life. On this pure head the lightning
Was drawn off, which would else have shatter'd *me*.

SCENE III.

To these enter Seni.

Wal. Is not that Seni? and beside himself,
If one may trust his looks! What brings thee hither
At this late hour, Baptista?
Seni. Terror, Duke!
On thy account.

Wal. What now?
Seni. Flee ere the day break!
Trust not thy person to the Swedes!
Wal. What now
Is in thy thoughts?
Seni. (*with louder voice*) Trust not thy person to these Swedes.
Wal. What is it then?
Seni. (*still more urgently*) O wait not the arrival of these Swedes!
An evil near at hand is threatening thee
From false friends. All the signs stand full of horror!
Near, near at hand the net-work of perdition—
Yea, even now 'tis being cast around thee!
Wal. Baptista, thou art dreaming!—Fear befools thee.
Seni. Believe not that an empty fear deludes me.
Come, read it in the planetary aspects;
Read it thyself, that ruin threatens thee
From false friends!
Wal. From the falseness of my friends
Has risen the whole of my unprosperous fortunes.
The warning should have come before! At present
I need no revelation from the stars
To know that.
Seni. Come and see! trust thine own eyes!
A fearful sign stands in the house of life;
An enemy, a fiend lurks close behind
The radiance of thy planet—O be warn'd!
Deliver not thyself up to these heathens
To wage a war against our holy church.
Wal. (*laughing gently*) The oracle rails that way! Yes, yes! Now

I recollect. This junction with the Swedes
Did never please thee—lay thyself to sleep,
Baptista! Signs like these I do not fear.

Gor. (*who during the whole of this dialogue has shown marks of extreme agitation, and now turns to Wallenstein.*) My Duke and General! May I dare presume?

Wal. Speak freely.

Gor. What? if 'twere no mere creation
Of fear, if God's high providence vouchsaf'd
To interpose its aid for your deliverance,
And made that mouth its organ.

Wal. Ye're both feverish!
How can mishap come to me from the Swedes?
They sought this junction with me—'tis their interest.

Gor. (*with difficulty suppressing his emotion*) But what if the arrival of these Swedes—
What if this were the very thing that wing'd
The ruin that is flying to your temples?
(flings himself at his feet.)
There is yet time, my Prince——

Seni. O hear him! hear him!

Gor. (*rises*) The Rhinegrave's still far off.
Give but the order——
This citadel shall close its gates upon him.
If, then, he will besiege us, let him try it.
But this I say; he'll find his own destruction
With his whole force before these ramparts, sooner
Than weary down the valour of our spirit.
He shall experience what a band of heroes,
Inspirited by an heroic leader,
Is able to perform. And if indeed
It be thy serious wish to make amend

For that which thou hast done amiss,—this, this
Will touch and reconcile the Emperor,
Who gladly turns his heart to thoughts of mercy;
And Friedland, who returns repentant to him,
Will stand yet higher in his Emperor's favour,
Than e'er he stood when he had never fallen.

Wal. (contemplates him with surprise, remains silent awhile, betraying strong emotion.)

Gordon—your zeal and fervour lead you far.
Well, well—an old friend has a privilege.
Blood, Gordon, has been flowing. Never, never
Can the Emperor pardon me: and if he could,
Yet I—I ne'er could let myself be pardon'd.
Had I foreknown what now has taken place,
That he, my dearest friend, would fall for me,
My first death-offering; and had the heart
Spoken to me, as now it has done—Gordon,
It may be, I might have bethought myself.
It may be too, I might not.—Might, or might not,
Is now an idle question. All too seriously
Has it begun, to end in nothing, Gordon!
Let it then have its course.

(stepping to the window.)

All dark and silent—at the castle too
All is now hush'd—Light me, Chamberlain!

(The groom of the chamber, who had entered during the last dialogue, and had been standing at a distance and listening to it with visible expressions of the deepest interest, advances in extreme agitation, and throws himself at the Duke's feet.

And thou too! But I know why thou dost wish
My reconcilement with the Emperor.
Poor man! he hath a small estate in Cärnthem.
And fears it will be forfeited because
He's in my service. Am I then so poor,
That I no longer can indemnify

My servants? Well! to no one I employ
Means of compulsion. If 'tis thy belief
That fortune has fled from me, go! Forsake me.
This night for the last time mayst thou unrobe me,
And then go over to thy Emperor.
Gordon, good night! I think to make a long
Sleep of it; for the struggle and the turmoil
Of this last day or two was great. May't please
you!
Take care that they awake me not too early.

[Exit Wallenstein, the Groom of the Chamber lighting him. Seni follows. Gordon remains on the darkened stage, following the Duke with his eye, till he disappears at the farther end of the gallery; then by his gestures the old man expresses the depth of his anguish, and stands leaning against a pillar.]

SCENE IV.

Gordon, Butler, (at first behind the scenes.)

But. (*not yet come into view of the stage*) Here stand in silence till I give the signal.

Gor. (*starts up*) 'Tis he, he has already brought the murderers.

But. The lights are out. All lies in profound sleep.

Gor. What shall I do, shall I attempt to save him?
Shall I call up the house? Alarm the guards?

But. (*appears but scarcely on the stage*) A light gleams hither from the corridor,
It leads directly to the Duke's bed-chamber.

Gor. But then I break my oath to the Emperor!
If he escape and strengthen the enemy,
Do I not hereby call down on my head
All the dread consequences?

But. (*stepping forward*) Hark! Who speaks there?

Gor. 'Tis better, I resign it to the hands
Of Providence. For what am I, that *I*
Should take upon myself so great a deed?
I have not murder'd him, if he be murder'd;
But all his rescue were *my* act and deed;
Mine—and whatever be the consequences,
I must sustain them.

But. (*advances*) I should know that voice.

Gor. Butler!

But. 'Tis Gordon. What do *you* want here?
Was it so late, then, when the Duke dismiss'd you?

Gor. Your hand bound up and in a scarf?

But. 'Tis wounded.
That Illo fought as he was frantic, till
At last we threw him on the ground.

Gor. (*shuddering*) Both dead?

But. Is he in bed?

Gor. Ah, Butler!

But. Is he? speak.

Gor. He shall *not* perish! Not through you!
The Heaven
Refuses *your* arm. See—'tis wounded!—

But. There is no need of *my* arm.

Gor. The most guilty
Have perish'd, and enough is given to justice.

(The Groom of the Chamber advances from the gallery, with his finger on his mouth commanding silence.)

Gor. He sleeps! O murder not the holy sleep!

But. No! he shall die awake.

(is going.)

Gor. His heart still cleaves
To earthly things; he's not prepar'd to step
Into the presence of his God!

But. (*going*) God's merciful!

Gor. (*holds him*) Grant him but this night's respite.

But. (*hurrying off*) The next moment
May ruin all.

Gor. (*holds him still*) One hour!——

But. Unhold me! What
Can that short respite profit him?

Gor. O—Time
Works miracles. In one hour many thousands
Of grains of sand run out; and quick as they,
Thought follows thought within the human soul.
Only one hour! *Your* heart may change its purpose,
His heart may change its purpose—some new tidings
May come; some fortunate event, decisive,
May fall from Heaven and rescue him! O what
May not one hour achieve!

But. You but remind me,
How precious every minute is!

(He stamps on the floor.)

SCENE V.

To these enter Macdonald, and Devereux, with the Halberdiers.

Gor. (*throwing himself between him and them*) No, monster!
First over my dead body thou shalt tread.
I will not live to see the accursed deed!

But. (*forcing him out of the way*) Weak-hearted dotard!

(Trumpets are heard in the distance.)

Dev. and *Macd.* Hark! The Swedish trumpets!
The Swedes before the ramparts! Let us haste

Gor. (*rushes out*) O God of mercy!

But. (*calling after him*) Governor, to your post!

Gro. of the Cham. (*hurries in*) Who dares make larum here? Hush! the Duke sleeps.

Dev. (*with loud harsh voice*) Friend, it is time now to make larum.

Gro. of the Cham. Help!
Murder!

But. Down with him!

Gro. of the Cham. (*run through the body by Devereux, falls at the entrance of the gallery*) Jesus Maria!

But. Burst the doors open!

(They rush over the body into the gallery—two doors are heard to crash one after the other—voices deadened by the distance—clash of arms—then all at once a profound silence.)

SCENE VI.

Coun. Ter. (*with a light*) Her bed-chamber is empty; she herself
Is nowhere to be found! The Neubrunn too,
Who watch'd by her, is missing. If she should
Be flown—But whither flown? We must call up
Every soul in the house. How will the Duke
Bear up against these worst bad tidings? O
If that my husband now were but return'd
Home from the banquet: Hark! I wonder whether
The Duke is still awake! I thought I heard
Voices and tread of feet here! I will go
And listen at the door. Hark! What is that?
'Tis hastening up the steps!

SCENE VII.

COUNTESS, GORDON.

Gor. (*rushes in out of breath*) 'Tis a mistake,
'Tis not the Swedes—Ye must proceed no further,
Butler! O God! Where is he?
(Then observing the Countess.)
Countess! Say———
Coun. You are come then from the castle?
Where's my husband?
Gor. (*in an agony of affright*) Your husband!
—Ask not!—To the Duke—
Coun. Not till
You have discover'd to me———
Gor. On this moment
Does the world hang. For God's sake! to the
Duke.
While we are speaking— (calling loudly)
Butler! Butler! God!
Coun. Why, he is at the castle with my
husband. (Butler comes from the gallery.)
Gor. 'Tis a mistake—'Tis not the Swedes—
It is
The Imperialist's Lieutenant-General
Has sent me hither, will be here himself
Instantly.—You must not proceed.
But. He comes
Too late. (Gordon dashes himself against the wall.)
Gor. O God of mercy!
Coun. What too late?
Who will be here himself? Octavio
In Egra? Treason! Treason! Where's the
Duke? (She rushes to the gallery.)

SCENE VIII.

Servants run across the stage full of terror. The whole scene must be spoken entirely without pauses.

Seni. (*from the gallery*) O bloody frightful deed!

Coun. What is it, Seni?

Page. (*from the gallery*) O piteous sight!

(Other servants hasten in with torches.)

Coun. What is it? For God's sake!

Seni. And do *you* ask?
Within the Duke lies murder'd—and your husband
Assassinated at the castle.

(The Countess stands motionless.)

Fem. Ser. (*rushing across the stage*) Help! Help! the Duchess!

Burg. (*enters*) What meant these confus'd
Loud cries, that wake the sleepers of this house?

Gor. Your house is curs'd to all eternity.
In your house doth the Duke lie murdered!

Burg. (*rushing out*) Heaven forbid!

First Ser. Fly! fly! they murder us all!

Second Ser. (*carrying silver plate*) That way! The lower
Passages are block'd up.

Voice. (*from behind the scene*) Make room for the Lieutenant-General!

(At these words the Countess starts from her stupor, collects herself, and retires suddenly.)

Voice. (*from behind the scene*) Keep back the people! Guard the door.

SCENE IX.

To these enter Octavio Piccolomini with all his train. At the same time Devereux and Macdonald enter from out the Corridor with the Halberdiers. Wallenstein's dead body is carried over the back part of the stage wrapped in a piece of crimson tapestry.

Oct. (*entering abruptly*) It must not be! It is not possible!
Butler! Gordon!
I'll not believe it. Say no!

(Gordon without answering, points with his hand to the body of Wallenstein as it is carried over the back of the stage. Octavio looks that way, and stands overpowered with horror.)

Dev. (*to Butler*) Here is the golden fleece—the Duke's sword—

Macd. Is it your order?

But. (*pointing to Octavio*) Here stands he who now
Hath the sole power to issue orders.

(Devereux and Macdonald retire with marks of obeisance. One drops away after the other, till only Butler, Octavio, and Gordon remain on the stage.)

Oct. (*turning to Butler*) Was that my purpose, Butler, when we parted?
O God of Justice!
To thee I lift my hand! I am not guilty
Of this foul deed.

But. Your *hand* is pure. You have
Avail'd yourself of mine.

Oct. Merciless man!
Thus to abuse the orders of thy lord—
And stain thy Emperor's holy name with murder,
With bloody, most accurs'd assassination?

But. (*calmly*) I've but fulfill'd the Emperor's own sentence.

Oct. O curse of kings,
Infusing a dread life into their words,
And linking to the sudden transient thought
The unchangeable, irrevocable deed.
Was there necessity for such an eager
Despatch? Could'st thou not grant the merciful
A time for mercy? Time is man's good angel.
To leave no interval between the sentence,
And the fulfilment of it, doth beseem
God only, the immutable!
But. For what
Rail you against me? What is my offence?
The empire from a fearful enemy
Have I deliver'd, and expect reward.
The single difference betwixt you and me
Is this: you plac'd the arrow in the bow;
I pull'd the string. You sow'd blood, and yet
stand
Astonish'd that blood is come up. I always
Knew what I did, and therefore no result
Hath power to frighten or surprise my spirit;
Have you aught else to order; for this instant
I make my best speed to Vienna; place
My bleeding sword before my Emperor's throne,
And hope to gain the applause which undelaying
And punctual obedience may demand
From a just judge. [*Exit Butler.*

SCENE X.

To these enter the Countess Tertsky, pale and disordered. Her utterance is slow and feeble, and unimpassioned.

Oct. (*meeting her*) O Countess Tertsky! These
are results
Of luckless unblest deeds.
Coun. They are the fruits

Of your contrivances. The Duke is dead,
My husband too is dead, the Duchess struggles
In the pangs of death my niece has disappear'd.
This house of splendour, and of princely glory,
Doth now stand desolated: the affrighted servants
Rush forth thro' all its doors. I am the last
Therein; I shut it up, and here deliver
The keys.

Oct. (*with a deep anguish*) O Countess! my house too is desolate.

Coun. Who next is to be murder'd? Who is next
To be maltreated? Lo! The Duke is dead.
The Emperor's vengeance may be pacified!
Spare the old servants; let not their fidelity
Be imputed to the faithful as a crime—
The evil destiny surpris'd my brother
Too suddenly: he could not think on them.

Oct. Speak not of vengeance! Speak not of maltreatment!
The Emp'ror is appeased; the heavy fault
Hath heavily been expiated—nothing
Descended from the father to the daughter,
Except his glory and his services.
The Empress honours your adversity,
Takes part in your affliction, opens to you
Her motherly arms! Therefore no farther fears!
Yield yourself up in hope and confidence
To the Imperial grace!

Coun. (*with her eye raised to heaven*) To the grace and mercy of a greater Master
Do I yield up myself.—Where shall the body
Of the Duke have its place of final rest?
In the Chartreuse, which he himself did found
At Gitschin, rests the Countess Wallenstein;

And by her side, to whom he was indebted
For his first fortunes, gratefully he wish'd
He might sometime repose in death! O let him
Be buried there. And likewise, for my husband's
Remains, I ask the like grace. The Emperor
Is now proprietor of all our castles.
This sure may well be granted us—one sepulchre
Beside the sepulchres of our forefathers!

Oct. Countess, you tremble, you turn pale.

Coun. (*reassembles all her powers, and speaks with energy and dignity*) You think
More worthily of me, than to believe
I would survive the downfall of my house.
We did not hold ourselves too mean, to grasp
After a monarch's crown—the crown did fate
Deny, but not the feeling and the spirit
That to the crown belong! We deem a
Courageous death more worthy of our free station
Than a dishonoured life.—I have taken poison.

Oct. Help! Help! Support her!

Coun. Nay, it is too late.
In a few moments is my fate accomplish'd.

[Exit Countess.

Gor. O house of death and horrors!

(An officer enters, and brings a letter with the great seal.)

Gor. (*steps forward and meets him*) What is this?
It is the Imperial seal.

(He reads the address, and delivers the letter to Octavio with a look of reproach, and with an emphasis on the word.)

To the *Prince* Piccolomini.

(Octavio with his whole frame expressive of sudden anguish, raises his eyes to heaven.)

The Curtain drops.

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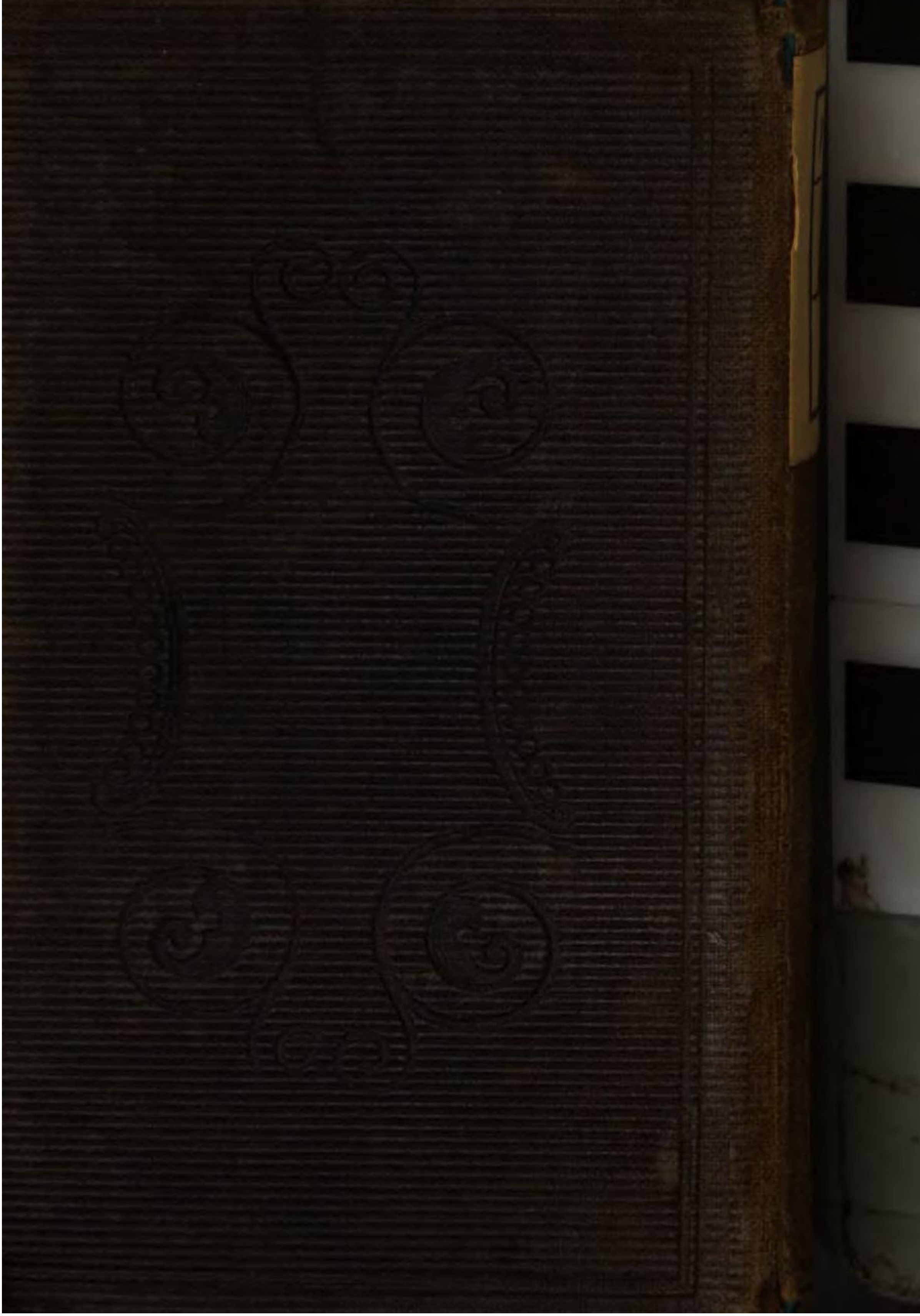

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